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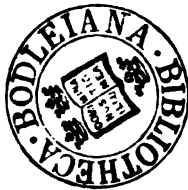


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THE
INFIDEL KING
OF
THE LAST DAYS.

A
Dramatic Poem.

BY THE
REV. HENRY EDWARDS,
Incumbent of Fundenhall, Norfolk.



PART I.
THE RISE OF THE KING.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following is the first of Three Dramas, intended to present to view the Rise—the Progress to Universal Dominion—and the Downfall and Ruin—of the Infidel King of the Last Days: not, however, as foreshowings of things that *will* be, nor even as imaginings of things that *may* be; but as *suggested pictures* of men and things in the latter times. Of these pictures, inspired prophecy forms the groundwork, only in their leading and most general features. Thus—it is plain from Holy Scripture, that between the Infidel King and Satan there will be a formed and close alliance. But we are not told *how it is to be effected*. Here, I have drawn on imagination. Then—hints are given in the prophecies that he is to be an Assyrian. As such he is brought into view in the drama. One of the characteristic features of the last days is to be—hostility, on the part of the ruling powers of the world, to the Hebrew and Christian Churches. Consequent on this, there will be the attempted extermination, or complete enslavement, of the Jews; and the attempted uprooting of Christianity from the earth. I avail myself of *the facts*—in this drama, of the first only. The *manner*, I venture to *suppose*—not in the least pretending to *foreshow*. The “Great Babylon” of the Apocalypse I take to be, not Rome, but Constantinople; and the Antichrist of the Last Days, not the Papacy, but “the King of the North”—the northern quarter of the kingdom of Alexander the Great (Dan. xi.), which comprehended Macedon and Thrace: its capital, Byzantium—on the site of which the *seven-hilled and maritime* city of Constantinople now stands. I believe, that in taking this view, I am exactly following Holy Scripture.

Offering to the Christian public this—and the Dramas that, “if the Lord will,” are to follow it—my wish is, to draw towards the prophecies of the latter times a closer attention than has yet been given: attention, divested of prejudice and prepossession; and looking for the fulfilment of God’s word elsewhere than to Rome and its Ruler. The present work will be found to furnish, in itself, a complete subject, should the author publish no more than is here presented. It will also be found to be one of a thoroughly practical and religious character. Containing some things that may startle, and at first, it may be, shock the serious reader, it may be noted, that the characters are made to speak but as such characters *do*, in real life: and that in the end, sin is exhibited in its true colours, and in its disastrous issues. I venture to hope that no one will rise from the perusal of this Drama with other than *good impressions*: a disposition to believe the word, do the will, and confide in the care of God: as never wanting to those who trust in, and call upon Him. I look for objections to some of my life-pictures, as not conformable to Oriental usages. But let it be borne in mind, that Constantinople, which is daily becoming more Europeanised (as is also the case with the regions beyond), will be far more so in the days to which this Drama looks forward. In other hands than those of the Turks, the City of the Sultan will present to view quite another aspect; and its population be characterised by other manners and habits, than are now to be seen there.

VICARAGE, ST. GERMAIN’S, *

LYNN, NORFOLK.

January 13th, 1870.

* I was Vicar of St. Germain’s when this was written.



THE INFIDEL KING.

I.

A cavern in Assyria. A band of men shut in, as prisoners, taken in battle on the preceding day. They are all asleep, with the exception of Ocyrus, their king and leader, who stands somewhat apart from them, in a musing attitude. Time—towards midnight on a Thursday evening in the Last Days.

OCYRUS (*to himself*).



ALL now is over; all lost now, save honour.
My followers sleep, by weariness o'erpower'd,
Ensuing on their strenuous endeavours
Put forth in my behalf, in this day's battle.
They fought, as well became the bravest—fell
By hundreds, and by thousands, but in vain;
For might has right o'ercome, and Slavery
Or Death looms up before the faithful few
Who to the last the fight maintain'd, and now
Are with myself shut up as prisoners here.
We know not which 'twill be. Oh! could I weep,
Tears, even of blood, should flow forth fast and long,
So sad it seems, that such fidelity
Should meet such unbeseeming recompense.
Where is the justice of high heaven? Where
The power, that ought to put Oppression down?
The Avenger's hand seems laid up in his bosom,

And nought can draw it forth. Beloved comrades !
O that 't were in my power to recompense
Such faithful and such long enduring valour,
As you have shown to-day ! But vain the wish,
And foolish I have been, to think myself
For better and for higher fate reserv'd,
Than now awaits both you and me. And yet
The circumstances of my birth were strange.
As one, at an unfitting season brought
Into the world, I made my entrance here ;
My father, far advanc'd in years—my mother
Long past the age, when women cease to bear.
They told me, that the night when I was born
Was one, of such terrific storm and tempest,
As never had been known on earth before,
Since the Great Deluge. I have also heard
That then, great signs and fearful sights were seen,
By not a few, in heaven : and there were those,
To prophecy pretending, who foretold
That startling destinies awaited me—
The conquest of the world, and, more than this,
Its worship, as the first of human heroes :
The grant, too, of a wisdom more than human.
Dark hints were also added, of mischances
That would befall me, bent on doing wrong
Rather than right : and so my loving parents
Were careful to instruct me in all duty,
And train me to all virtue—not in vain ;
For faithfully I follow'd their kind counsel :
Was just, and generous, and true, and kind,
And held, men said, and I thought, worthily,
In high esteem by all. Why then, this change
In fortunes, previously so prosperous ?
For, till these dire reverses, all went well
With me, and with my kingdom. Can it be
That justice, temperance, honesty, are crimes

In His esteem, who rules the world ? Alas !
Is this His recompense for doing well ?
And where are all my promis'd fortunes now ?
Oh ! when I think upon those prophecies,
My heart dilates, my spirit swells within me ;
And now, to find myself a prisoner here,
And death perhaps awaiting me to morrow !
I could now kill myself, but that it seems
Unmanly, thus to own myself o'ercome
By any fate. Fear, I have never known,
Nor will, by an attempted self-destruction,
Let my foes think, that I had known it now.
O for *some* succour, that should let me crush them !
And more, enable me to do and dare
Things, worthy of the lofty destinies
Foreshown when I was born, and to my hopes
So often present, and so earnestly
Desir'd and look'd for, as to make me feel
Through many a weary hour of bygone life,
That sickness of the heart so many know,
As the sad consequence of hope deferr'd.
But hark ! what noise is that ? and what, the light
From yonder crevice bursting, and increasing
To brightness, that my eyes can scarcely bear ?
And see ! a Form comes forth. What can it be ?

SATAN.

Ocyrus !

OCYRUS.

Who, and what art thou, glorious stranger ! say,
That, clothed with superhuman majesty,
In such a scene as this, thyself revealest,
And to a man, of men most miserable ?

SATAN.

Ocyrus ! see, I call thee by thy name ;

And hear : the Lord of angels and of men
Now speaks to thee : the God of this fair world.

OCYRUS.

What would'st thou with thy servant ?

SATAN.

First, that thou
Fall down and worship me, as it becomes thee
At once to do.

VOICES.

Forbear, forbear, Ocyrus !

SATAN (*proudly*).

Who dares to say so ?

VOICES.

We : forbear, Ocyrus !

It will be fatal to thee : if not now,
At a not distant day.

SATAN.

Ye coward spirits !
Why not come forth, and stand reveal'd to sight,
As I now do ?

VOICES.

'Tis not permitted us.

SATAN.

You *hear* them, and *see* me. Now make your choice.
Fall down, and worship me.

VOICES.

Forbear, Ocyrus !

For the last time, we counsel thee. Forbear !

SATAN.

For the last time. 'Tis well. They dare not longer
Obtrude upon our conference. Now, hear me.
I've look'd upon thy griefs with pity—heard
The mournful words, that thou did'st speak but now ;
And come, to bring the succour thou desirest.
Fall down and worship me, and I will give thee
First—speedy vengeance on thy conquerors ;
Then, put it in thy power to recompense
Thy followers, beyond thy highest wishes.
Thou shalt make each a general—a noble ;
To each, if so please thee, give a throne :
And on thyself I will bestow *the world*,
As at thy birth was promis'd thee. The world,
And all therein, shall be at thy disposal.
With wisdom, such as ne'er fill'd human spirit,
I also will endow thee, and with power
O'er beings, greater far than men—o'er angels,
In number countless, and in might resistless.
Fall down and worship, and all this is thine.

OCYRUS.

May I first ask thee—wherefore all this bounty
To one, forsaken and bereft as I am ?
Great are thy proffers, Glorious One ! too great
Almost, for faith ; yet such, as might compel
Instant obedience, did not doubts arise
Within my breast, and raise a conflict there,
As to the safety and propriety
Of following thy counsel. Ere I do
The act that thou requirest, I would know
Whence came those voices, which so suddenly
Forbade, that I should yield to thee obedience ?
So earnestly, besides ! and, once, twice, thrice.

SATAN.

Darest thou bandy words with me ? with ME,
Who have the power of death ? but that strong reasons
Move me to spare thee, dearly should'st thou rue
This trifling !

OCYRUS.

Thou may'st kill me, if thou pleasest.
I fear'd not death on yonder battle-field.
I fear it not, awaiting me, it may be,
At my stern conqueror's hand, upon the morrow.
I fear it not, e'en now. So—do thy pleasure.
I did but ask some reasonable questions,
Which thou hast not the will, it seems, to answer.

SATAN.

I like thy manly bearing ; and am hence
Led to select thee as the instrument
For working out my high and sovereign will
So far, as with the things of earth and time
That has to do. Now, I will meet thy questions,
Merely to show, how far I am dispos'd
To condescend to one so greatly favour'd.
('Tis not for one like me to give a reason
For aught that I design or do). This know,
That I have purposes to serve, which make it
Expedient to offer, even to thee,
To thee, a poor and miserable man,
Wealth, wisdom, might, dominion over all.
Thou wilt learn more hereafter. This too, know :
Kings have their enemies : gods, too, have theirs,
And I, have mine. The voices thou did'st hear,
From such, proceed. Thou seest that they dare not
Prolong their cautions. They are silent, now !
And will not speak again, when I again
Bid thee fall down and worship. Dost thou yield ?

OCYRUS.

I doubt not, thou could'st force me, did it please thee,
But would'st a willing homage rather have.

SATAN.

Exactly so.

OCYRUS.

Before that it is render'd
I would this one thing learn. The voices said
The worship would prove fatal to me. Say,
Will such, its issue be?

SATAN.

I promise—No!
It shall not. Fall thou down and worship me,
Then—rise up, and remain—a living man.

OCYRUS.

The voices said—"At a not distant day,"
If I remember rightly.

SATAN.

Cease this fooling!
Look on thy followers. Think of the to-morrow
Awaiting them, and thee. Thou *will* die, then,
And so will they, if thou my help refusest,
And once, thou *must* die: 'tis the fate of all.
Is death more dreadful by and by, than now?

OCYRUS.

Not so, but that the voices seem'd to threaten
Some special danger, should I worship thee.
Dying to morrow, I should fall with honour.
Say—shall I do so as thy worshipper?

SATAN.

I might refuse to answer such a question,
Provok'd to anger by thy doubts and fears:

But I am God, and thou art man, and so
 I spare thee, bear with thee, and even deign
 To promise this : that death, whene'er it comes
 To thee, shall but increase thy power and greatness.
 Brief shall be its dominion over thee :
 But little longer, than it had o'er Him
 Of whom some tell, as rising from the grave
 On the third day that follow'd His interment.
In three days and a half, thou too, shalt rise,
 A wonder to the world : whose worship, then
 Shall, to earth's utmost bounds, be thine, and thine
 Thenceforwards, till to even a loftier throne
 I raise thee—one in heaven.

OCYRUS (*prostrating himself*).

'Tis enough.

Pardon my doubts, my fears, my hesitation.
 I fall before thee, Glorious One ! and own thee
 My Lord, my God. Henceforwards, I am thine.

WATCHERS FROM HEAVEN

(*unseen and unheard by Ocyrus*).

'Tis done ! the world is gain'd, and he becomes
 A castaway from God, and hope, for ever.
 O foolish, fatal bargain ! Hapless man !
 The Spirit of the Lord has left thee now :
 An evil spirit henceforth rules within thee.
 Grief, such as mortals know, we cannot feel ;
 Tears, such as fall from mortals, are denied us ;
 Or—lost Ocyrus ! we could weep o'er thee.

HYMN OF THE HOLY ONES.

Great Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy will be done !
 From thine unerring, and far-seeing wisdom,
 Our homage we withhold not, even now
 In what would seem the hour and power of darkness.
 While strange to creature vision seem thy ways,

And cloud and gloom are gathering round thy throne,
 Righteousness holds, we know, its dwelling there,
 And all thy acts are just, and good, and true.
 Thy will be done! we wait to learn hereafter,
 What 'tis not fitting for us now to know:
 We wait in hope, in faith, in silent patience,
 Till Thou shalt all explain, and make all clear.
 For in the past we've seen, that there were times
 When, Holy Lord! to thee it has seem'd fitting
 To raise up sinners for a day of evil.
 So, Pharaoh was of old by Thee exalted,
 And Babylonian and Assyrian kings
 Thou madest mighty, that thy power supreme
 Might be through them discover'd, and thy name
 Might have the worship of the world. We trust
 That this man's destin'd rise, although it be
 Effected by thine adversary's power,
 And meant *his* purposes to serve, will bring
 But added praise and honour to thy name.
 We praise thee, now, Almighty Lord! one God:
 Father, Son, Spirit, God for evermore!

OTHER VOICES (*which OCYRUS hears*).

Ha! ha!

OCYRUS (*startling to his feet*).

What's that? I thought I heard a sound
 As if of scornful laughter. Tell me, tell me,
 Whence, and from whom it comes?

SATAN.

Art thou afraid?

OCYRUS.

No! moved to anger, rather: for I like not
 A laughing-stock by any to be made.

Who were those laughers? Whence those sounds?

VOICES AGAIN.

Ha! ha!

OCYRUS.

Again that mocking noise!

SATAN.

'Twas from the voices
That caution'd you against the act of worship
You have but now perform'd : a laugh of scorn
At what *they* deem an act of folly—madness!

OCYRUS.

Is it so? Would I had the scoffers here!
I'd make them in a moment bite the dust.

SATAN.

At a not distant day (I quote from them),
I'll give you—'tis a promise—a revenge
More glorious, far, than that you wish for now.

OCYRUS.

Thanks! I shall wait, with eager expectation,
For that day's coming : then, I'll make them feel
What 'tis to anger me by mockery.

SATAN (*to himself*).

'Tis pleasant, thus to see my victim showing
A little of *my* spirit. That's a heaven
That will go on to work, till he becomes
All I would have him be. He's mine, for ever.

HYMN OF THE EVIL ANGELS

(*seen and heard by SATAN only*).

Ha! ha! he yields! we thought it would be so!
Our Leader triumphs, and the Earth is ours!
Glory to Baal-zebub! Lord of death,

And ruler of the darkness of this world,
 As sapient Christian men are us'd to call him;
 Speaking the language of that hateful Volume
 Which we have almost made to disappear
 From human view. Glory to thee, Great Leader!
 Whose wisdom we are often led to admire,
 And more than ever, now.

MAMMON.

I shall be worshipp'd
 As I have never been before.

MOLOCH.

And I,
 With pain, and blood, and tears, shall now be treated,
 Beyond all past experience.

BELIAL.

And I,
 Who dearly love what some [*he winks*] call wickedness,
 Shall see it spread and triumph more than ever.

ALL.

Glory to Baal-zebub! soon he'll come
 Our joy to share, our homage to receive.
 Let us to Pandemonium hasten, where
 Both he and we will have a splendid welcome.
 [*They depart.*]

SATAN (*continuing his talk with OCYRUS*).

Well hast thou done, in doing what I bade thee,
 And now shalt see what I will do for thee.
 Ocyrus! I accept thee as my servant,
 And naming thee my Vicar on this earth,
 Its realms to rule, its worship to receive,
 Send thee forth hence, to make it all thine own.
 Thou seest yonder gap, through which the moonlight
 Just finds its way into this dismal den.
 Softly and silently I'll widen it

So, as to let forth all thy band, and thee.
The guard without are mostly laid to sleep.
The few that are awake, at once cut down :
The rest, permit not e'er to wake again.
Leave the whole troop reposing in death's slumber ;
Then—on to battle, and to victory !
Ere night departs, your adversary's camp
Assault : 'tis pitched, you know, not far from hence.
It shall be mine to send a force to help you—
Such warriors as none can stand against.
By morning's dawn, that camp shall be your own,
And all that it contains ; and not a man
Of yon proud host, be left again to vex you.
None must be spared. To rise from small beginnings,
And win the name of Greatest Conqueror
That earth has ever known, 'tis requisite
To make your name a terror to the world.
(So, great commanders oft have done before you.)
The band which I shall send, their service done,
Will disappear ; and *reappear*, whenever
Their succour may be needed : specially
On great emergencies ; and sometimes more,
And sometimes fewer, as you may desire,
Or I, unasked, may send them to your aid.
Always advert to them as the Immortals :
The name will prove to you a tower of strength.
Now, this last word. Unquestioning obedience
To all my mandates, 'tis for you to render.
Mysterious—strange—at times they may appear,
And doubts and questions raise within your breast :
But always be assur'd of this : with me
Reasons of weight abide, for all I do.
At once rouse up your band. I go before you
An ever-present, though unseen protector.
Be bold, decided, faithful. You shall prosper
In all you do, till the wide world is yours. [*He vanishes.*]



II.

An eminence, overlooking Constantinople. A carriage, containing two travellers, has just reached the summit. They alight. A man in the rough dress of a Hebrew Prophet, stands within hearing, gazing, like themselves, on the prospect. Time—Friday morning, about nine o'clock.

AMROU.

HERE let us rest, and view the scene before us.
Behold yon glorious City! unsurpassed
In aught that ever yet conferr'd renown
On Earth's most famed and princely capitals.
The spoils of war, the gains of industry,
The confluence of universal trade,
Combine, to make her rich beyond compare;
While Nature, Science, Art, together vie,
To deck her out with every queenly charm,
And hold her forth to view, a spectacle
Of matchless grandeur, join'd with peerless beauty.

JONADAB.

It is indeed a wondrous scene, which here
Bursts suddenly on the delighted eye.
Long have I been a wanderer o'er the world,
And far have travell'd on its spacious surface
In search of objects beautiful and rare;
But never yet did my rapt eyes behold
A city of such overpowering splendour,
A scene of such surpassing loveliness.
While Art her loftiest energies puts forth,

Here, even Nature has herself outdone.
Surely, since Eden vanished from the view
Of mortal eyes, a landscape of such beauty
Has ne'er to human vision been display'd ;
While, for magnificence, to yonder city
I feel persuaded, earth can show no equal.

AMROU.

From every land admiring strangers come
Her glory to behold, her pleasures share ;
For verily she is a joyous city,
Whose sons and daughters act out well the maxim,
"Eat, drink, and play ; to-morrow we must die."
Yet not so wholly to enjoyment given,
As Commerce to neglect, or gain forego.
Behold her busy quays, her throng'd Exchange,
Her harbour, fill'd with ships from every shore,
Bearing the products of earth's various climes
Her wants to meet, or satiate her desires.
Whatever wealth can purchase, there is found ;
Whatever heart can wish, may there be won.
All that can please the eye, or charm the ear,
Delight the sense, or gratify the soul,
In rich abundance there is to be met with.
So many and so varied are the sources
Of pleasure to be found in this great city,
That proclamation might be fitly made,
"Let all who would live merrily, come hither !"
For here, if anywhere throughout the world,
Mirth holds her court, and fixes her abode.
Here—days and nights are one long revelry.

CHALCOL.

In praise of the resplendent scene before us,
Well hast thou spoken, stranger ! if to live
For pleasure only, or for pleasure chiefly,

Were man's most worthy and befitting aim.
Istamboul is, as thou hast truly said,
The place, where lovers of the present world
May seek and find enjoyment to the full.
I grant you, this is an unrivall'd city,
Supreme in wealth, supreme in power, supreme
In all the arts that human life adorn :
I must now add—supreme in wickedness.
God is forgotten—unregarded—there,
Save by a scorn'd and persecuted few,
And Vice triumphant reigns in all her streets.
She may be joyous, as thou representest,
May prosper, far beyond what now thou seest.
'Tis only for a season : then, her light
Will suddenly give place to deepest darkness.
Istamboul's days are number'd, and her doom,
Glorious as now she seems, is drawing near.
Ere long, the cry of her iniquities
Rising to heaven, will bring a flood of wrath
And fiery indignation thence, upon her.
The noble structures, rising there before you,
On which you gaze with such admiring eyes,
Are rising—but to be Destruction's prey.
Behold ! the day of the Great Slaughter comes,
When God will bring down all the proud and lofty,
And all high things beneath the spacious heaven :
The battlemented towers, the fenced cities,
The monster ships, that wind and storm defy,
Lebanon's cedars, and the oaks of Bashan,
The lofty hills, and the yet loftier mountains.
The haughtiness of men shall then be humbled,
The towering pride of human hearts laid low :
And to the deep clefts of the riven rocks,
And caverns dark, far down below the ground,
The mightiest will flee, to hide themselves,
Affrighted by the glorious majesty

Of Him, who then, to shake the earth arising,
Will be alone exalted—Him, who most
Is worthy to be so.

AMROU.

Man! who art thou,
That thus, with aspect unabashed, pretendest
To all this strange and superhuman knowledge?

CHALCOL.

A Hebrew seer, a reader of the Bible,
A prophet of the everliving God.

AMROU.

The Bible! I have heard my father speak
Of such a book, and of his having read
Strange prophecies therein, which he had fears
Might have an application to this city.
But I was then a child, and just remember,
An edict had gone forth a while before,
(The edict of a former sovereign,
Not his, whom now as lord and king we own,)
That Bibles, wheresoever found, should be
Seiz'd and destroy'd. And he, who now reigns o'er us
Has the decree confirm'd, with this addition,
That such as shall be found to have the Book
After a given day, in their possession,
Shall meet the fate the Book is doom'd to do,
Unless extenuating circumstances
Shall, in the view of the authorities,
Appear to recommend a milder course.
Are you not hence afraid, to say so plainly
You are a reader of the Bible?

CHALCOL.

No.

I speak as one, in memory cherishing
The words of the dear Master who has sent me.

"Fear not—should persecutors even kill thee,
For then, they have no more that they can do.
Fear Him, who, after he hath kill'd, hath power
Both soul and body to destroy in Hell.
Yea, fear Him!" "Be thou faithful unto death,
(If call'd, in witnessing for me, to die,)
And I will give thee, then, a Crown of Life—
Life, on which Death shall never more have power."

AMROU.

I fain would see the Book of which you speak.
Have you it with you?

CHALCOL.

No. Though for myself
I have no fears, I would not that my Bible,
Found on my person, should be seiz'd, and burn'd;
And so, I keep it carefully conceal'd
From sight alike of friends and enemies;
And read it, when retir'd from observation
Of all but the All-seeing God. You ask
That from me, which, although I cannot grant you
Just at this moment, I will not refuse
At some befitting opportunity,
If a sincere inquirer after truth
And duty, you now dare avow yourself.

JONADAB.

I think that I can answer for my friend.
A Hebrew, like yourself—for days I've travell'd
Along with him; (for we were bound alike
On trading errands, to this busy city)
And in our intercourse have always found him
Upright in traffic, courteous in his bearing,
Manly in mind and action. You may trust him.

CHALCOL.

Upon your testimony, I will do so.
It rests now with himself to name the time.

JONADAB.

He makes me share his hospitality,
While business keeps me in Constantinople ;
And will not suffer me to go elsewhere
Than to his house, for rest and entertainment.
For Jews, he says, are held in small esteem
In yonder city.

CHALCOL.

What he states, is true,
As, day by day, my sad experience proves ;
And I am hence surpris'd, that he should wish
With Hebrews to be seen : and wonder more,
That he should dare to look upon a Bible,
After so plainly showing us the danger
That threatens its possessor.

AMROU.

Deem it not

I pray you, strange, that I should have no scruple
To do, or this, or that. Your countryman
Has won my liking in our brief acquaintance ;
And for yourself—your sacred character,
And serious words, I would not lightly set by.
The Book, too, which contains such strange foreshowings,
Claims the regard of all considerate minds ;
And mine, I hope, is not a thoughtless one.
So—let me bid you to a friendly feast
This evening, at my house. Let us go forwards.
I'll show you where I dwell ; and then, we'll part,
Each, his own business to transact, *till* evening :
Then, I'll expect you. Mind and bring your Bible.

CHALCOL.

Thanks for your courtesy. I will not fail
At the appointed hour, there to be with you.



III.

*Assyria. A battle-field. A host of dead on the ground. Time—
nine o'clock on Friday morning.*

OCYRUS (*to his band*).

SILENCE ! your heads uncover. Let us praise
The Power that gave us this great triumph. Kneel !

*[They do so. He, standing in a reverent attitude, then
speaks, as in prayer.]*

Restorer of my kingdom, and my throne,
And Saviour of my band and me ! I thank thee.
Thou hast fulfill'd thy promise. All my foes
Are laid to rest in death's deep, stirless slumber,
And will against me lift their heads no more.

The band ordered to repeat after him.

To thee, the God to whom all power belongs, [*Thunder.*
We render fitting homage. Be propitious
In future conflicts, as in that just ended
Through thy strong help, in glorious victory !
Thou thunderest : 'tis on the left—a sign
That thou regardest with kind approbation
Us, and our services.

[Thunder on the right.]

Great Power ! we thank thee :
Accept our worship, and succeed our efforts,
Till all is ours, that thou hast promis'd us.

[Louder thunder on the right. ARMILLUS, springing up from amidst the band, whom the later thunders have somewhat alarmed, shouts out

Be not afraid. 'Tis but the Christian's God,
His thunder playing off, to startle us,
And fright our king. You see, *he* stands unmov'd.

[A flash. ARMILLUS falls senseless. Thunder on the right, so loud and apparently so near, that the whole band, rising hastily from their knees, fly from the spot. After a while, they stop, and see OCYRUS standing undisturbed. Abashed—they slowly return to him.]

OCYRUS.

Why run away? Had He who sent that flash
Design'd to harm you, could He not o'ertake
Your hasty flight with His more rapid bolts,
And *anywhere* have kill'd you? I'm asham'd
To see my followers thus flee like cowards,
At a mere thunder-clap.

AN OFFICER.

Forgive us, General!

We'll hope in future to deport ourselves
As men should do, who fight beneath *your* banner;
The Fearless One—as we in conversation
Are wont to speak of you.

OCYRUS.

I pardon you,

And thank you for your good opinion. Such
As you have nam'd me, you shall always find me.
Now to the proper business of the time.
Apply restoratives, and raise that man:

[He points to ARMILLUS.

He seems but to have swoon'd. Bold was his speech,

Well meant, his deed : and when he has recover'd,
Both shall receive from me their due reward.

OFFICER.

See ! he revives. Cheer up ! [*to ARMILLUS*]
We're glad to see you
Recovering from your faintness.

ARMILLUS (*faintly*).

That loud thunder
Coming so suddenly, of sense depriv'd me
All in a moment.

OCYRUS.

Never mind. Remain
With me, and I will find you fitter clothing
Than that rough garment. You shall walk in scarlet,
And wear a chain of gold, and join my council.
I like such bold advisers.

(*To his band*).

Now, to rest
Betake yourselves ; just leaving such a watch
As will secure the camp against surprise.
Well have we sped in this last conflict : well
Did you deport yourselves ; and those Immortals
Sent forth from heaven to aid us, made our triumph
Speedy and sure. A rise in rank awaits you.
To every one I promise high promotion :
From every one I look to have such service
As my occasions may require. If great
The toils to be endur'd, the dangers brav'd,
Rich and proportionate shall the reward
Of all my faithful servants henceforth be.
The spoil of yonder camp divide among you
In fitting portions ; it is all your own.
In future conflicts, other regulations

May be found needful. Now, I recompense
Your faithful valour with a bounteous hand,
Beyond your rights, beyond your expectations,
In testimony of my grateful sense
Of yesterday's endurances, and efforts.
Refresh, and rest yourselves : next, pack the spoils,
And homewards march. Then, look for farther service.
The world will lie before you soon, for conquest ;
And wealth and honours will be yours, proportion'd
To the successes that are promis'd me.

OFFICER.

Valiant Ocyrus ! who is like to thee ?
Beneath thy standard, we are sure to conquer.
With thee to lead us, nought shall be despair'd of.
All things we'll dare for thee, and all endure.
Lead on ! to victory, or death—we follow.





IV.

Constantinople. Amrou's house there. Chalcol, having accompanied Amrou and Jonadab so far, has left them. The others enter. Time—Friday morning, ten o'clock.

AMROU.

NOW, I'm at home : right glad to be at home
After an absence, longer than my plans
And wishes tended to, when setting forth :
After a journey, too, not free from perils.
Such, all must look to meet, who travel far ;
And then, we live in troublous times, when travel
Is fraught with more than usual dangers. Well !
I'm here in safety now, at all events,
And offer you, my friend, a cordial welcome.

JONADAB.

Thanks ! thanks, for your disinterested goodness
To a lone stranger—in a stranger's land,
I was about to add—but *that*, your friendship
So freely tender'd, though so lately won,
And showing forth itself in ways so kind,
Lets me not say. You give me here a home.
At some, I hope not distant day, my pleasure
Will be, to render you a recompense,
Befitting your large courtesy.

AMROU.

Don't name it,
For be assur'd, that I shall find myself
Well recompens'd, in having brought you hither.
My servants shall conduct you to your chamber,

Or to the bath room, or refectory,
As inclination may dispose for either.
Refresh yourself in any way you please;
And then, to the affairs that brought you hither,
Give your attention. I must, too, to business
Betake myself: so, leave you for a season.
We meet again, when evening comes. Farewell!

[JONADAB *retires with the servants.*

AMROU (*solus*).

Deluded ones! I have you in the toils.
I'll to the Prefect now, and give him notice.
Your fall, shall be my stepping stone to honour.
Your wealth—the wealth at least of one, shall serve,
And largely too, I trust, to swell my fortune.
The other—little owns beside his carcase,
Which soon shall be the prey of dogs and vultures.
Stop! I forgot—the book! 'twas well contriv'd,
That to secure, along with its possessor.
How easily he fell into the snare!
I shall seem treacherous, but 'tis sometimes needful
To hide a false heart with a friendly face,
Lest those whom we would make our prey, escape us.
And—be it treachery—here's my consolation;
One Bible less will then be in the world,
One prophet less, to tell of coming evil,
And *two* less, of that hated race, foreshown
Alike by Book and Prophet, as, ere long
Rising upon our ruin, and as ruling
O'er land and sea, to earth's remotest bounds.
Besides—I will so manage the affair
Of their arrest, as to be unsuspected
By both, of bad intent, in bringing them
To share my evening meal with me—the last
I trust, that either will thenceforwards taste.

Away! the time seems long, that stays my action.

[*A knocking heard.*]

Ha! who would interrupt me now, and hinder

This instant execution of my purpose?

The man, I most of all desir'd to see!

Enter KHALED.

Most welcome, noble Prefect! opportunely

You come: for I was going forth to you

With pleasant tidings. I've entrapp'd two Hebrews.

KHALED.

Indeed! how's that? *you* cannot have been told

Of the intention of our Government,

Concerning that despis'd and hated race?

AMROU.

I have.

KHALED.

And how came that about? I deem'd

The secret, one, that out of the State Council

Was known but to Musæus, and myself.

AMROU.

Musæus, as you know, and I, and you,

Have long in closest friendship been united,

And mostly shared each other's secrets. Well!

During my stay at Athens, on my way

Hither from Italy, a few days since,

Musæus, in a friendly letter, told me,

Under the strictest bonds of secresy,

That it had been resolv'd upon in Council,

(The King consenting) to exterminate

The Jews, wherever found; or, to enslave them,

And confiscate whatever they possess.

He stated, that a royal proclamation

Would to this resolution give effect,

At the commencement of the Hebrew Sabbath
Of such a date : naming *to-day* as that
On which, at eventide, the synagogues
Would all be enter'd, and the Hebrews seiz'd
When met for worship—banks and shops all clos'd ;
And so, their property brought easily
Within the grasp of the police. He added,
That if I could entice a Jew or two
To come this way, just at the nick of time,
It might of service prove : especially,
If they should wealthy be. So, here I am
With, as I said, two Hebrews in my clutches.
One, is a stranger here : the other, not so.
You'll have in him one of those precious prophets
Whom our Great King regards with such aversion,
And wishes so to root out from among us,
As spoilers of the mirth of our gay city ;
The people's minds disturbing and alarming,
With their perpetual threats of coming evil.

KHALED.

Before we go into particulars
With that affair, I'll bid you, Amrou, welcome
To home, and the delights of Istamboul.
You have been miss'd among us ; and so long too !
How did you manage to endure an absence
Of such duration, from our gaieties ?
You, Amrou ! who, while such a man of business,
Are also such a man of pleasure ? Tell me,
And I'll store up and profit by the lesson,
When by my duties forc'd to leave this city—
The only place on earth worth living in.

AMROU.

Khaled ! I will not say, that willingly
I travell'd forth : and far less willingly

Did I remain so long away, foregoing
 Through tedious months, and even years, the pleasures
 To which we both have been accustom'd here.
 Affairs of trade, to journey hence compell'd me,
 And kept me absent for a time that I
 When leaving home, had not at all expected.
 Still—my long self-denial had this comfort
 To recompense, and make it bearable :
 While missing pleasure, I was making money,
 The means of larger pleasure in the future.
 And, midst the cares of business, still, I manag'd
 Materials for daily joy to find
 Where'er I went : for as you know, I carry
 A merry heart within me, and contrive
 To make myself at home, where'er located.
 Now, to the affair on which I wish'd to see you.
 You'll take a light collation, and we'll talk
 The matter over.

*[Strikes a gong. A pause. Confections, wines,
 fruits, &c. brought in.]*

AMROU (*resumes*).

When in Italy,

I lighted on a Hebrew jeweller,
 Who wish'd to visit Istamboul, and then
 After a while, go on to Palestine,
 To lay his bones there, as he said, and hop'd.
 It is a favourite wish of that curst people,
 As you well know. (I trust that we, between us,
 Shall soon provide for them, interment *here*.)
 I hasten'd his departure. 'Twas soon manag'd,
 As Hebrew wealth is mostly portable,
 And quickly to be come at : cash, or jewels,
 Or stocks that find a ready sale. In land
 They like not to invest, as they're expecting
 (Poor dup'd fanatics!) their Messiah's advent,

To terminate their present state of exile,
 And settle them again in Palestine,
 The first, thenceforth, in rank amongst the nations :
 So, hold themselves in constant readiness
 Thither to go, at their Redeemer's summons.
 But these are things you know as well as I:
 Pray pardon the digression! To the point
 Again I come. We travell'd here together,
 This Jew and I: and, pausing at the summit
 Of yonder eminence, to please ourselves
 With the grand prospect thence to be obtain'd,
 (On which, I well remember, you with me
 Have gaz'd so often with admiring eyes)
 Behold! who should burst on us, but the Prophet,
 With a long series of fierce maledictions
 Against our city, and her people's sins.
 I could have struck him dead upon the spot,
 But for the presence of his countryman,
 Whom such a hasty measure would have anger'd,
 And might have spoil'd my plans respecting *him*:
 So, keeping down my wrath, and feigning reverence
 For him and for his Book, as an inquirer
 Concerning truth and duty, I propos'd
 That he should come this evening to my house,
 And join his Hebrew brother at a feast,
 To which I promis'd both a cordial welcome,
 As looking *on*, to what will come from it.

KHALED.

For then it is your purpose, I presume,
 To have the precious pair surpris'd, and seiz'd.

AMROU.

Exactly so. And now, as to the manner.
 It would not be expedient, that I
 Should seem to them a treacherous entertainer,

So I, of course, shall feign astonishment
And grief, at the intrusion of your party.
I'll have my servants up; and one of *them*,
(To whom I'll offer adequate reward
For his concurrence in the plot,) shall seem
To have it wrung from him, that he had told
Of the expected presence of these Hebrews,
In hope of gaining, by his information,
The recompense, awaiting such informers.

KHALED.

Allow me to suggest a small improvement
Upon your plan. To make the plot complete,
The party I will send, yourself shall seize,
As "one, who harbours, and who comforts, Hebrews."
We'll so, completely take your victims in.
Neither will have a thought of treachery
As by their entertainer plann'd, but rather,
Will cast all blame on the informing servant.
(Amusing, their refreshing innocence
Will be to you, as they are doing so!)
You'll come before me with them, and explain,
(Of course, to my completest satisfaction)
That you had acted with no thought of ill
Towards the Law, but rather, in obedience
To its requirements; these, forbidding you
To screen or shelter Hebrews from its grasp.
I shall instruct my officer to act
Towards yourself with all befitting honour.
He shall conduct you to the Hall of Justice,
Not with the Hebrew prisoners, but alone
In your own carriage—his, preceding it,
To indicate that of your own free will,
And not as one compell'd, you thither go.
I think it will be well that *we* should bring
The servant who will lodge the information

Against the Hebrews, with them, when arrested.
You will take care that it is laid by him
In time for me to make my preparations.
(You'll easily throw dust into his eyes,
As to your motives for employing him
On such a business.) All will thus work well.
You will, of course, be most irate with him
In presence of the Hebrews—first, in private,
Having inform'd him that your indignation
Is a mere sham, from which he need fear nothing,
However you may seem to rage, and threaten.
The Hebrews charg'd, condemn'd, and sentenc'd—we
Will have a jovial evening together,
As we were wont to do in days gone by.
Inspection of your Hebrew friend's effects
Will be a pleasant break in our amusement,
And add a zest to the good things before us,
Of which I promise to make due provision.
Now I must leave you—glad that we have met;
More so, in prospect of our evening's work.
Farewell! till in my presence as a culprit
You stand—to be acquitted then, of course.
And then! but I will not anticipate—
You guess the rest. We'll have a merry time.

AMROU.

Farewell, dear Khaled! When I come before you,
Don't judge me too severely!

KHALED.

Never fear!

Good bye! All joy be with you, till we meet.





V.

*Assyria. The battle-field, as before. Interior of a General's tent.
Ocyrus alone, resting on a couch. He speaks in a low tone, as one
talking to himself. Time—Friday morning, ten o'clock.*

OCYRUS.

TIS passing strange! but since my interview
Last night, with that Great Being, in the cavern,
I seem transform'd into another man.
Not merely in position chang'd, and prospects,
But *character*—I think I might say, *nature*.
Peace seems no more an inmate of my bosom.
I'm conscious now of an unwonted fierceness,
That would o'er all have mastery, and know
No rule in nature, save its own wild will.
Once, wishing to be *lov'd*—now, to be *fear'd*,
Seems the fix'd bent and purpose of my mind.
Zadora, whom I lately lov'd so dearly,
Seems to be scarcely car'd for now, in contrast
With the grand visions which arise before me,
When meditating on the promises
Of Him, who made me such strange overtures,
And has such wonders wrought in my behalf.
I feel desire of woman going from me;
Uprooted, by a measureless ambition,
From what was once a kind and loving heart.
Well! *He* must be obey'd, to whom last night
I homage render'd, as my Lord and God.
Not to obey *Him*, now, were perilous
Beyond all perils to be met and dar'd,

In execution of His high commands.
For woman once, a warrior lost a world.
I—rather choose to have the world my portion,
Than any woman's love: than even thine,
Zadora! Yes—our hearts are henceforth sunder'd.
Such great things done, and greater to be done,
He—merits the obedience which he claims;
And He shall have it, who from death has sav'd me,
And loss of all, to make me lord of all.
Yes! He *shall* have it, cost me what it will:
And, this resolv'd, I lay me down to sleep,
But first—secure myself from interruption.

[*Strikes a gong. A soldier enters.*]

Let me not be awaken'd, nor disturb'd,
Unless the camp be suddenly attack'd;
A danger, which our late success has made
But little likely to occur. Prepare
For marching homewards, when I summon you;
Which I shall do, so soon as I awake
And have refresh'd myself.

SOLDIER.

My lord, we'll do so.





VI.

Constantinople. The King's Printing House. A press-room. Musæus, coming forth, calls two boys to him. Time—the same Friday morning, about eleven o'clock.

MUSÆUS.

NOW, boys! come—put this room in order: quick!
Then—take these letters, each to its direction,
And wait for answers. Do you hear me?

JAPHETH.

Yes, Sir.

[He goes away. The boys enter the room.]

JARED.

Aye, "quick!" that's evermore the word, with him.
We will be quick enough (to please *ourselves*,
If not to please you, Governor! that's certain.)
Now! shut that door, to keep out wind, and—listeners.

[He waits, while the other closes the door. Then, resumes]
Our master has been locked up here for hours:
What was he at?

JAPHETH.

As I have not the honour
Of being in his confidence—can't say.

JARED.

When he went in, I heard him give this order:
"No man or boy upon the premises
Must come to interrupt me. Should a stranger,

Or even a friend, come hither—'No admittance!' Must be the rule, till I come forth again."
 He enter'd then, and lock'd the door, and went
 At once to printing. Saw you not the papers
 He carried out with him? There stands the press.
 Let's strike a copy off, and we shall see
 What mystery is brewing.

JAPHETH.

That, we cannot.
 The type is all distributed. What's this?
[He picks up a paper.]

JARED.

A paper that he dropped as he went out.
 I saw it fall.

JAPHETH.

And did not pick it up
 And give it to him—why?

JARED.

I scarcely know;
 It did not strike me at the time, to do so.

JAPHETH (*who has rapidly glanced through it*).
'Twas well it did not. God of Israel! (*reverently*) here
 Is matter for astonishment and terror,
 And—matter that concerns *us*. Listen :
*[He reads a Royal Proclamation, of which more will
 be heard hereafter.]*

JARED.

How dreadful! What is to be done? Our lives
 Are both imperill'd. We must get away
 With quickest speed, or—ere the day is done,
 We shall in prison be, and drawn for death.

A Prefect of tremendously quick action
Is he, who has this district in his charge :
And see ! this letter is address'd to him.

JAPHETH.

And mine—"To the Right Honourable, Omar,
Prefect of—"

JARED.

Never mind. Let's out at once.
Our master may return, and, keeping us
Till evening comes, prevent us from escaping.

JAPHETH.

No ! He is gone into the private office.
I heard him lock *that* door. He'll wait, until
The bills are all prepar'd for distribution,
And, meanwhile, sends, I guess, one to each Prefect,
For approbation, and—to furnish him
With quick intelligence of what is coming.
But let us go. We are not safe a moment,
While here. [*They go out.*]

JULIAN (*the foreman*).

Ho ! where away, in such hot haste ?

JARED.

To take these letters, which the Governor
Bade us deliver quickly, and bring back
To each, an answer.

JULIAN.

Get you gone, then. Mind
And make haste back.

JARED.

Woe to us ! if we don't,
I dare say (*forcing a laugh*).

JULIAN.

You are right there. Off! and—quick!
[*They go out.*]

JARED.

“Quick!” said he? Yes—we cannot but be quick,
But in no haste to come again to *him*.
Far hence our steps must be directed—far
As possible, from him, and from this city.
But whither—*whither*? This dread proclamation
Will follow us, and reach us, everywhere.

JAPHETH.

We must take time to think. And our first duty
Is—to give warning to our people. I
Am off to the Chief Rabbi. That’s the surest
And speediest way of giving information
To all the Jews in Istamboul. To-day
Is Friday, and the Rabbis meet together
For conference. So much the better for us!
Each will inform a synagogue at once,
Of what the whole are so concern’d to know.
His house is near; and I shall probably
Startle them with my news, while all together.

JARED.

Will they not curse you, soon as they behold you,
And then, with rage and scorn, send you away
At once, unheard? Suppose, too, they refuse
Even to let you come into their presence?

JAPHETH.

I’ll *make* them see me, make them *hear* me too;
And then—though curs’d when first I come before them,
(As I expect to be) I shall depart
With thanks and blessings heap’d upon me. They
Are not insensible to kindness—not
Devoid of gratitude: and, for such service

As I shall render them, I feel assur'd
 Their thankfulness will scarcely know a limit.
 And now—while I am gone upon this errand,
 Do you repair to Hillel, and to Dardan.
 Show them the Proclamation. By the by,
 We have but *one*, and that, in manuscript.
 But—let us look into these letters. There,
 I doubt not, we shall find two more—in *print*.
 You can take one, and I, the other. They
 Will with authority proclaim, what we
 Without them, might not be believed, when telling,
 Alarming as the news might be consider'd.
 Bid our kind guardians call together all
 Who are in brotherhood united with us,
 Or in our worship join, but as inquirers.
 I will rejoin you at that meeting. Then
 For life or death our fortunes shall be one.

[*Each has opened the letter he carries.* JAPHETH reads
 "My Lord—I send the Royal Proclamation
 Completed, and from errors free, for I
 Have with the greatest care revis'd the proof,
 As from the press it came, and such corrections
 Have made, as then were needed. It is now
 A true and faithful copy of the writing
 Transmitted to me from the Royal Council,
 And has been looked upon by—*only me*.
 I was compositor, corrector, printer,
 And now, am lock'd up in my private room
 Alone, and wait but till the hour of four.
 Then—you shall have them from *my* hands : for none
 Beside, shall handle them. Your faithful servant,
 MUSÆUS."

"P.S.—I had well nigh forgot to say,
 The bearer, is a Jew boy in my service.
 I have no wish to harbour him, against
 The law ; so, deal with him as you think fit.
 I venture but to ask to have him sold,

Rather than slain, from pity for his youth,
And more—that selling him, will to the State,
To you, and to myself, bring *some* advantage."

JARED.

Here's a concern! I'll own, I had some scruples
About the opening of these letters, though
I had a dire suspicion of their import,
In common with yourself. But no regrets,
With these abominable lines before us,
Can either of us feel, for what, but *for* them
Had been blameworthy curiosity.
Musæus! What a villian are you! Surely
That cold and cruel heart, which could consign us
So easily, to death or slavery,
Will one day be with anguish wrung, as ours
Now are. 'Tis well we've found you out!
Well too, we've opened your atrocious notes.
What an escape has ours been! Thrice, this morning,
The hand of God has wrought in our behalf.
First, in the falling of the Proclamation
From our *kind* master's hand: then, in its coming
Into *our* hands, rather than those of others:
Then, in his giving *us* these letters, which
To others, might have been intrusted. Oh!
How great the issues, that from slightest causes
Are often seen to come! Not *our* lives only,
But hundreds, thousands more, will have been sav'd
Through these—*mere accidents*—as some would deem them.
We, will the Lord's hand see, and own, in all.
And now, away! You to the Rabbi—I
To Hillel. Great the thanks the Hebrew people
Will owe us both. God speed us in our errands,
And, in His goodness, make them both to prosper!

[*They separate.*



VII.

Constantinople. A room in the house of Amrou. His steward has just entered. Time—eleven o'clock.

AMROU.



WELL, Osman! glad to see you, and to find
Every thing in the order that I do.
I shall remember the fidelity
With which you have discharg'd the several trusts
Committed to you when I went from home.
It has been put to a severer proof
Than I contemplated at my departure.
I calculated on a quick return
When I took leave of you; but business kept me,
Until through years my absence was prolong'd,
And I had almost come to think, that home
And Istamboul, I ne'er should see again.
However, I am here: here—first, to thank you
For your long-tried and faithful services,
Then—to reward them. Ere I do so, let me
Express the joy I feel in seeing you
Alive, and well as you appear to-day.
Time has pass'd lightly by you, and but gently
Laid on you his disfiguring touch. You look
As young as when I left you. Take this gift,
(Not *all*, observe, I mean to do for you)
And my best wishes for your happiness
Through a long future.

[He gives a cheque on his banker, for a handsome sum.]

OSMAN.

Sir—dear Sir! I know not
How, fitly to express my grateful sense
Of your large kindness. I am glad to find,

Most glad—that I have won your approbation,
By careful management of your affairs.
To such a master, more than *faithful* service
Is due from his dependents: willing, cheerful,
Should the obedience be, to him, of all
Who have the honour to serve under him ;
And such, I trust, will ever be the conduct
Both of myself, and all your other servants.
It gladdens us, to see you home again :
Still more—to notice, that your recent travels
Seem to have greatly benefited you.
In fuller health, and more robust in aspect,
You now appear, than when you went away.
You come prepar'd, I trust, to make this house
Once more the house of mirth, as in the days
Which you have not forgotten, Sir, and we
So well remember : (reason had we, for it !
We've found ourselves so cheerless in your absence.)
Now, we shall be ourselves again : and you
I doubt not, will be pleas'd to see us so,
For well we know, glad hearts and merry faces,
Were what you always lik'd to have about you.

AMROU.

You're right. I did so—and, as a beginning,
Propose to give you all a feast to night,
At which you shall be jovial as you please.
Choose your own viands ; drink, *ad libitum*
I also authorise you to provide,
Without restriction as to quality ;
Assur'd, that *you* will not allow this grant
To be abus'd, while liberally us'd.
You'll understand, that I've no wish to stint you
In the selection of materials
For—on my part—a feast, that to you all
Shall prove as gladdening, as to myself
Has been the welcome I have had, on yours.

OSMAN.

Thanks—once more, thanks, dear Sir, for this indulgence,
So like yourself! to us, so full of promise
Of high enjoyment. May we hope to have
The pleasure of your company among us?

AMROU.

Not this time. At some future festival
I'll hope to join you, and to share your pleasures.
To-night, the Prefect is expecting me.
We have important business to transact ;
Business, besides, that must be done, *to-day*.
And this reminds me, that *your* entertainment
This evening, I wish to have prepar'd
Not in the servants' hall, but the saloon
In which I am accustom'd to receive
My friends, when I have a great gathering.
Here is my reason—that this evening
I am expecting two queer visitors :
The Hebrew gentleman you saw this morning
Enter with me—whose packages are here,
And who is coming, as he thinks, to dine
In company with that odd Hebrew Prophet
Who from our vehicle alighted, when
It drew up at my door : a precious pair,
For whom our Prefect has a rod in pickle,
Which will descend on their devoted heads,
So soon as in the house they show themselves.
I have no dinner for them, though invited
This morning, to come here, and feast with me.
I had then thought of having them arrested
Before the banquet should have reach'd its close.
But now, it is my purpose to regale
My servants, in the place of these—whom Khaled
Will send his myrmidons to seize upon
Just before dinner-time, as enemies

Both of the State, and of our Lord the King.
 I wish them, when they come, to see the rooms
 Prepar'd, and lighted up, as for a banquet.
 Khaled and I have our arrangements made,
 And what you then will see, may move you all
 To wonder, and excite some strange suspicions;
 But on the morrow, all will be made plain.
 Now go, and for your promis'd feast prepare.
 I wish you all a happy evening,
 And mind! while hoping you will all be merry,
 I also look to see you all keep sober.
 Let me not, coming late from Khaled's house,
 Find aught else than good order in my own.

OSMAN.

I'll use my best endeavours, Sir, and hope
 That none, the bounds of just hilarity
 Will pass, in their enjoyment of the feast
 Which is to constitute your "welcome home."
 To use your favours so as to displease you,
 Would be a most unmeet return for kindness
 So unexpected, and so generous.
 And now, Sir! have you any other orders?

AMROU.

Before you do aught else, send Hamet here,
 I wish to see him instantly.

OSMAN.

I will, Sir.
[He retires.]





VIII.

Constantinople. The house of the Chief Rabbi. Five other Rabbis present. Time—the same day, half-past eleven.

Enter a SERVANT.

MOST reverend Sir! below, the Hebrew youth
Whom you some months since excommunicated
In open synagogue, is waiting. He
Comes here, on an affair of life and death,
He says—and *must* be shown into your presence.

CHIEF RABBI.

He's bold! and moves my curiosity.
Let him come up. Then—leave us to ourselves.

(Enter JAPHETH.)

Accursed Christian dog! what brings you here?
Have you repented of your wickedness,
In following the Man of Nazareth,
And come to reconcile yourself to us,
By humbly asking pardon?

JAPHETH.

Rabbi! spare
Your curses. Time is precious. Just read *that*!
[Hands him the Proclamation—which he at once reads.]

CHIEF RABBI (*looking upward*).

God of our fathers! is it come to *this*,
That Jacob is to be no more a people?
Where are thy loving kindnesses, of old
To Israel shown?

ELEAZAR.

What is the matter, brother?

CHIEF RABBI.

Look at that document! read it *together*,
For not a moment must be lost. Boy! tell me,
Where got you this?

JAPHETH.

My master printed them,
This—and a multitude of others like it.
He's lock'd up with them in his private office,
But—five hours hence, each Prefect of our city
And the police, will have them in their hands,
To act upon: which they will do, forthwith.
I wish'd to save our people: so, to you
Repair'd, in the first instance, as the surest
And speediest way of doing so.

CHIEF RABBI.

Good lad!

We owe you thanks unutterable. Come
And share our fortunes. We will make you rich.

JAPHETH.

Not so, dear father. I'm a Christian Jew,
And with *them* go.

CHIEF RABBI.

And live and die, accursed!
No—that, I must not say. Here, take this gold,
Since you resolve to be an alien from
The commonwealth of Israel, and begone!
For—if *you* would escape the coming ruin,
Time is, with *you*, as precious as with *us*.

JAPHETH.

Take back your money, father! and my thanks.
I want no recompense for what I deem
An act of duty. I would have your blessing;
But that, it seems, I may not.

CHIEF RABBI.

Say not so !

For—mov'd to ask, How shall I dare to bless
 One, whom 'tis hard to think, the Lord has bless'd ?
 I *will* believe that, for such service done
 As you have done this day, to our dear people,
 God *has* a blessing yet in store for you.
 Kneel down ! [*He lays his hands upon him, and prays,*
 " Jehovah bless thee, lad, and keep thee !
 Jehovah look with grace upon thee, henceforth,
 And let His face with kindness on thee shine !
 Jehovah lift on thee, dear boy, the light
 Of His forgiving countenance, and peace
 Give thee in this world, and the world to come ! "

ALL THE RABBIS.

" Amen ! "

THE CHIEF RABBI.

Now go. We must to instant action.

JAPHETH.

First, let me thank you, father dear ! may God
 Have you, and all our people, in His keeping !
 Farewell ! [*He goes out weeping. They, too, weep.*

CHIEF RABBI.

Now brethren ! each of you begone : at once
 Convene a meeting—say, an hour from this,
 Each, in his synagogue. *Let none be wanting.*
 I will at once to our three bankers, first
 Calling together my own people. Each
 Of our assemblies for itself must act :
 There is no time for conference, but all
 Must, ere the day has clos'd, be past the bounds
 Of Istamboul—the farther off, the better.

[*They separate.*



IX.

Assyria. The battle-field, as before. The tent of Ocyrus. He has just started up from sleep, with a cry of terror, and with visible alarm on his countenance—not however, heard, or observed, by any of his band. Time—the same day, twelve o'clock.

OCYRUS (*to himself*).



HERE am I? oh! the joy of waking up
From troubled sleep, and visions so appalling
As mine have been, to find—*it was a dream!*
A dream? it made my sleep one lengthen'd horror.
Whence come such visions? and what causes them?
Quiet should be the sleep of innocence,
And such was once my own. And why not now?
Alas! if I have had a great revenge,
It was a cruel one: *for none were spar'd.*
Like demons, more than men, fought those Immortals;
Ask'd, or unask'd—no quarter granted they.
And, madden'd, as it seem'd, by their example,
My band and I were just as merciless.
Can I then wonder, that when laid to sleep,
Conscience and memory should recall the past,
And bring to view the dreadful scene again?
The blameless and the harmless sleep in quiet.
Such rest, I fear, will never more be mine.
On what an enterprise have I set forth!
War on *the world*: the conquest of *the world!*
The glittering pomp and pageantry of war
May offer much to dazzle and delight,
And make it irresistibly attractive,
To those who look but on the brighter side

Of the vast picture it presents to view.
 But—when its darker, sadder shades are seen,
 The captive's galling chain, the patriot's anguish,
 Hopelessly striving for his country's freedom,
 The ruin'd dynasties, impoverish'd kingdoms,
 The horrors of the battle-field, the woes
 Of broken hearts, and desolated homes,
 War ceases to be glorious to the sight,
 And conquest shows itself in its true colours;
 The dream of a distemper'd mind, intent
 On self-indulgence, at whatever cost.
 But—what is this? and who is with me now?

[A lurid light is diffused through the tent, and a dark figure, of gigantic proportions, stands before OCYRUS.]

OCYRUS.

Dark spirit! whence art thou? and—*who* art thou?

SATAN.

What! is your benefactor, then, forgotten?
 So soon, too? this return I look'd not for,
 After such favours shown to you, Ocyrus!

OCYRUS.

My benefactor—*thou*? it cannot be.
 And yet, I recognise the voice. If thou
 Indeed art he with whom I talk'd before,
 Alter'd in aspect as thou now appearest,
 I may be pardon'd for not knowing thee.
 An angel then of light, in outward show,
 An angel now of darkness I might deem thee,
 Coming before me in such gloomy guise.

SATAN.

Your words are bold, as formerly they were,
 And I, forbearing: specially to thee.
 Forms are with me indifferent things. It suits me

To wear one aspect now, and now, another.
With darkness or with light I clothe myself,
Just as occasion may require ; and now
Prefer the former, rather than the latter,
As being much displeas'd with thee, Ocyrus !

OCYRUS.

It grieves me greatly, to have anger'd one
To whom I hold myself so much indebted.
Be sure that the offence was not intended,
And when discover'd, shall not be repeated.

SATAN.

I hope not. But before it is reveal'd,
'Tis fit that you should know why I am here.
You cried aloud for help : (though not so loud
As to be heard by any of your band,
Still, so that *I* could hear :) and, as I promis'd
Not to be distant, when you wished me near,
Nor wanting to you, when you needed succour,
I come—at once responsive to your cry.
'Tis well, that no one heard the piercing shriek,
Or saw the look, with which from sleep you started ;
Your reputation, else, would be endanger'd.
For you, whom they have nam'd the Fearless One,
Were then—most unmistakeably alarm'd !
What made you so—with nought to frighten you
That I have seen, or see about you now ?

OCYRUS.

The battle done, and our thanksgiving ended
For the success which you had granted me,
I bade my men refresh and rest themselves,
And leave me, undisturb'd to do the same.
Soon after I had lain me down to sleep,
There rose before me the sad spectacle

First—of a battle-field, bestrewn with dead,
Then, of unpeopled cities, ruin'd houses,
And fruitful lands made waste and desolate ;
And to my ears from every side there came
The widow's cry, the orphan's moan, the groans
Of shatter'd friendship, and despairing love.
Then, ghosts of men in countless thousands stood
With angry looks, before me—each one pointing
To ghastly wounds, through which the life blood pour'd,
And called me "Despot!" "Tyrant!" "Murderer!"
Affrighted by the hideous spectacle,
I fled—yes! I, who ne'er knew fear before.
I fled: by twice ten thousand curses follow'd ;
And presently, I found myself alone
In a lone boat, upon a shoreless sea,
Bereft of helm and oar, of sail and compass,
And cloud and wind and tempest gathering round me.
The light went on decreasing. Day had ended :
I found myself enwrap't in deepest night ;
No star to guide me, and no friend to cheer.
Abandon'd, and imperill'd—shelterless,
And, as it seem'd, unpitied and unheeded,
Even when on the point of perishing
In the fast rising and o'erwhelming waters—
The sense of loneliness was so oppressive,
The scene above, around, so dark and dreary,
The danger threatening me so imminent,
The feeling of desertion, so heart-rending,
As to o'ercome e'en my unyielding spirit.
Upon a huge wave rising, down I look'd
Into a dark and deep abyss, to which
My boat and I were rapidly descending.
It was a fearful plunge! My boat was gone,
And I—ingulph'd in the o'erpowering waves,
Gave utterance to one loud, despairing cry ;
The cry that waken'd me, and brought *you*, hither.

SATAN.

I wonder not at your loud exclamation,
Awaking from a dream so terrible,
Nor at your plainly visible alarm.
You marvell'd that such visions could arise
Before your mental eye. Ocyrus! hear me.
That fearful dream was but the natural sequence
Of thoughts, that held possession of your mind
Before you fell into your recent slumber;
Thoughts, which I now must say, became you not.
Doing *my* bidding, it is not for you
To reason, as you did, upon its issues.
Such thoughts, 'tis fitting you should know, displease me,
And to yourself are fraught with injury;
Since—as you have experienced—they bring
Unquiet slumber, and appalling dreams.
Indulge not in such reveries again,
Or the offence will bring its punishment,
In the recurrence of such frightful visions
As those which—quoting your own words just now,
Serv'd but to make your sleep one lengthen'd horror.
The past I pardon—but expect in future
Unreasoning obedience to my mandates.
Take this elixir. When again you sleep,
Visions of quite another character,
Than those which you so feared to look upon
In your late slumbers, shall be brought before you:
Visions, from which 'twill vex you to be waken'd,
Rather than glad to find they were *but* dreams.
And now—again to action. Strike your tents,
And with your army, homewards bend your course.
There, for a while refresh and rest your men,
And give them the promotion that you promis'd;
Raising new forces, to be officer'd
By those who form your present faithful band,

In various grades, as each one's merits may
Of this or that command have made him worthy.
Inscribe on all your battle-standards, this:
"Submission, Slavery, or Death!" 'Twill be
A word of power to overawe the world,
And bring the frighten'd nations to your feet.
And now, I leave you. When we meet again,
It will be, not as here, but in a region
Where you will wish that you could stay—for ever.
[*He vanishes.*]





X.

Constantinople. The house of Hillel, who, coming forth from it, encounters Jared. Time—the same day, twelve o'clock.

HILLEL.



HY—Jared, lad! At this unusual hour
What brings you here? You ought to be at work.

JARED.

No more! with *him*. Musæus is a villain!
A shameless and unutterable villain.

HILLEL.

Your words—your looks yet more, alarm me. What
Can be the matter?

JARED.

Go into the house:
Oh! (*he weeps*) I have now to tell you dreadful news.

HILLEL.

We were just setting forth for Dardan's house,
I, first—the others, to come afterwards.

JARED.

Stop them all! they will all be wanted *here*.
They, too, are quite as much concern'd as you,
In the sad tidings that I have to tell.

HILLEL.

Out with them, boy! You frighten us extremely:
Don't keep us any longer in suspense.

JARED.

Read—first, that Proclamation ; then, this letter :
Read them aloud, for time will so be sav'd,
And time is now most precious to us all.

[HILLEL reads the Proclamation. The females are
much agitated.]

JARED.

Now, sisters dear ! don't shriek and weep, but *act*.
First, hear that letter read : then, all to work.
The occasion calls for all your energies.

MIRIAM.

He's right, dear boy ! he'll be the saving of us.
Hillel ! we listen, dear ! Read out the letter.

[He does so.]

HILLEL.

Just tell me how you got these documents ?
(We shall know better how to shape our course
In this most dire emergency.) I hope,
Not in a mean, dishonourable way.

JARED.

Musæus call'd us—that is, me and Japheth,
To put a room to rights. God's Providence
So order'd things, that as he left the room,
He dropp'd this paper. Providence again
Befriended us. I did not pick it up
And give it to him, though I saw it fall :
Something—I know not what, restrained me. Well !
Japheth soon afterwards picked up the paper,
And read it. You may blame us : but 'twas well
We did so ! 'Tis the Royal Proclamation
In manuscript—sent from the Privy Council.
Musæus had been shut in there for hours
Alone—employ'd upon that dreadful paper.
He came forth with a bundle of them, *printed*,

And wet—to take them to his private office.
 He gave us letters, which we were to take
 When we had clear'd the room out, “as directed,
 And wait for answers.” Having read this paper,
 We deem'd it best at once to fly, and made
 The charge we had receiv'd, to take the letters,
 Serve to the foreman (who would else have stopped us)
 As an excuse for hurrying out. So soon
 As we were in the open air, the thought
 Occurr'd to Japheth, that these envelopes
 Most probably contained two *printed* copies
 Of this atrocious Proclamation. Also,
 That to deliver either as directed,
 Was not a matter to be thought of now,
 When flight, to save our lives, was needful. So
 We open'd both, and found that each, in import
 Exactly corresponded with the other.
 There is my story. What must now be done?

HILLEL.

First—kneel down, all of you, and let us pray.
 God is our refuge, even at a time
 Like this: a very present help in trouble:
 And “prayer can move the hand that moves the world.”

[*He prays.*]

Lord! hear us. As Thou seest—from the depths
 Of fear and woe, we raise our cries to Thee.
 We know what Thou hast promised to Thy people.
 Thou wilt not let them perish, even now.
 Thy goodness thou hast shown, in giving us
 These timely premonitions. Lord! we thank Thee,
 And to Thy gracious care commit ourselves,
 Encouraged by Thy written words—“The righteous
 Cry to the Lord: He hears, and also saves them.”
 Thou seest us, now girt with dreadful perils.
 Instruct us what to do; and be our helper

In all that we resolve upon : our Saviour
From enemies intent on our destruction.
For Christ's sake, hear us ! we are in Thy hand ;
Do to us, Lord ! as seemeth good to Thee,
And keep us faithful, now and evermore ;
Whether it be Thy will that, living, we
Should serve, or glorify Thee by our deaths.
Let nothing of the crown of life deprive us
Which thou hast promised to thy saints. Amen !

[*They rise.*]

HILLEL.

Where's Japheth ?

JARED.

Gone to tell the Rabbis—met,
As he believes, just now, for conference.

HILLEL.

A happy thought ! I will to Dardan go,
And so, let the assembled brethren learn
Their danger. First, however, I shall write
An order on the bank. 'The brethren, all
Must draw their balances to-day, or lose them.
This, Jared ! you can take, and get the money.
Tell no one what you know, unless a Jew
Should cross your path. Then, hasten back, to help
Our sisters in their packing. Get together,
Dear Miriam ! and the rest of you, whatever
Your woman's wit may tell you we shall want
In the concealment we must seek—alas !
Before this day is out. A little food,
A little clothing, money, jewels, plate,
Things we may carry on our persons, or
In parcels, light and portable. Our journey
Must be on foot, wherever we may go.
Carriages—horses—would reveal our course,
And make our destination known. I go,

As I have said, to Dardan and the brethren ;
And will return so soon as the assembly
Has broken up, and let you know how they
Decide to act. I have bethought me, Jared,
Of one dear friend, whom there I shall not see.
His wife is near her time. 'Tis most important,
That they should know how matters stand. To Abdon
Go, Jared ! quickly as you can, and show him
The written Proclamation : bid him get
His things together speedily, and go
With his dear partner, into the first vessel
That may the harbour leave to-day—no matter
In what direction, so that from this city
He gets away, before night closes in.
Now—God be with us all.

ALL.

Amen ! Amen !

MIRIAM.

Do not be long away. We shall be anxious,
Most anxious, till you come again.

HILLEL.

I will not.





XI.

Constantinople. The house of Amrou. Hamet, sent by Osman, has just entered the room where Amrou is seated. Time—the same day, twelve o'clock.

AMROU.

HAMET! how fare you? Why—you're looking ill.
I fear that you have led a rakish life
In my late absence. "When the cat's away,
The mice will play." You know the proverb well
I dare say, and devoutly act upon it
When Master's out; and so, your jolly living
Has told upon you. I am griev'd to see
Your body thin and spare, your aspect pale,
Your eyes—ah! looking fishy. Wicked rogue!
Where have you been, and what have you been at?

HAMET.

Pray spare me, Sir! You are too hard upon me.
I caught a cold, and that has pulled me down.
Then, I've had fever: rheumatism too,
And other ailments since you went away.

AMROU.

I do not doubt it; though I do, the causes
You would assign for them; well knowing, you
In every way you can, enjoy yourself,
Just as I'll own, that I'm disposed to do.
However—Hamet, I am really sorry
To see you come before me like the Knight
Of Rueful Countenance, of whom we read
In old romances, rather than with health
And pleasure beaming forth in all your looks.

Well! I'll soon set you up again; and now
Want you to do a little bit of business
That will be fraught with profit, and so, furnish
Materials for future jollities.
Just listen! All the servants are to have
A feast to-night—yourself alone excepted.
I want *your* services elsewhere: and give you
By way of compensation for that loss,
This purse, containing what will well repay you
For your forc'd absence from that festival.
You'll also go to Osman, when you leave me,
And tell him to provide you a repast
In your own room, both plentiful and good,
Two hours from this, when you will have return'd
Back from the errand on which now I send you.
But mind! be moderate in your drinking: for
You'll get into a scrape when evening comes,
If not prepar'd, with all your wits about you,
To act as then occasion may require.
Now—go to Khaled's house, and ask to see him.
Tell him, that Amrou wishes him to know
Two Hebrews will be here to-night, whom he
Would greatly like to get into his power.
Let Hassan and his officers, *at five*
Present themselves. Mind! be particular
About the time. I wish them to be punctual:
It is important. Leave your name with Hassan,
And then, return to do your duties here.
At five o'clock you will be summon'd hither.
You'll see the Hebrews taken—I, pretending
(For reasons which must not just now be known,)
To be surpris'd and griev'd at their arrest,
And at *you*, most of all, as having lodg'd
The information at the Prefect's house:
(And this reminds me, that it will be better
To lay the information in *your* name,

Rather than mine) you'll see me rage and storm,
And hear me call you some unpleasant names,
And threaten you with more unpleasant things :
With fitting meekness you must bear yourself ;
(It may be well, to show some signs of fear)
But—never mind ! the whole will be a sham,
Design'd to mystify those precious Hebrews,
Whom it is of importance to the state,
To have surpris'd, and seiz'd, to-day. That done,
Hassan will then conduct them to the Prefect,
And you with them, as one whose evidence
May possibly be wanted at the trial.
I, too, shall have to answer to the charge
Of "harbouring and comforting" these fellows.
Khaled, when he has heard my explanation,
Will instantly pronounce me free, and blameless.
I shall wind up the evening with him ;
You, with his servants. When we have return'd,
And the affair in hand has ended well,
I will reward you, Hamet, with your freedom,
And a befitting recompense besides.
Now go, and lay the information : then
Come and refresh yourself, and to your work
As usual, till sent for in the evening.
I wish you better health, and long enjoyment
Of the enfranchisement I promise you.

HAMET.

Accept my grateful thanks, dear Sir, for what
You now have given—still more, for what you promise.
Your orders, I most willingly obey :
They shall be executed to the letter.
Permit me but to add, that when set free
Through your unask'd and unexpected kindness,
As *a hired servant* I would gladly stay,
And the same duties in the future do,

As in the past I have with pleasure done,
Under so liberal and good a master.

AMROU.

It pleases me to hear you say so, Hamet.
I shall most likely gratify your wish.
We'll talk that matter over on the morrow.
The business of *to-day*, now claims our thoughts,
And must be car'd for. Hasten to the Prefect's :
I want that matter settled.

HAMET.

Sir—I'll do so.





XII.

Constantinople. An upper room in the house of Dardan. A congregation of Hebrew Christians assembled for worship. Time—noon of the same day.

DARDAN.

WE meet, dear friends—at my request we do so,
At what I own is an unusual hour.
Let me unfold my reasons for desiring
That we should *daily* meetings hold, and *thrice*
Each day—for worship, and for meditation
On the blest Volume to us all so dear.
First—the Apostle's words : (and be it noted,
That this was counsel, specially address d,
To *Christian Hebrews*) "Brethren, *day by day*
Exhort ye one another, while to-day
Remains with you. Let this be done the more
As ye may see the Day of Days approaching."
Then—holy David's practice, in the Psalms
Presented to our view. "*At eventide,*
And morning, and at noon, I call on God,
And He will hear, and save me." So he wrote,
When also *thus* constrain'd to write. "O Lord!
Give ear unto my prayer. From my petition
Hide not thyself! see, how I mourn before Thee,
Because of the oppression of the wicked,
And angry voices of my enemies.
I dwell midst scenes of wickedness and woe,
Dwelling with men of violence and strife.
By day and night they go about the city,
Mischief contriving ever : full of guile
And hatred in their hearts, while outwardly

Smooth in their speech, and friendly in their aspect :
 Deceitful workers towards all who trust them.
 O that with wings, like swiftly flying doves,
 I were endow'd, that I might flee away
 And be at rest ! in haste would I escape
 From the fierce-blowing wind, and howling tempest,
 And wander hence far, far away, to make
 My dwelling in the lonely wilderness ! ”
 Much have *we*, brethren dear, to make us feel
 As David did ; and much, to indicate
 The coming of the Lord as near at hand ;
 Shall we not then, the *practice* imitate
 Of the good Psalmist, and the counsel follow
 Of the inspir'd Apostle of the Lord ?
 First—let us sing : then, pass to meditation
 On what John saw, when in the Isle of Patmos
 Favour'd with revelations of the Lord.

THE HYMN.

I.

Happy, who in their heavenward way
 Keep from defilement free !
 Such are the men that, day by day,
 Hold converse, Lord ! with Thee.

II.

Thy word their rule, Thy will their law,
 They walk by these alone :
 Light from Thy testimonies draw,
 And succour from Thy throne.

III.

Happy are they, who seek Thy face
 With undivided mind ;
 Who to Thy worship and Thy ways
 Have their whole heart inclin'd.

IV.

Who, keeping to Thy perfect rule,
 All forms of sin avoid,
 And in the lore of wisdom's school
 Find pleasure unalloy'd.

V.

With diligent endeavour Thou
 Would'st have us follow Thee :
 Lord ! 'tis my heart's petition now,
 That such my course may be !

VI.

My soul, devoid of guilt and shame,
 Shall find a rich reward,
 When all the precepts Thou didst frame,
 I hold in due regard.

VII.

I would Thy righteous judgments learn,
 And with an upright heart
 Praise Thee, for making me discern
 And choose, the better part.

VIII.

Oft from Thy statutes I have swerv'd,
 Yet, cast me not away !
 Much as I have Thy wrath deserv'd,
 Henceforth—I *will* obey.

[*A knocking heard. The door being opened, HILLEL enters, pale and affrighted.*

HILLEL.

Pardon, dear friends, this sudden interruption
 Of worship, which it would have given me pleasure
 To share with you : but mine is now an errand
 That must at once be told. I come to you
 On business, that admits not of delay.
 Dear friends ! when you have heard what I have now
 To tell, you will not chide me for disturbing

This service, nor at my *late* entrance wonder.
 I was just setting out to meet you here,
 (As were the members of my household also,)
 When one, who ought to know if what he says
 Be true—inform'd me that the Proclamation
 Of which he handed me a printed copy,
 Was even then in preparation, and
 Is to be acted on, ere night arrives.
 Listen, with all your ears ! for here are tidings
 Of the most serious import to us all.

[*He reads it.*

You see your danger, friends. This document
 In five hours time from this in which I read it,
 Will have gone forth, and be in operation.
 What shall we do in this tremendous peril ?
 I venture to suggest, that to our homes
 We hasten—each, to make arrangements there
 Such as the exigency calls for : then,
 That two hours hence, we meet for consultation
 As to our movements afterwards, and prayer—
 United prayer to Him, whose counsel is
 “ Call upon me, when troubles gather round thee ;”
 With the connected soul-sustaining promise,
 “ I will deliver thee, and thou shalt praise me.”

DARDAN.

Thanks, brother, for that word ! a word in season.
 The tale you tell us is indeed appalling,
 And calls for speedy action, should it prove—
 As (judging from the treatment Hebrews meet with
 Here, and elsewhere, throughout this king's dominions)
 I will confess, it seems too probable
It will—a true report. Who told you this ?

HILLEL.

One, who was under obligations to me
 For kindness shown to him in years gone by,

And in this hour of peril thought of them,
And wish'd me to escape the threaten'd danger.
His name, I dare not speak in Istamboul.
When we are far away, I'll tell it. Now
All I can say is—take what you have heard
As a trustworthy, and a timely warning.

DARDAN.

Then let us hence away ! though in more haste
Than usual—still, with all our usual caution.
I'll take it upon me, to send at once
A messenger to Chalcol, who—for reasons
I cannot guess at, is not with us now.
Go, and be here in time. The Lord be with you !

ALL.

Amen ! the Lord bless thee, dear brother, also.





XIII.

*Constantinople. The King's Printing House. The private office.
Musæus alone, engaged in a bustling search for a lost paper. A
knock at the door. Time—the same day, half-past twelve.*

MUSÆUS.

WHO'S there?

JULIAN.

You're wanted, Sir, below.

MUSÆUS.

By whom?

Did I not say, that none must interrupt me?

JULIAN.

Not when you came in *here*, Sir.

MUSÆUS.

Ah! you're right.

I had forgotten that. Well! who has sent you
To say that he would see me?

JULIAN.

Amrou, Sir.

Just home, he says, from Greece and Italy,
And *sure* that you, on hearing this, will see him.

MUSÆUS.

Certainly! Let him come up instantly.

[JULIAN *retires*. MUSÆUS, *still prosecuting, with
much anxiety, the search on which he had been engaged.*

AMROU *enters*.

AMROU.

How fares it with you, friend ? you seem as busy
As a Great Personage is said to be,
When storms are brewing.

MUSÆUS.

There, you hit the mark !
A storm *is* brewing : one too, of *his* raising
I much incline to think, though, in this city,
And to another, it might not be safe
Even to whisper it. But—let me say
How glad I am to see you here again
After so long an absence ! and the pleasure
Is made yet greater, by your look of health,
And greater strength, than when you went away.

AMROU.

I thank you for your welcome ; and am pleas'd
To find, that I am thought to have improv'd
In looks and size, in my long absence from you.
And now let me in turn express my joy
At being here among old friends once more,
Of whom you know, Musæus ! you are one.
I hope that you are well, and that you thrive
In business, as I have done, while absent.

MUSÆUS.

I thank you, and can answer, yes ! to both
Your questions. I am doing well in trade,
And for the other matter—of my health,
That has been good since last I saw you here.

AMROU.

I'm glad to hear it. Now, about the " storm "
Of which you spake just now ?

MUSÆUS.

You had my letter,
Address'd to you at Athens?

AMROU.

Yes—and thank you
For what you told, and what you hinted at.
I profited by both. A wealthy Jew
Will be to-night arrested at my house,
Whom I brought hither with me. Khaled came
To welcome me on my return, this morning;
And everything has been arrang'd with him.
But—how about the Royal Proclamation?
Will that be out in time for us to act?
I came, in hope of seeing it.

MUSÆUS.

'Tis here;
And, while you read it, I will go and see
After a matter that requires attention.
[*Hands him a printed copy of the Proclamation—and
leaves him.*]





XIV.

Constantinople. The principal Hebrew Synagogue. The Congregation assembled. Time—the same day, one o'clock.

CHIEF RABBI.

'**T**IS time that all were here. Make fast the doors!

To later comers, we refuse admittance :

Necessity compels it. Jonathan !

Go—take your station in the vestibule,

And tell all Hebrews who present themselves,

That I will meet them shortly at my house,

Where they must go, and wait : and let them know,

That matters of the first importance to them

Are there to be reveal'd : that life and death

Depend on what they then will see and hear,

And nothing must prevent their coming to me.

[He waits for the closing of the doors. Then, resumes.]

Now, brethren—sisters—are we here *alone* ?

Look round about you—each, upon his neighbours,

And see that we have only Hebrews here.

It is of vital consequence, that none

Save our own people, should be now assembled.

[Another pause. Then, he goes on.]

Convening you at this unusual hour,

And with solemnity, and secresy,

I did not look to meet within these walls

One, of another nation than our own :

And now am glad to find this audience

Compos'd but of my own beloved people.

You have been startled by a sudden summons,

And, more than this—alarm'd. How shall I tell

The fearfully astounding cause? (*he weeps.*) But hear it!
 The King has sent forth a decree, design'd
 To bring destruction upon all our nation,
 And blot the name of Hebrews from the earth.
 One, who desir'd that we might be forewarn'd
 Of what was coming, and by flight escape,
 Before the bursting on us of this storm
 Of Gentile enmity and rage, just now
 Brought me a copy of the Proclamation,
 Of which the *printing*, as you see, is finish'd,
 And which, even now, is almost on its way
 To those who are to carry out its mandates.
 Listen with all your ears: for here is that,
 Which well may make you do so. Silence, all!

[*He reads the Proclamation. Then—at first in loud,
 afterwards in subdued tones, resumes his address.*]

Now—silence, as of death! for though excitement,
 And grief of the intensest character,
 Are stirr'd by tidings such as these, and hard
 To be restrain'd—we must to *action*, brethren,
 Prompt and decided, all betake ourselves.
 First—to the banks, and close up your accounts!
 Then, to your homes, to get together there
 Such valuables, as are portable.
 Then, to such ships as are the harbour leaving:
 The farther off, the destin'd port—the better.
 If not all quit of Istamboul by evening,
 The King's decree will have o'ertaken you,
 And then—farewell to life or liberty!
 Upon the sea, you will be safe awhile,
 And will have time to think what next to do.
 Much, you must leave behind you. Mind not that,
 But get from home as quickly as you can,
 Before the Prefect's men are down upon you.
 Our enemies are thinking to surprise us
 When for our evening worship here assembled,

And so, to seize at once on every Jew
In Istamboul. But God is merciful
To Israel now, as oft in days of old ;
And—having timely notice of their purpose,
I trust that we shall disappoint their malice,
By getting clear away from them, before
The hour of execution has arriv'd.
There is my plan of action. Friends ! what say you ?

AMRAM.

Most reverend Sir ! we'll act upon your counsel.
I have two ocean-steamers, and now place them
At your disposal. In two hours, I'll have them
Ready for sea : provision'd, and supplied
With some defensive weapons, to be us'd
In case of need.

SALATHIEL.

And I—a large war-steamer
Which, on the morrow, was to have departed .
Hence, to a distant port, now offer to you,
Most reverend Sir ! and—dear, endanger'd friends !
We'll get up steam : and in two hours, she too,
Shall be in readiness to bear away
Man, woman, child, rich, poor, alike—so they
But bear the name of Hebrew.

CHIEF RABBI.

Brethren, thanks,
For these most timely succours ! the warm thanks
Of meñ, escap'd as from the jaws of death.
You hear these offers, friends ! my counsel is,
That all now present get on board these ships
As speedily as may be : in small parties,
Lest curiosity should be excited,
And unexpected hindrances occur
To our departure. Time is now so precious,

That worship, I postpone to eventide.
And now—if you are minded to go forth,
And carry out the plans that are before you,
I will dismiss you, simply with the blessing
Ordain'd by God, as Israel's heritage.

A VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE.

Bless us, dear father! we will all obey you.

CHIEF RABBI.

All? then, by holding up your hands, attest it.

[*All hands held up.*

CHIEF RABBI (*raising his hands and eyes to heaven.*)

Jehovah bless, and have you in His keeping!
Jehovah make His face to shine upon you,
And with His grace enrich you evermore!
Jehovah on you lift the cheering light
Of His kind countenance, and give you peace!
Now, go. And woe betide the man who, aiming
To save too much, will lose *himself*, and all!
Money, plate, jewels, clothes, a little food—
Let no one think of taking *more* away.
All else—abandon to your persecutors.

[*As they are going out, he suddenly shouts*

Stop! ere we part, I want some volunteers
To hasten to the other synagogues,
And there, make known our purpose to embark
On board the steam-ships. Some may like to join us.

[*Several young men immediately place themselves at his disposal. He selects a few—gives them hasty instructions, and dismisses them. Then—all retire.*





XV.

Constantinople. The King's Printing House. The printing-office, in which the paper had been dropped by Musæus. Time—the same day, one o'clock.

MUSÆUS.

JULIAN! what means all this? when I went out,
I told those lads to put this room to rights,
And now—find things in just the same disorder
In which I left them.

JULIAN.

Sir, they show'd me letters
Each, to be *quickly* taken, where address'd,
(As they averr'd, by your express desire)
When I had stopp'd them, and was for preventing
Their exit from the premises.

MUSÆUS.

But *first*
They were to put this room in order: then,
To go out with the letters.

JULIAN.

That, I knew not.
They did not tell me, and I had no means
Of knowing it—not having heard your order.

MUSÆUS.

The little vagabonds! They'll smart for this,
And serve them right too. But—come hither, Julian!

I want you for a short time.

[JULIAN *enters the office, and the door is closed.*

MUSÆUS *resumes.*

Here, I miss

A paper, which I must have left behind me
When from this room I went. I cannot find it
In that from which I have but now descended,
And do not think I dropp'd it on the way
Between the rooms. It would have been pick'd up
In that case, by some workman, and at once
(I feel assur'd) have been deliver'd to me.
You have not heard (I venture to surmise)
Of any document, as found this morning
Any where on the premises, and still
Remaining in the finder's hands?

JULIAN.

No, Sir!

I must have done so, in the case suppos'd.
But nothing, either to excite surprise
Or call forth curiosity, has happen'd
Among the men, or on the premises.

MUSÆUS.

Has any one been in this room, since forth
The boys went from it?

JULIAN.

No one—I can state
Most positively. None could have gone in
Without my knowing it.

MUSÆUS.

Then, I much fear
The boys have found the paper! which, for worlds
I would not that the urchins should have seen.

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Each—two or three policemen. I shall want them
At once to go in search of these young varlets,
Or we shall hear of—well! at once begone,
You and your comrade, to your destinations,
Each of you, by the fastest vehicle
You can get hold of. Never mind expense,
So that you go, and come again to me,
With quickest speed. Remember! I shall be
As one on tenter-hooks, till your return.

JULIAN.

We'll go at once, Sir! and will make all haste,
And soon be back—I hope, with news to please you.





XVI.

Constantinople. The King's Printing House. The private office—to which Musæus has just returned. Time—the same day, between one and two o'clock.

MUSÆUS.



HAVE been long away. Forgive me, Amrou !
A troublesome affair below detain'd me.
Two Hebrew urchins, who have been some time
In my employment have, I fear, decamp'd,
Taking along with them a document
Of vital consequence to them, nor less
To me: the Proclamation ! which to-night
Was to have brought themselves to grief, but now
May possibly to *me* be fraught with danger.
The serious mischief of the matter is,
That what I fear they have with them, is not
A printed copy, but the manuscript
Sent to me, late last evening, from the Council ;
With orders, that no eyes save mine should see it,
Nor hands save mine should print it, or send forth
The copies, by the Post, or otherwise,
To the officials, here and elsewhere charg'd
To execute his Majesty's decree.
At six this evening, when it was suppos'd
The Hebrews would be in their synagogues,
And banks and shops would all alike be clos'd,
The Prefects were to have the Proclamation,
And go at once to work in Istamboul.
The morrow, it was thought, for distant places,
Would be the preferable time, no message
Being permitted to be telegraph'd
But under Government inspection, till

The Proclamations, by the mails convey'd,
Should have had time to reach their destinations.
To work I went accordingly this morning,
Printing them all myself—none helping me,
Or looking on : and then, when you came in,
Was busily engaged in sorting them,
Preparatory to their going forth
East, west, north, south, as order'd by the Council,
According as the mails might leave the city.
In bringing hither from the printing office
The parcel of completed bills, I thought
That I had also brought the manuscript*
From which I had deriv'd them, here with me.
But—looking for it just before you came,
And failing to discover it, I left you,
To see if I had dropped it on the way,
Or left it in the room from which I came.
Nowhere can it be found ! and much I fear
That, falling from my hands, or left behind me
Through mis-adventure—those sharp-witted youths
Discover'd it : and, noting its dread import
Towards the Hebrew nation, fled at once,
Themselves to save from the impending peril,
And, not improbably, give information
Tending to the escape of others with them.
The mischief ends not here. I gave them letters,
When ordering them to put that room to rights,
Which they were charg'd—*that business done*—to take
To Khaled and to Omar. In each letter
I had inclos'd a printed proclamation,
Designing to prepare our active friends
Each—more effectively to operate,
When the hour fix'd for action should arrive.
The boys did nothing to the room. Away
They hasten'd from the premises, soon after
My back was turn'd upon them. I am hence

Led to conclude, they *must* have found the paper,
And read it : and a *new* dread now disturbs me !
That my two letters will not be deliver'd,
But *open'd*, and the Proclamations in them
Made to subserve a very different purpose
From the intended one : that, of informing,
And also of alarming, those Jew dogs,
And moving them to flee, or hide themselves,
Before the law can lay its hand upon them.
Forgive me for thus taking up your time,
And tell me, what would be *your* course of action,
If brought by an unfortunate mischance
Into a difficulty, such as now
Disquiets and alarms me?

AMROU.

I should first
Send after the two boys, and ascertain
Whether they took the letters, as directed.

MUSÆUS.

That I have done. What would you *then* advise,
Supposing the two Prefects to have seen
Nothing of either of the youths?

AMROU.

Why, then,
I should despatch a trusty messenger
To each of their respective homes, for each
Will *homewards*, first betake himself—should flight
I have been by both resolv'd upon. Indeed,
I should *at once* send thither after them ;
For if not done *at once*, your emissaries,
On their arrival there, may find them gone.
Not long will be their stay, be well assur'd,
In any house within our city walls.

MUSÆUS.

A good thought! I will do so : and, what next?

AMROU.

Failing to find them at their homes, the matter
Will then be one for the police to manage.
Set Khaled's men upon the search for them :
If any one can hunt out their retreat,
They are the men to do it! and it strikes me,
That they had better be your messengers
To the boys' residences, not your workmen,
Who would have no authority to search
The houses, but must come at once away
If told—"The lad is not, nor has been, here."
Charg'd with a warrant, Khaled's officers
Must be admitted : and would soon discover
The missing vagabonds, if hidden there,
And if not so, would get upon their track
Sooner than any one beside can do.
There is my counsel. Do not be alarm'd
About the paper you have lost. I own,
'Tis awkward to have dropped the manuscript
Of the decree, and not a printed copy :
But—all you have to fear is—a few Jews
May be forewarn'd, and get away, and so
The servants of the King in Istamboul
May suffer some pecuniary loss.
That will be all the mischief done, so now
Proceed with your despatches. I'll no longer
Detain, or interrupt you. But I wish
To have the pleasure of your company
To-morrow, at a friendly entertainment,
To which it is my purpose to invite
Khaled and Omar, jointly with yourself.
You know my hour. I dine to-day with Khaled.
To-morrow, come prepar'd for merriment.

I have some tales of travel and adventure
To tell, that, with the cheer I shall provide,
Will help us to make out a jovial evening.
What say you, friend ?

MUSÆUS.

That I shall be most happy
To join your party. You anticipate
However, by your friendly invitation,
A similar proposal on my part.
I was about to ask you all to dine
With me to-morrow. 'Twould be more in order,
As courtesy requires that we should first
Give you a cordial welcome to our houses,
After your lengthen'd absence from us. Khaled
Is fortunate, in having you to-night,
And I should gladly have come next in order.
But—waiving ceremony—I will come
As you propose, to see you first; and then,
Will hope to have you as my visitor,
So soon as it may suit you to return
My visit to your house.

AMROU.

I'll gladly come ;
And now, will not a moment longer keep you
From business that is pressing, and important.
To-morrow, I shall hope, on seeing you,
To hear, that both the boys are safe in hand,
And the lost paper found. Till then, farewell !

MUSÆUS.

Farewell, dear friend! and better luck go with you,
Than seems, at present, likely to be mine ! .



XVII.

Constantinople. The upper room in Dardan's house. The congregation assembled. Time—the same day, two o'clock.

DARDAN.



ARE all the brethren here?

MESSENGER.

All, except Chalcol.

Of him I could obtain no tidings, save
That he was gone to meet a Hebrew stranger
At Anrou's house : who with that stranger travell'd
From Italy, and not until this morning
Had reach'd our city, after a long absence.

DARDAN.

I grieve to hear it ! for I greatly fear
Our brother is involv'd in serious peril.
Dear friends ! we meet at this appointed hour,
Because—alas ! you know the dreadful reason. [*He weeps.*
And now, I wonder not to see you weep,
Nor to observe your faces turning pale.
This is indeed "the hour and power of darkness"
To us, as that dread night was to our Saviour,
On which His enemies arrested Him,
And led Him from the Garden to the Cross.
But—be not overborne by fear and sorrow,
For *action*—instant *action*, now is call'd for.
Here, we must cease to meet ! and ere the night
Arrives, must make our exit from this city
As best we may : and into desert places
Betake ourselves, to hide in dens and caves
While the day lasts, avoiding observation,
As saints of God in former days have done.
Think it not strange, that to such discipline
You are subjected by your Lord and Master,

Painful—severe—though it may seem to be.
 Rather, rejoice, in being call'd to share
 Christ's sufferings, that when at length His glory
 Shall be reveal'd, you may be glad with Him
 With an exceeding and enduring joy.
 Now, brethren, let us give ourselves to prayer
 To God Most High : our sole dependence, now !
 For vainly should we look for help from man.
 Remember how, at midnight, and in prison,
 Holy Apostles prais'd the Lord, and pray'd,
 And found acceptance in the courts above,
 While suffering shameful usage here below.
 It may be, that with heavy hearts we pray—
 Still, *let us pray*. Our God will surely hear us.

THE PRAYER.

Lord ! hear our cry, in Heaven Thy dwelling-place,
 And to our supplications have regard.
 We plead Thy faithfulness, Thy righteousness,
 Let us, accordantly with these, be answer'd.
 Enter not into judgment with Thy servants,
 Much as we have deserv'd that Thou should'st do so,
 For, when to judgment Thou dost lift Thyself,
 Who among living men can stand before Thee ?
 Behold, how enemies against us rise,
 To crush us to the dust : to quench within us
 The light of life, and send us from the world
 In the dark mansions of the dead to dwell.
 With hearts o'erwhelm'd, and render'd desolate
 By grief and fear, O Lord ! we now approach Thee.
 Yet—mindful of Thy works in days of old,
 And musing on Thy doings, *then*, for Israel,
 We dare to hope Thou wilt not leave us now.
 Hear us, O Father ! and that, speedily :
 The enemy so crieth out against us,
 And the ungodly cometh on so fast,

Minded to do us mischief, and intent,
Maliciously intent, on our destruction.
• With hands outstretch'd—with hearts, that for Thy help
Are thirsting, as for the refreshing shower
The parch'd ground thirsts, and gapes—behold ! we come.
Turn not Thy face away ! Our spirits fail :
Lord ! save us, or we perish. Let a morning
Of joy, succeed to this black night of sorrow ;
For—'tis on Thee we rest our hope : to Thee,
That we lift up our souls, and send our prayers.
Show us a way that we may rightly take,
Safety to win, from our pursuing foes.
Thy will, and not our own, 'tis our desire
Alike to ascertain, and do : for 'Thee
Alone we recognise, as God and Lord.
May Thy good Spirit ever keep our hearts
In the right place, our feet in the right way.
We flee to Thee for succour : and, for shelter,
We hide beneath the shadow of Thy wings.
Oh ! for the sake of Him, whose name we plead,
And in whose blood and righteousness we place
Our trust, both now and ever—hear, guide, save us,
In this dark hour ! and let our enemies
And thine, be backward borne, and put to shame.
We, out of trouble brought, shall serve Thee then
With glad and grateful hearts, in quiet homes,
A holy nation, in a world restor'd
To pristine bloom, and fill'd with righteousness."

[He again addresses the people.]

We now must hence betake ourselves—and singly,
By different exits—and at intervals
Admitting, that from sight one shall have pass'd,
Before another in the street is seen.
Possess your souls in patience, brethren dear !
For much indeed is patience needed now.
It saddens me to think that, going hence,

All that our homes contain must be forsaken,
Save what ourselves can carry on our persons..
These, we must not have laden heavily,
Lest our appearance should excite suspicion,
If met by the police upon our way.
By various roads 'twere well to take our journey,
And rapid flight is needful. We must be
Far from this city, ere the morning dawns,
Lest this dread Proclamation should outstrip us.
Happily, there are Gentile Christians here :
With these kind brethren, not as yet in peril,
(Though destin'd soon, I fear, to be as we are,)
We may maintain a secret correspondence,
And have supplies consigned to us by them
Of raiment, food, and other needful things,
Wherever we may go to hide ourselves.
And where shall that, in the first instance, be ?
With anxious thought, with prayerful meditation,
I have revolv'd that question—and suggest
That to the wilderness, which, as you know
Borders on the Black Sea, some miles away,
We should repair ; and mid its lonely wastes
In safety rest, (as I am fain to hope,)
Alike from observation, and pursuit,
Till Providence shall elsewhere guide our course.
Now, to our Father's love and care I leave you.
For a brief space, farewell ! I must in search
Of Chalcol go—our brother, for whose safety
I have had many and most anxious thoughts,
The while that I have been addressing you.
With him, I hope by morning's dawn to join you
In the lone wilderness : to which may God
In safety, and with speed, conduct you all !
The grace of Christ, the love of God, the presence
And influence of the Eternal Spirit,
Be with you, now and evermore ! Amen.



XVIII.

*Constantinople. The King's Printing House. The private office.
Enter Julian. Time—half-past two.*

MUSÆUS.



ELL, Julian, what success ?

JULIAN.

I grieve to say
Not what you wish'd, Sir, nor what I had hop'd for.
The Prefect has receiv'd no letter from you,
And nothing has been seen nor heard of Japheth.
The workman too, whom I had sent to Omar,
Return'd, as I was coming up to you,
And his report is just the same as mine :
—Namely, that nothing has been heard of Jared,
And that *his* letter has not been deliver'd.
Would it not now be well to send at once
To the boys' homes ? they may be staying there,
Though probably, they will not long remain,
Dreading your just resentment at their conduct,
And speedy punishment of their offence.
Shall I on this quest go, Sir ?

MUSÆUS.

Thank you, no.

Your counsel has been acted on already.
A party of policemen even now
Is searching each lad's house, in hope to find
That one, or both, are in concealment there.
When they have ended that investigation
They are to bring me their report. But tell me
What pass'd between yourself and Khaled ? he

Of course, would be surpris'd at your inquiry,
 The boy not having shown himself; and more
 Would wonder, at the order to detain
 And search the youth. What said he to you, Julian?

JULIAN.

First, telling me he had receiv'd no letter,
 He thought the boy, as boys will do, had loiter'd,
 And by-and-by would find his way to him,
 And back to you. But when the Proclamation
 Was mention'd, and the recommended search
 Of the boy's person, in the Prefect's presence,
 And that no eyes but his must see the paper
 Which it was hop'd would so be brought to light,
 His manner underwent a sudden change.
 He look'd surpris'd; and more—he seem'd uneasy:
 Told me, that when the boy should show himself,
 He would take care and have him search'd at once;
 And bade me hasten home, and let you know
 The state of things, in order to your sending
 Elsewhere, in search of the young vagabond,
 (As he was pleas'd to designate the lad)
 And that, with the least possible delay.

[*A knock. Then, a workman enters.*]

WORKMAN.

Sir, the police are here from Jared's house,
 And ask, if they may give in their report?

MUSÆUS.

Let them come in at once.

[*They enter.*]

Well! have you found

The youngster?

POLICEMAN.

We have not, Sir.

MUSÆUS.

What!

Not at his house? Where *can* the boy have gone?
Tell me how you proceeded in the matter.

POLICEMAN.

We went with haste, as you had order'd us,
To Hillel's house; and, knocking for admission,
Receiv'd no answer: knock'd again—again—
And yet again—and still, remain'd unheeded.
We deem'd it then, advisable to force
An entrance, as the warrant bade us do,
If entrance were denied, or not afforded.
We found the house forsaken of its inmates;
And, searching narrowly and carefully
The closets—cellars—every place, in short,
From top to bottom of the habitation,
In which a person anxious for concealment
Could hide himself—found not ourselves rewarded
By the discovery of the missing youth.
We then lock'd up the house; and ascertain'd
By careful questioning of several neighbours,
That *Jared had been there*: that he and Hillel
Met, and convers'd outside the house a moment,
Then enter'd, and remain'd awhile, and then,
That Hillel went forth one way—he, another.
We track'd them through a street or two, then lost
All trace of both: an easy thing to do
In this great city, where one scarcely knows
His nearest neighbour: then, we deem'd it well
To hasten hither, Sir, with our report.
Of course we shall continue our inquiries,
And trust, that no long interval will pass,
Before we come upon the fugitives.
As a preliminary measure, we
Will send descriptions of the missing lads

To all the city gates : that so, their egress
 By any of those outlets, may be hinder'd.
 Have you aught else, Sir, to suggest, before
 We go to carry out this purpose ?

MUSÆUS.

No :

But thank you for your diligent attention.
 And, grieving that your search was not successful,
 Still hope, that ere to-morrow's dawn arrives,
 You will have track'd these young excursionists.
 Accept this recompense for duty done
 Already, and expect a farther one
 For future service : and one better still,
 Should fortune so far favour your endeavours,
 As to enable you to catch the rogues.

POLICEMAN.

Thanks, Sir, for your kind present. Be assur'd
 That we will do our best to meet your wishes.
[*They go out.*]

MUSÆUS (*to himself.*)

A curiously chequer'd scene is life !
 Now bright, now dark, in changeful alternation.
 And of life's sum, as thus to view presented,
 A single day is often found to furnish
 A miniature resemblance. It is so
 To-day with me. A long lost friend returns,
 To gladden with his cheerful countenance
 Our social gatherings : and, side by side
 With this event, and all the joy it brings,
 Looms up another picture, dark and sad—
 The accidental loss of that dread paper
 Which—as is oft the case with *accidents*,
 May in disastrous consequences end.
 Much evil will I fear spring out of this

Most singularly strange mischance. The fact
That I—a cautious man in general,
That Proclamation should have dropp'd *at all*,
(Requiring, as it did, such special care,
Receiving, as it had done, such attention,
In all my dealings with it previously)
Seems very wonderful. But how much more so,
That I should drop it at the time I did,
And *where* I did: where those have chanc'd to see it,
From whom it was so fearfully important
To keep it, *till the pear was ripe*, conceal'd!
Did I say, *chanc'd*? 'twas *fated* so to be
I'm tempted to believe, when looking forwards
To what from this—so trivial occurrence
As in itself it seems, may spring and grow.
Those boys have gain'd their liberty—perhaps
Have sav'd their lives—and with theirs, many more.
Could it be *chance*, that brought all this about?
Some people talk of Providence. Perhaps
There may be one: and these events were *order'd*
By One who—so I've heard that some maintain,
Notes when a sparrow drops upon the ground,
And counts the hairs that grow on every head.
I must confess, I'm little in accord
With such opinions: yet, so often seeing
What great results from small beginnings come,
Might with some show of reason think the Hand
Which I *have* thought, may great events control,
The lesser links must also introduce
Into the endless chain of human action,
Each in its proper place, and form'd to do
Each, its appropriate work. But I am getting
Into a reverie, for which just now
I've little time, and still less inclination.
Could I be sure that those unlucky papers,
The boys had with them, have not been employ'd

In ways to threaten me with injury,
I could almost rejoice at their escape.
Poor lads ! a life of wandering and privation
Will theirs henceforwards be—go where they may.
One, too, of constant liability
To peril. Well ! I must not think of it :
It saddens me ! I'm glad I'm not a Hebrew,
And wish that I had not to act the part
Against them, which the Government assigns me.
What consequences from these bills will spring
In a few hours ! and long, long afterwards.
However—kings will have their way, and laws
Must be obey'd ; and I have much to do
Ere the day closes : work, that must be done.
Musing, may in some cases, tend to profit,
But often leads to loss of time and money,
A loss I'm not inclin'd for. So—to work !
And then, to relaxation and enjoyment,
Which we prize most, when we have fairly earn'd them.





XIX.

Constantinople. The upper room in the house of Dardan. The congregation retiring. Dardan beckons to a female, his servant, and, having whispered a few words to her, she leaves with the rest. All are at length gone, excepting Japheth and Jared, who approach Dardan, as wishing to address him. Time—half-past two.

DARDAN.

WHY do you linger here, my lads? With you
Time is as precious, as it has become,
Alas! with those whom here you see departing.

JAPHETH.

We wish to be of use to you, dear Sir,
And to your brother. We are deeply anxious
That you should both escape the coming danger,
And, till *you* are in safety, have no wish
To leave Constantinople. Is there aught
That we can do to help you, at this crisis?

DARDAN.

I thank you from my heart, for the concern
You manifest for Chalcol, and myself;
But counsel you, to make your own escape
While opportunity remains with you.
In a few hours, if not beyond the walls,
Your capture will be certain.

JAPHETH (*smiling.*)

So will yours!
And, knowing that, we want to see you both
Out of harm's way, ere for ourselves we care;

And more—we wish to aid you in escaping.
Not to waste time in useless talk, I'll ask—
Are you intending, Sir, *at once* to leave
This house, and go to seek your missing brother?
You *should* be doing so! for here to stay
A brief while longer, will be full of peril.

DARDAN.

What makes you say so? Where will be the danger?

JARED.

You'll fall into the hands of the police,
Who, as we greatly fear, will soon arrive
In search of *us*.

DARDAN.

Of *you*, lads? What makes *you*
Of such importance, as compar'd with others?

JARED.

Simply this, Sir: that from *us*, came the paper
Which Hillel gave you—which you read at noon
To the assembled people—and which sends
Them, with yourself, and us, to seek a home
In the lone wilderness, We are both wanted
At the King's Printing House, as being now
Boys absent without leave, and charg'd with theft
I venture to assume, by our employer,
As being known to have upon our persons
Some copies of that Royal Proclamation
Which—kept conceal'd until the evening hour,
Was, like a thunderbolt then to have burst
On all the Jews in this great city, bringing
Destruction—ruin—to them, in its course.
How we came by these papers, I'll not stay
To tell you now. Our getting them, has prov'd
We trust, the saving of our countrymen,

Who—warn'd in time, may to a man escape,
 Using the information we have given.
 For all the congregations are aware
 By this time, of the meditated plot.
 Japheth has seen the Rabbis, and told *them*.
 They, like yourself, have seen the Proclamation,
 And, not like you, in manuscript, but *printed*.
 They—meant at once to act upon their knowledge.
 It is for us to do as they are doing—
 Take leave at once of Istamboul, and go
 Into concealment from our persecutors,
 Whithersoever God's good hand may lead us.

DARDAN.

God has made instruments of you, dear boys,
 For working out a great and kind design—
 The saving of His people from destruction ;
 At least—the remnant of them in this city.
 How it will fare with Jews in other places
 I dread to think : but, having open'd here
 A pathway to deliverance, perhaps
 In other ways, His goodness may be shown
 To other brethren, like ourselves imperill'd,
 But not, like us, with previous warning favour'd.
 For having warn'd *me* as you have, I thank you :
 My life may so be sav'd, and liberty.
 But—thus requir'd to hasten from my home,
 I find myself in the predicament
 Foreshown by our Great Master, when He said
Let not the man that is upon the houselop
Descend into his house, to take aught thence.
Let not the man who to his field has gone,
Return to fetch his clothing from his home.
 Compell'd to wander, must I all forsake ?
 Money—food—raiment—and for all depend
 On God, and on His church ? Well ! I can do so,
 And trust Him who has said, “ I'll ne'er forsake thee.”

JARED.

You may, dear Sir. He'll not be wanting to you,
Nor—though 'tis little we can do—will we.
Japheth and I had both made up our minds
To share each other's fortunes, good or bad :
And now, are minded to cast in our lot
With you and Chalcol—come of it what may.

DARDAN.

But—Hillel ! Your kind guardian ?

JARED.

He approves
Of what we do, as knowing the relation
In which you stand to us. He is most anxious,
(As all the brethren are) for your escape,
And thinks that you may find us useful helpers.
If you do not—the fault shall not be ours !
But, let us hence. I am so very fearful
That the police will come, and catch us here.

JAPHETH.

We'll go out separately. You, dear Sir,
To make inquiries in the neighbourhood
Of Amrou's house. We, following at a distance,
Will watch your movements, and obey your call,
Should you require our services. I'll keep
In sight of you, as Jared will of me.
And, should you call us to you, do not wait
Our coming, but go forwards to some spot,
Where, unobserv'd, we may confer together.
We'll soon be up with you.

DARDAN.

You are shrewd lads ;
Prudent in counsel, as resolv'd in action.
I shall be glad to have you with me. Now
I go to find out Chalcol. God be with you !

JAPHETH.

Amen! With you too, Sir, and with your brother.

JARED.

Stop! There is one thing must not be forgotten.
Your servant—what is to become of her?

DARDAN.

She leaves with Hillel's party : for I told her,
Just as our service ended, I should go
Alone, in search of my lost brother. She
Has gone out with them. All her preparations
For flight, had previously been made.

JAPHETH.

'Tis well!

For now, we need not go into the house,
But may at once leave, as we had agreed.
Go forth, dear Sir! We'll quickly follow you.





XX.

*Constantinople. The King's Printing House. The private office.
Enter Julian. Time—three o'clock.*

MUSÆUS.



ELL, Julian, what of Japheth ?

JULIAN.

Sir! below,

The officers you sent to Dardan's house
In search of him, are waiting to report.

MUSÆUS.

Let them come up. (*They do so.*)

Well! what have you to tell me ?

POLICEMAN.

Sir—we have done as you directed us,
But have not been successful in our errand.
The house to which you sent us was shut up :
Its inmates gone—no one could tell us whither,
Nor when, nor how. Some said, that they saw Dardan
(Who is a man of very quiet habits,
And much respected in the neighbourhood)
Enter the house, soon after one to-day,
And had not seen him leave it. So, we wonder'd
That, knocking several times, and calling loudly
For entrance in the King's and Prefect's names,
The door remain'd unopen'd, and our calls
Unnotic'd and unanswer'd. Forcing then

An entrance—all was still within the house ;
 Things in their proper places—not a sign
 Of preparation made for travelling,
 But order—neatness—everywhere apparent.
 In Japheth's room—as tidy as the rest,
 We found that he had not remov'd his clothing,
 And so—wherever he is now located,
 Can have but the apparel he went out in
 At early morn to his accustom'd work.
 The one exception to the quiet order
 Which reign'd throughout the house, we found presented
 In the old servant's room, (the housekeeper's)
 Who has for many years with Dardan liv'd.
 The drawers and the closets there were empty ;
 Her clothes, all gone : but when, and how remov'd,
 We could not learn from any of the neighbours.
 By the back entrance Dardan and herself
 Their exit must have made, for from the front
 No one had been observ'd to pass for hours ;
 In fact—not from the time when Dardan enter'd.
 Japheth was seen to go to work as usual
 Soon after day-break : since then, none had seen him.

MUSÆUS.

He was too shrewd, it seems, to venture where
 He deem'd it likely that he would be search'd for.
 By this time, he is out of Istamboul,
 I should imagine, or is hiding somewhere,
 Intending, it may be, when night arrives,
 His room to visit, and remove his clothes.-
 I've had some thought of placing there a watch,
 By whom he would be then, surpris'd and seiz'd.
 Yet—no! that were a move too hazardous
 For one so sharp as he to venture on,
 Especially—as knowing what he does.

POLICEMAN.

To what, Sir, may I ask, do you refer?
Had Japheth reason——

MUSÆUS (*interrupting*).

Reason, quite enough,
Why he should not at night-time venture there;
But one, that I must not just now divulge.
It is a little office secret: so
We'll to the business in hand return.
The servant's things—so quietly removed!
He must have manag'd, *somehow*, to inform her—
Ah, there I am! again caught tripping—well!
Thus much I'll say: that Japheth, by some means
Had learn'd, that something would be done to-night
At Dardan's house; something of which you'll hear
When night arrives: which prompted him to think
That for its inmates, absence would be found
The best and safest thing: and so, he warn'd them
To fly; himself in flight preceding them.
But then—the master's moveables! How comes it
That *he* is off, and *they*, are undisturb'd?
There's a strange mystery in this affair,
And one I cannot now investigate,
For I am very busy. Take this gold.
I thank you none the less, though unsuccessful
In your attempt to capture the lost lad,
For your attention to the business;
And think it may be well to have the house
Carefully watch'd, in case the youth in person,
Or by a deputy, should make endeavours
Thence to remove his own things, or his master's.
Both will be put to inconvenience,
In leaving home, without a change of clothing,
And that gives hope, that ere the day is done,
The youngster may turn up. Good afternoon!

POLICEMAN.

Accept our thanks, Sir ! We will set a watch
As you propose, and let you know the issue.

[*They bow and retire*

MUSÆUS (*to himself*).

And now, to Khaled, and to Omar. Both
Will be expecting me. The pear is ripe,
And eager hands will quickly be outstretch'd
To pluck it. What a fruitage waits the gathering,
Should things turn out according to our wishes !





XXI.

Constantinople. Khaled's house. Khaled in his Library. Enter Musæus. Time—four o'clock.

KHALED.

IMPATIENTLY expected, so—well met!
Musæus! I am glad to see you. Time,
That stays for no one, has brought on the hour
Which I have eagerly been looking for,
From the auspicious moment when you told me
Of what was coming on the Hebrew people.

MUSÆUS.

My lord! I'm pleased to see you well. I think
That I am punctual: heard the clock strike four
As I came up to you. I bring you here
The Proclamations: to be acted on
As you will see, at six o'clock: and so
I'll not detain you from your work—the more,
As I have others to take on, to Omar.
The Prefects of the more remote divisions
Of this great city, have receiv'd their copies
By post, and are prepar'd to operate
With you and Omar, at the hour prescrib'd.
I'm deeply sorry that the manuscript
Which it was so important to conceal,
Should have been so unfortunately lost
This morning, and have fallen into hands
From which it was our first concern to keep it.
I trust no ill will thence ensue, but own
I cannot free myself from anxious thoughts;

The more so, as the boys are still at large,
 And had with them, beside the manuscript,
 My letters, sent to Omar and yourself.
 These, the young scoundrels may have dar'd to open,
 Containing, each, a *printed* proclamation.
 And then! the consequences—who can tell?

KHALED.

Don't fret yourself. The little vagabonds,
 Supposing them to have picked up the paper,
 And so, have found out what is in the wind,
 (Of which you are as yet by no means certain)
 Will be too anxious for their own escape,
 To spend much time and pains in telling others.
 A chum or two—a relative or two,
 They may have let into the secret. There,
 Their revelations will have ended: then,
 Fast as their youthful legs could carry them,
 They would from Istamboul betake themselves.
 They're far away, ere now—I'll answer for it!

MUSÆUS.

But think! Such news, if told to only *one*,
 Would spread like wildfire. Jew to Jew would tell it
 With quickest speed—intent to save some friend,
 Till not a Jew within our city walls
 Would have been left in ignorance—and then!

KHALED (*interrupting*).

I think not so. The rogues would be more likely
 To *act* upon the news, than to *diffuse* them.
 Nature's first law is—your own preservation.
 The great affairs with those to whom the lads
 May have told what the manuscript contain'd,
 Would be, to save *themselves* from what was coming,
 And to keep others from the knowledge of it,

Lest that, should prove a bar to their escape.
The greater secrecy, the greater safety,
Till came the evening-hour, when all would know.
Before that time, did they not get away
The law would have them in its clutches. So,
Lest they should be themselves surpris'd and seiz'd,
They'd pack up and begone, and—hold their tongues.

MUSÆUS.

I wish it may be so! and now, will leave you.
I find that Amrou dines with you to-night.
He call'd on me to-day. How well he looks!
I should have greatly lik'd to join you, Khaled!
But have to send these Proclamations off
In all directions; and to a late hour
Must, in the service of His Majesty,
Make the enticing calls of pleasure yield
To the imperious claims of business.

KHALED.

I'm sorry—I was very nearly saying;
But, as a loyal subject of the King,
I may not so express myself. However,
This, I *will* say, Musæus! much I wish
You could have din'd with me. Is there no way
In which it could be manag'd?

MUSÆUS.

None, dear friend!

I dare not trust this work to other hands.
Too many fingers have, I fear, already
Been in this pie. Excuse the simile!
And—could you spare me one or two detectives,
To go in search of my two missing boys?

KHALED.

Certainly. They shall be at once let loose
Upon their tracks. When you return from Omar's,
You'll find them waiting for you at your office.
And now—Good bye!

MUSÆUS.

Good bye, my lord! and luck
Be with you, when the hour of six arrives!

KHALED.

Aye! Time moves on, and so must we. Farewell!





XXII.

Constantinople. The house of Beaumanoir. He and another banker (De Rabaudy) in conference. D'Almaine enters. Time—five o'clock.

D'ALMAINE.

SIR ! I have sought a conference with you,
On an affair that interests us both.

BEAUMANOIR.

The same, I guess, that *we* were talking of,
When you came in. Oblige me with *your* news.

D'ALMAINE.

There's a strange stir among the Hebrew race.
To-day, each Jew that kept account with me,
Drew out his balance : not a farthing left !
In every case it was the same.

BEAUMANOIR.

The rogues
Have us'd me after the same fashion. I
Have been denuded of *all* Hebrew monies :
Stripp'd to the skin, so far as Jewish wealth
Had aught to do with me.

D'ALMAINE.

Here comes De Villars !
We'll hear *his* tale. Have *you* been run upon
By all your Jewish customers to-day,
As each of us has been ?

DE VILLARS.

I have, indeed!

And find it, as I doubt not you have done,
A serious business : the fellows kept
Such large accounts ! and then they would have gold,
Or silver—all of them.

DE RABAUDY.

I've heard *your* tales,

And cap them with another, yet more strange.
Saul, in one quarter—Solly, in another,
And Gorman, in a third, of this our city,
The great Jew Bankers—all, have secretly
Decamp'd, and vanish'd—no one can say whither,
With all their treasure.

D'ALMAINE.

No ! not quite so bad

As that. The Christian balances are left
Untouch'd—and all that was to others due.
I heard the story : (such news circulates
As we all know, with almost lightning speed)
And went forth instantly, to make inquiry.
I call'd at Solly's bank, on my way hither,
And found, that *there*, a run upon the house,
So far as Hebrews were concern'd, took place
This afternoon : but it had gone no farther.
Our Hebrew brother—so the clerks inform'd me,
Went away early, taking treasure with him ;
(A business journey, as they all suppos'd)
But did not leave behind, as you report,
An empty till. The bank, (they said) to morrow
Will open at the usual hour, and things
Go on, as usual.

DE RABAUDY.

I am glad to hear it.

But what of the two others ?

D'ALMAINE.

I dare say
They will have acted but as Solly has.
Jews though they were, men of high character
They always have been. Let us not mistrust them.

DE VILLARS.

But what has caused this wonderful excitement
Among our Hebrew friends ?

BEAUMANOIR.

None here can tell.

Enter A SERVANT.

Selim, Inspector of Police, desires
To see you, Sir !

BEAUMANOIR.

Let him come in. Perhaps
He may be able to enlighten us.
Selim ! what news ?

SELIM (*handing a paper*).

A Royal Proclamation,
Which has just come to hand. The Prefect sends it
First, for your *information*: then, to warn you
At once to stop all drafts by Hebrews drawn,
And hold *their* balances intact, till he
Comes to demand them in our Sovereign's name.

ALL.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

BEAUMANOIR.

And why this strange requirement ?

SELIM.

Read, Sir, the Proclamation. That will show you.
And while you do it, I will hand to these,
Whom I well know, as bankers, like yourself,

Copies, for *their* perusal. 'Tis a matter,
Concerning each of them, as much as you.

BEAUMANOIR.

It is indeed ! but Khaled is too late
With his prohibitory notice. Tell him,
You found us met in conference—consequent
On the withdrawment from our several houses
To-day, of *all* the Hebrew balances.
There's not a stiver left, in any bank,
Belonging to a Jew !

SELIM.

Indeed ! then some one
Must have turn'd traitor to his king, and furnish'd
The Jews with secret notice, previously
To the forthcoming of the Proclamation,
Of what it would contain.

BEAUMANOIR.

Yes ! I should think so.

This Proclamation certainly explains
The conduct of our Hebrew customers ;
Which, just before you came, had been the topic
Of conversation with us, and could be
Accounted for by none. The thing got wind
Among the Jews, undoubtedly, ere Khaled
Receiv'd the document which you have brought.

SELIM.

It must have done so : for my lord, so soon
As he receiv'd it, sent it on to you ;
Not dreaming that he was anticipated
By these Jew dogs, to whom he meant to give
A taste of his sharp practice. Well ! I guess
What you have told me, will beyond all bearing
Enrage our Prefect. *Woe be to the Jew*
Whom, now, he first gets hold of ! woe, still more

To the informing traitor, who has balk'd
Both king and magistrate, of the rich booty
Which both were looking for! Excuse me, Sirs!
I dare not now remain a moment here,
After what I have heard from you. I go
At once to tell his lordship, and receive
His orders as to future work. Adieu!

BEAUMANOIR.

Stop! ere you go, accept this trifling gift.

[Gives him five pieces of gold.]

Amends it will not make you, for the loss
Of spoil, which—had your news arriv'd in time,
Might—and, by Hercules! *would* have been yours.
A pretty plot, most unaccountably
Has been defeated, and the prey escapes you.

DE VILLARS.

Take my gift, too.

D'ALMAINE.

And mine.

DE RABAUDY.

And also, mine.

SELIM (*smiling*).

I thank you, gentlemen! and to your healths
Will drink, each in a bumper, when at home.

[He retires.]

BEAUMANOIR.

Aye—"To your healths!" That's how the money goes
In this gay city—morning, noon, and night.
Money to get, and jollily to spend it,
Are here, with all, the all that's thought about.

D'ALMAINE.

Money to *lose*, is what *we* have in prospect;
Not merely from the loss of customers—

Our city's trade will suffer seriously,
From the expulsion of this thrifty race,
And the withdrawment of the capital
They will bear hence with them, wherever gone.

DE VILLARS.

You're right, D'Almaine. But I, just now, am lost
In wonder at the turn events have taken.
'Tis almost past belief! The King's decree—
The Jews' escape—for I have not a doubt
The papers will to-morrow let us know,
That every Jew within our city walls
When morning dawn'd, will—ere this night has pass'd,
Have turn'd his heels upon them, and gone off
As far and fast as wind, or steam, or horses,
Have a capacity for taking him.
Whoever their informant may have been,
He manag'd the affair most cleverly;
So, as to have *all Hebrews* made aware,
And *none beside*, of what was coming on them.

DE RABAUDY.

The hand of God appears to me conspicuous
In their escape: as that of *some one else*
Does, in our King's decree. It is most cruel;
And—though the Jews are a queer lot—uncall'd for.
I hope our Hebrew friends will save their lives,
Although I fear their property must go—
All of it that they could not carry with them.
Sales, following on seizures of their goods,
We shall most likely have for weeks to come:
But after all, our Sovereign's Exchequer
Will to no great extent be benefited,
Through this day's deportation of so much.
Immense must be the wealth they've borne away

In jewels and in plate, as well as cash :
Far more, I trust, than they have left behind them.

DE VILLARS (*interrupting*).

I should think not. Much goodly furniture,
And articles, too bulky for removal,
But of considerable worth, remain—
Must have done so—to be the spoiler's prey.
Then—think of those who dwell in other cities.
The King's decree will be too fast for *them*.
The telegraphists will take care of that !
They will be taken, and their wealth with them,
And then—death! slavery! 'Tis sad to think of.

BEAUMANOIR.

Suppose we change the topic, Gentlemen !
I am low-spirited, and so are you :
We all require a cup of consolation.
Stay with me now, and I will give you one.
As I had not expected company,
I can but offer you a plain repast :
But—the best wine that's stor'd up in my cellars
Shall be brought out to cheer your drooping hearts,
Both at, and after dinner : and I'll send
Messengers to your several homes, to say
That business keeps you here to-night with me.
Our conference may tend to our advantage,
By bringing out some hints that may conduce
To an enlargement of our operations :
So greatly needed, after this day's losses !

D'ALMAINE.

Thanks for your kind and sympathizing offer!
Can we do better, brothers, than accept it ?

[*The others nod assent.*]

Mov'd, seconded, unanimously carried!
Beaumanoir! send your messengers. We'll stay
And have a pleasant evening together.



XXIII.

*Constantinople. The house of Amrou. Jonadab has just arrived.
Time—five o'clock.*

AMROU.



GAIN I welcome you. How have you spent
Your day—the first of your appearance here?

JONADAB.

Most pleasantly ! I visited the quays,
The ships, the arsenals. Then, I survey'd
The bank, and the exchange, the palaces,
The offices of government, the markets,
The theatres, libraries, and halls of science.
So much I saw to please the eye, and fill
The mind with wonder, that I much rejoice
At having been induc'd to take a journey,
Long though it has been, to this wondrous city ;
Which, not to see, would be indeed a loss,
And—visited, will never be forgotten.

AMROU.

I thought that your impressions would be such
As you describe. I did not overrate
Its wealth, its grandeur, its attractiveness,
In what I said this morning?

JONADAB.

Surely not.

And now, I must express my admiration
Of your own mansion. 'Tis a splendid house !

AMROU.

You like it ? Well ! I'm glad to hear you say so.

A SERVANT.

The stranger, Sir, whom you expected. [CHALCOL *enters*.

AMROU.

Welcome!

Our friend was here before you. Jonadab,
He calls himself. May I enquire, *your* name?

THE PROPHET.

'Tis Chalcol. I had once a father, bearing
The name of Jonadab.

JONADAB.

Had you? And I
Once had a son, who bore the name of Chalcol.

AMROU.

A curious coincidence indeed!
But now—we'll into the refectory:
There, you can notes compare. An added pleasure
I shall experience in your company,
If—as the issue of my invitation,
A sire and son should have been brought together,
After long years of absence from each other.

A SERVANT.

The Head of the Police of this department
Asks, Sir, to see you instantly.

AMROU.

Go, tell him
To come to-morrow, or in two hours time.
You should have said, it is my dinner-hour:
What can *he* want with *me*?

SERVANT.

I told him, Sir,
That you were just about to dine, and he

Said, that it matter'd not : *his* business
Of no delay admitted : he *must* see you.

[*The Officer has followed the Servant in.*]

AMROU.

Hassan ! what mean you by this rude intrusion ?
What brings you to my house at all ? Still more,
Why come you thus, *unbidden*, to my presence ?

HASSAN.

No rudeness is intended, Sir ! but we
In execution of our duty, often
Are forc'd to do, what pleases not ourselves
More than the persons whom we have to deal with.
The Prefect of this district of our city
Has sent me hither, to arrest two Hebrews,
Whom you are said to have invited hither,
In manifest defiance of the law,
Which orders, that all such be given up
To the authorities, wherever found.
I see them here before me, and must hope
You did in ignorance what you have done,
Or things with you may take an awkward turn.
In the King's name I seize them both : and you
(I add with much regret) must come with me,
To meet an information laid against you,
As "one who harbours, and who comforts, Hebrews."
Your Jewish friends my men will take in charge,
And to the Prefect will at once conduct them.
To you, I wish to show due deference,
And so, propose that you should ride alone
In your own carriage, to the hall of audience,
As going thither of your own accord,
And not as one arrested, and compell'd
To give attendance. Mine shall go before,
Not after yours, to save appearances
Still more, and lay suspicion quite to sleep.

Before we go, 'tis proper I should ask—
Have you a slave who bears the name of Hamet?

AMROU.

I have. Is he, too, wanted?
[*To the Servant*] Send him in.
What sort of business can you have with *him*?

HASSAN.

We'll take him, with the Hebrews, to the Prefect.
'Twas on *his* information we came hither.

AMROU.

The treacherous rascal! Here he comes. Why, Hamet!
What have I ever done to you, that thus
You should have acted towards *me*? Aye! look,
As you may well do, frighten'd and asham'd.
If from this scrape I clear myself (as soon
I hope to do) you shall remember this!
I'll sell you, forthwith, to another master,
The hardest I can meet with. You shall go
Henceforth, into no honorable service,
But meet the fate your wickedness deserves.
Jonadab! Chalcol! deeply am I griev'd
That, by my means, you should be now in danger.
I had not thought, that in my mansion dwelt
One, capable of acting with such baseness,
As this vile Hamet here. *I'll punish him*,
When (as will shortly be the case), I have him
Once more within my power!

JONADAB.

Friend Amrou! I
Of course, acquit *you* of complicity
In this dark business.

CHALCOL.

So, too, do I:
And can forgive the servant, who—impell'd

As I suspect, by greediness of gain,
Inform'd against us all.

AMROU.

So cannot I.
To the last moment of his wretched life,
He shall remember, and repent, his baseness,
From the first moment that again he comes
Into my hands.

CHALCOL.

Amrou, be merciful !
For there is One who, to our own misdoings
Is so, through days—weeks—months—and even years.
His sun enlightens, and His rain refreshes
A race of thoughtless, disobedient beings,
Whom he might justly leave to drought and darkness,
Using the favours he so freely gives,
As means and instruments of sin against Him.
He would have us forgive, as He forgives,
Even the deeply guilty and unworthy.
But I am keeping you. [Turning to HASSAN.]

Your duty do.

I stand prepar'd to go where you would take me :
To prison, or to death, as God may will.





XXIV.

A street in Constantinople. The house of Beaumanoir in near prospect. Time—half-past five.

ISHMAEL.



HAT are you looking after, here about?
Has anything turned up?

IRAK.

There has.

ISHMAEL.

What is it?

IRAK.

(Pointing to the house of BEAUMANOIR).

Selim, Inspector of Police, is *there*,
Closeted with a gathering of bankers.
He wears plain clothes—had papers in his hand,
And we expect, will presently come forth
With something in his pocket worth our having.
Give us your help, and you shall share with us.

ISHMAEL.

Give you my help? Right gladly will I! Now
Arrives an hour I long have waited for,
Of vengeance on that wretch! He brought my brother
As you all know, beneath the headsman's axe,
And this night, *he* shall die.

IRAK.

We have no scruples
About that matter, and will help you in it.

We have our separate grudges against Selim,
And now, will act them out. Here is our plan.
A short way hence, he'll pass a certain corner
Which, when you've rounded—to an archway, dark
And narrow, you are speedily conducted.
Thence, we propose to issue forth upon him
Each, with a stunning blow. Then, we will take him
Into the archway. There we have a house,
In which he can be quietly dispos'd of,
And ne'er again will trouble us—or others.

ISHMAEL.

A glorious plan! Joy, joy, my brother! Now,
If in the shades below to which thou'rt gone,
Aught may be known of what is here transacted,
Thou shalt have vengeance to thy heart's content,
Ere time has sped along another hour.

IBRAHIM.

But why stand talking here? Go! hide yourselves
Deep in the archway. Selim will be on us
If you don't mind, before we're ready for him.
You are both known to him; but me, he knows not.
I'll wait—and, unobserved, watch for his coming;
And forward then will run to join, and help you.
Go now—and mind! have three stout bludgeons ready.
You know where to provide yourselves with them.





XXV.

Constantinople. A room in the house of Khaled. He is seated there alone—reading. A servant enters. Time—half-past five.

SERVANT.

HASSAN, my lord! is in the hall, with prisoners.
And wishes to report to you.

KHALED.

Admit him.

[*To HASSAN, who has just entered.*]

So soon return'd! Well, how have you succeeded?

HASSAN.

Quite as I wish'd and hop'd to do. Below
Amrou, the merchant prince, your lordship's friend,
Has just alighted, and is coming up
To speak with you, so soon as I retire.
There too, the Hebrews, taken at his house,
And the informing servant, wait your pleasure.

KHALED.

The Bibles—what have you to tell of them?

HASSAN.

On Chalcol's person one was found Another
Will not improbably be brought to light,
When Jonadab's valises are examin'd.
They are all here—sent on, by Amrou's order:
A goodly lot there seems to be, too, of them.

KHALED.

Let them be taken to the library.
There, I will by-and-by examine them,

When matters of more serious import, first
 Have been dispos'd of as the law directs.
 Hassan ! we must at once to business.
 Light up the justice-room. Summon the clerks,
 And make arrangements for the coming trial.
 In a few minutes, I will meet you there ;
 But first, bring Amrou hither.

AMROU.

(Who, entering, has heard the order.)

He is here !

Surpris'd, at being summon'd as a culprit,
 Where he was once a welcome guest, and friend.
 Here too, to meet a despicable charge,
 Yet one, that may be fraught with serious peril.
 Khaled ! I had not look'd for this, from *you* !

KHALED.

Amrou ! I'm glad to see you. Lay aside
 Your fears: for you have nought to apprehend,
 As you will presently be made to see.
 But [*to HASSAN*] Hassan ! you may leave us. Hasten on
 The preparations which I just now order'd :
 I will be answerable for the presence
 Of Amrou, in the Court, when need requires.
 So soon as all is ready, summon me.

[*HASSAN retires.*]

Now Amrou ! let me once more welcome you
 To Istamboul, and home, and to this house,
 And our anticipated evening's revel,
 When the affair in hand has been dispos'd of,
 And sentence has been passed upon the Hebrews.
 Soon as they vanish out of sight, and hearing,
 To prison for the night, and death, to-morrow,
 You—on the charge of having harboured them,
 Will come before me—simply to narrate

That, loyal to our sovereign, and the law,
You had invited them, but with the purpose
Of yielding them to the authorities,
And so, had sent the information here,
Your servant having laid it, *at your bidding*.
I shall of course acquit, and thank you : then,
Invite you to remain, and dine with me.
We'll then come hither, and enjoy ourselves,
As we were us'd in times gone by, to do.

AMROU.

I thank you: and will meet your wish right gladly ;
But—ere you sit in judgment on those men,
I've a request to make in their behalf:
Don't burn them. One is old. Behead them both.

KHALED.

At your desire, I'll use the privilege
Permitted to me by the law, and take
The milder course : the more so, as the thought
Of torture, waiting them upon the morrow,
Might spoil our relish of this evening's feast,
And mar our mirth: and yet, they both deserve
The sterner verdict, judging from their own
All-grasping hopes, and hostile purposes,
Towards the other nations of the earth.
But here comes Hassan. I'll not keep you long.
Till call'd—amuse yourself as best you may.





XXVI.

Constantinople. A dark archway. Three of the forty thieves in conversation. Time—a quarter to six.

ISHMAEL.



THOUGHT has just occur'd to me—in time
To save our plot from failing altogether.
When Selim comes along, he will not pass
This archway. He's too old a bird, to fall
Into a trap like that! You'll see him cross
Soon as he rounds the corner of this street,
And take the other side : and so, our plan
Must now be laid accordingly. Our friend
Who watches yonder, when he gives us notice
Of Selim's coming, I shall station here.
I will cross over—watch for the approach
Of this redoubted keeper of the peace,
And—should he take *that* side, in lounging posture
Resting against the wall, await his coming.
He'll question me, of course. Policemen like
To have a word or two, when they encounter
Folk of our sort upon the public ways ;
And I shall answer with—*a taste of this*.
He'll draw out his revolver—not to fire
I trust—(I'll stay his hand, if possible,
From that—) the noise would bring us into peril.
Besides—so soon as I have struck *my* blow,
Let it be seconded by *yours*, upon
His head. Come down, each with a forceful stroke
Such as at once shall bring him to the ground,
Bereft of sense, and, in a little while

Of life—if luck should go with your endeavours.
We'll have him then across, and out of sight
As well as life, before the thing gets wind.
You understand! the scheme is all to turn
On his expected preference of *that*
To *this* side of the street. Should he pass *here*
We'll act upon our previous plan. We'll now
Cross over, and wait there, Ibrahim's coming.
It will be better not to be observ'd
Forth from this archway issuing, to meet him;
And might excite suspicion, were we seen
By any passers by, watching beneath it.

IRAK.

Most certainly it will. So I and Sadi
Will walk together on the other side,
And manage to be with you, at the moment
When Selim, from an opposite direction
Presents himself to meet—we'll hope, *his death stroke*,
If not from your stiletto, from our cudgels.
Ibrahim from behind will come upon him
At the same time with us. He can't escape.

ISHMAEL.

I think not, and I hope not, and *I mean not*.
Selim or Ishmael shall die to night;
That is my fix'd determination. Now
Let us go forth: you, to your walk—and I
To my intended lounge and meditation.





XXVII.

Constantinople. The Justice-room in Khaled's house. Clerks, policemen, &c., in attendance. Time—six o'clock.

KHALED.

BRING in the Hebrew prisoners, and with them
Hamet, whose name appears in this report,
As having lodg'd the information here,
Which led to their arrest.

HASSAN.

My lord, behold them.

KHALED (*to himself.*)

Two "precious sons of Zion," past all question,
(A look suffices to establish *that!*)
Involv'd, just now, in the predicament,
In which this prophet of their own, describes them.

[*He has CHALCOL'S Bible lying open before him, and his eye rests on Lamentations IV. 2. He addresses JONADAB.*

Are you a son of Abraham?

JONADAB.

I am.

KHALED (*to CHALCOL.*)

And you?

CHALCOL (*modestly, but fearlessly.*)

I too, profess myself a Hebrew.

KHALED.

Your speech is bold. Another, in your place,
Might have preferr'd to say "*con-fess.*" But you
Appear to glory in the appellation.

CHALCOL.

I do.

KHALED (*to* JONADAB.)

And you—do you, too, *boast* yourself a Jew?

JONADAB.

I have no shame in saying I am one.

KHALED.

A moment since, as you came in, I open'd
The Volume which you Hebrews call the Bible ;
A Book, which now 'tis dangerous to possess,
More dangerous, to read and circulate :
And—curiously enough, my eyes first glanc'd
On words, that most remarkably apply
To you, and to your fellow-prisoner,
In the *concluding* portion of the sentence,
If strangely wrong in what at *first* they say.
Hear what a prophet of your own has written :
“ The precious sons of Zion, comparable
“ To purest gold—how are they now esteem'd
“ As earthen pitchers, such as potters frame ! ”
You have no shame in saying you are Jews,
When—and not now, it seems, for the first time,
The Hebrew race a by-word have become
Throughout the world—despis'd by all—scorn'd, hated.
I'm bold to think—if I think wrongly, tell me—
You, now, to purest gold compare yourselves,
And call yourselves the precious sons of Zion,
While we—as earthen pitchers reckon you.
Say—is it not so ?

CHALCOL.

If, my lord, you're bold
To think such thoughts as you have now made known,
We—standing at this bar in awful peril,

Are not less bold to tell you, in the face
 Of the dread fate that may be ours to-morrow, —
 In yonder Book 'tis said, and truly said,
 That in the estimation of our God,
 The *death* is precious, of His holy ones.

KHALED.

And such, you deem yourselves ! well—I'll not stay
 To bandy words with you. I have to thank you
 For the avowal which you both have made
 That you are Hebrews. No one here can doubt it,
 Looking upon your physiognomies ;
 But—wanting other proofs, it might seem hard
 To death to doom you, for your facial aspects.
 Now—a straight course, and plain, is mark'd out for me.
 Officer ! read the Royal Proclamation.

THE CLERK OF THE COURT *reads*.

“ Whereas our faithful counsellors report
 That, scatter'd up and down in our dominions,
 A people, called in common parlance, Hebrews,
 Are to be met with almost everywhere ;
 And, longer than was needful, or expedient,
 Have had their vile existence tolerated,
 Seeing that they are contrary to all men,
 And look to rise, but on the fall of others,
 Hoping to bring the nations into bondage,
 And hold them in perpetual subjection,
 Themselves becoming rulers over all—
 We, in our wisdom and our providence,
 Which make us ever thoughtful for the safety,
 And the well-being of our loving subjects,
 Have deem'd prevention of this monstrous mischief,
 Far better than its cure, too late attempted ;
 And so—proclaim it as our sovereign will,
 (Our Council also recommending this)
 That search be made for Hebrews, everywhere,

In order to the seizure of their persons,
And confiscation of their property :
One fourth whereof shall pass to the informer,
One fourth, to the convicting magistrate,
And the remainder to our treasury.
Let quick effect be given to this decree.
Furthermore—let it everywhere be known,
That none must harbour, none must comfort, Hebrews.
A fine, in measure suited to the offence
Shall, at the pleasure of the magistrate,
Be levied on all persons acting thus,
Or—in the place of fine—imprisonment,
At the discretion of our officers.
As for the Jews themselves—we sentence them
To death—or to perpetual slavery;
And let them own our justice, in the award.
We simply bid our subjects do to them,
What they propose themselves to do to others, ;
Should such an evil e'er befall the world
As—Jacob's star again in the ascendant."

KHALED.

You hear the sentence which the law pronounces,
And which it rests with me to execute.
To slavery I might doom you, but prefer
A sterner course, as the more prudent one
Towards the population of our city;
Whom I would, too, dissuade from giving shelter
Henceforth, to any of your hated race.
You, Chalcol, did I sentence to be burn'd,
I should but punish as the law enjoins,
For having had a Bible found upon you.
But—having a discretion given me,
To act, as the occasion may require,
And mitigate the law's severity,
Whene'er extenuating circumstances

May seem to justify a milder verdict,
Than that which in a former reign went forth
Against the holders of this hateful Book—
I now announce, that, dooming you to die
To-morrow, I shall have you both—not burn'd,
But publicly beheaded. This I do,
At the request of one, who had not thought,
When to his mansion he invited you,
Into what peril he would bring himself
By entertaining such obnoxious inmates.
Your goods will be dispos'd of, as directed
In the decree, which dooms you both to die.
Gaoler! remove the prisoners. Let them be
Permitted the same cell to occupy.
I grant them this indulgence, at the suit
Also of Amrou, their late host, who tells me
He has some reason for supposing them
To stand in near relation to each other.
Father and son, he thinks them. Be it so,
Or not—we'll let them have the consolation
Through the few hours of life yet left to them,
Which each one from the other's company
May be enabled to derive. Now go.

[They retire with the Gaoler.]





XXVIII.

Constantinople. The archway. Selim, coming from the house of Beaumanoir, and arriving opposite to it, encounters Ishmael. Time—six o'clock.

SELIM.



WHAT want you here ?

ISHMAEL.

To make an end of you.

Die, villain ! (*stabs him*) Sadak's brother strikes you down ;
And sends you, whither you sent him, before
His time—as now, in turn, yourself despatch'd.
Down with you, to the hell that you deserve !

[*He has repeated his thrusts. SELIM glares angrily on him, and, while falling, puts his hand on a revolver, which, from his combined surprise and feebleness, is snatched from his grasp by ISHMAEL so soon as drawn out.*

Ha ! bent on mischief ? no, no, Master Selim !
That barker, never more will, in your hand
Open his mouth, to bring down braver men
Than you were ever known to be. Die, die !

[*Two more stabs. Then, to his confederates, whose sudden blows have rendered SELIM senseless,*

Hold ! he is done for. Make no noise. At once
Have him across, and into—you know where.
He bleeds, and I see people coming. Quick !

[*They take him across, unobserved, and down the archway into a house, of which the door stands open, but is instantly closed by a woman, who had been watching at it for their coming. They strip him in haste, and taking*

his naked body into a yard behind, where a pit stands uncovered, they cast the corpse into it, and shovel lime (kept there in readiness) over it. Then, a stone which had been removed, is put into its place, and the yard (though not overlooked from the adjoining premises) is at once swept, and washed clean by the woman; so as soon to present the appearance of nothing unusual having occurred. Before the stone is placed on the grave, ISHMAEL speaks, first apostrophizing his weapon.

Well done, my little friend! a goodly piece
Of work is this, which you have wrought this evening.
Now, Selim! to the shades below with you,
And tell my brother how I have aveng'd him.
Khadoura! when your work is ended here,
(Which needs not take you long) bring us some drink.
We'll go and see what Selim had about him.
Ours, is no idle life: first, work—then, feasting;
Brief rest—and then, some stirring enterprise,
To furnish zest for a succeeding revel.
Now, Selim! for a peep into your pockets.
Aha! a purse well fill'd with gold. You made
A profitable visit to the bankers,
Judging from what here rises into view.
Ibrahim! count the coins, while I examine
The pockets of this coat. What have we here?
A Royal Proclamation! listen to it.

[He reads it to them: then proceeds.]

Well! this is strange! I wonder if the Hebrews
Have any knowledge yet, of what awaits them?
A bright thought strikes me! Comrades! we may turn
These Proclamations to a brave account.
Let all the forty have, each man, a copy;
And each one, with it, speedily repair
To some rich Jew: and ask a handsome price
For the intelligence he brings. A hint
Of its immediate and deep importance

To the whole people, will at once unlock
Their purses, and bring forth some handsome sums,
All, to be thrown into the common stock,
And afterwards divided, as our rules
Enjoin. That done, see what will follow next:
The Hebrews, to a man, will leave the city
As speedily as possible. Their houses,
Left undefended, we may rob at will,
Unless his Majesty's police should be
Beforehand with us, which I deem not likely,
Seeing how many of his Proclamations
We have diverted from their destin'd course,
In having made an end of his Inspector.
At once to work ! Cool heads are wanted now,
So we'll leave drink untasted for the present,
And have a grand carouse, when the great business
We have to do to-night, shall have been finish'd.
Khadoura ! after we are gone, go forth ;
And quietly and carefully remove
The bloody traces of our work just now
On one, who never more will do us mischief.
His disappearance will call forth inquiry ;
Not likely in discovery to issue,
Of *our* connection with it ! No one saw us
(So quickly was the bloody business done)
Despatch him, or across the street convey him :
And now, unless his ghost should rise, to tell
Where he reposes, he is out of sight
Of all inquiring friends, and—enemies.
Now go. Khadoura ! this night's work, I hope
Will, to our heart's content, enrich us all ;
And you shall share the spoil with us, in measure
Such, as shall gratify your utmost wishes.

[*They go out.*



XXIX.

Constantinople. The Justice-room in Khaled's house. Jonadab and Chalcol have retired with the Gaoler. Time—half-past six.

KHALED.

TASSAN! bring Amrou in: not to the bar ;
Which, it will soon be seen, is no fit place
For *him*—but to a seat upon the bench.

We owe it to his loyalty, that these,
Who from our view but now have disappear'd,
Were seiz'd so early and so easily :
That a fanatic preacher has been silenc'd,
A Bible brought to light, and all the mischief
It might have wrought in time to come, prevented,
By its consignment to the flames to-morrow.
And, although last, not least —the treasury
Of our august and gracious sovereign,
Enrich'd to a respectable amount
By confiscation of—what was his name ?
Oh! *Jonadab the Jeweller's* effects,
All, fortunately, with himself, secur'd.
But here comes Amrou.

(*Addressing him.*) Sir! be seated *there*.

[*Points to a place on the bench.*

Much would it have surpris'd—still more, have griev'd me,
To see a person of your eminence
Among the merchant-princes of this city—
One, too, of such unquestion'd loyalty,
And—*my* long-known and highly valued friend,
Placed *there* (*pointing to the bar*) to meet the despicable
charge
Of harbouring, and entertaining Jews !

Although appearances have been against you,
 I doubt not you will justify yourself;
 And so—not treating you as if suspicion
 Rested upon you in the least degree,
 I ask—that from the place where you are seated,
 And not from yonder bar, as if a culprit,
 You will afford the Court an explanation
 Of what at present causes us much wonder—
 The visit of these Hebrews to your house,
 And more—their presence at your dinner-table.

AMROU (*rising and bowing to the Prefect.*)

Business had call'd me into other lands,
 And kept me, longer than I wished, away
 From home, and the delights of this fair city.
 During a brief sojourn in Italy,
 I chanc'd to meet this Hebrew Jeweller,
 With whom I had some dealings afterwards.
 I found him courteous, hospitable, *honest*:
 (You smile, my lord, at hearing me so speak;
 I knew beforehand, you would do so—therefore,
 Beforehand, emphasised the word) for—hear me!
 This was a *rara avis* among Jews,
 Whom—not to tread upon their toes too hard—
 Most of us know, as traders of sharp practice,
 Whene'er with Gentiles they have aught to do.
 I hence conceiv'd a liking for the man,
 The more—as, in the city where he dwelt,
 He was a man of influence and position,
 And one (report so stated) of great wealth.
He told me, that he had acquired enough
 'A rare confession for a Jew to make!
 To satisfy his every want, and now
 Desir'd to give up business, and repair
 To Palestine—there, end his days—and there
 Be buried: (the fond hope of these fanatics,

Wherever found—whatever their condition.)
Well! having shared his hospitality,
I deem'd it only right to proffer mine,
And so, propos'd, that he should make our city
A resting-place in his intended journey,
And find a home, while here he should sojourn,
With me: to which he readily agreed.
We travell'd hitherwards by easy stages,
Noting, as we came on, whatever seem'd
Noteworthy in the lands through which we passed.
Resting awhile at Athens, I was startled
By the reception of intelligence
From a distinguish'd literary friend,
Who often gives me early information,
When great affairs are going on. It said
"His Majesty in Council has resolv'd
"On the extermination of the Jews
"Throughout the State: and sends to every Prefect
"A Proclamation, to be acted on
"Soon as receiv'd; and meant to take effect
"On"—naming *this*, as the appointed day.
"I send an outline of the Proclamation.
"Some Hebrews may perchance come in your way
"From Athens, hither—possibly, some rich ones.
"If you could manage just to have them here
"In time to hand them over to the Prefect,
"Before the despicable rogues get knowledge
"Of what the King lays up in store for them,
"A service will be rendered to the State,
"And your own fortune, too, receive additions,
"From the ill-gotten gains the wealthy rascals
"Must now perforce disgorge, first, to enrich
"The Royal Treasury—then, fill the coffers
"Of better men: yourself, Sir, to begin with."
I read this letter with conflicting feelings.
To help this Hebrew to escape, would be

To act the part of traitor to the State ;
To which his nation has become obnoxious,
And which now makes it every subject's duty
To aid our Monarch in his purpos'd work
Of crushing and destroying this curst people.
Besides—to give him warning, would not save him ;
For—should he fly, or think to hide himself,
The Royal arm would reach him everywhere ;
The vigilance of our police, discover
And bring him forth from, his desir'd retreat.
To die—was his inevitable lot,
Or be consign'd to endless slavery.
Perceiving this, I chose the loyal course,
And tim'd our journey so, as to have brought him
Into my mansion at the very moment
Your lordship was prepar'd to act against him.
'Twas at my bidding, Hamet's information
Was lodg'd this morning at your lordship's office.
I, and not he, have put it in your power,
To seize these Hebrews with such ease and promptness.
I am the agent—he, the instrument
Through whom effect was given to my plans.
As to the wretched prophet, also seiz'd
With Jonadab, *he* came upon us, when
We had just reached the summit of a hill
Which overlooks the city, and were gazing
With wondering and admiring eyes upon
The glorious prospect thence to be obtain'd.
He heard *our* talk—then, favour'd us with *his* :
Its purport, threatening and condemnatory :
The same our citizens have often heard :
Some, but to laugh at—others, to regard
As the distemper'd ravings of a madman.
I feign'd respect: profess'd myself desirous
Of learning from his Bible, and from him ;
Meaning, that both into your lordship's hands

Should come, before another day were ended.
I ask'd him to my house. You know the rest:
He came—was seiz'd—he, and his precious Book.
The merchant's treasures, too, are all secur'd.
I trust that now, I stand acquitted from
The charge of "comforting, and harbouring, Jews."
A hint was dropped about my dinner-table,
Just as your lordship ended your address.
'Tis true, I had invited them to dine;
But—'twas not from my table Hassan brought them.
Nothing had been prepared for *them*. I meant
At first, to have them both arrested *there*;
But afterwards, arranged for Hassan's coming,
Before we should to the repast be seated.
He came upon us in my drawing-room,
And brought us *thence*, into your lordship's presence.
There is my explanation: one, I hope,
That from your lordship's bosom has removed
Every suspicion of disloyalty
In mine, towards our Sovereign Lord the King.

KHALED.

I told you, Sir! that you were unsuspected,
Ere you had given utterance to a word.
'Twas but for form's sake, you were hither brought.
And what I now have heard, so satisfies me,
That I not only clear you, but commend
Your promptly manifested loyalty;
And more—in token of my high esteem
For such a faithful servant of the King,
I ask you to remain and dine with me.
Hamet, we'll talk with by-and-by: and now
The sitting of the Court is at an end.
Business to pleasure may give place. We'll go.



XXX.

A prison in Constantinople. A cell there, into which Jonadab and Chalcol have just been conducted. Time—a quarter to seven.

GAOLER.



YOU heard the Prefect's order—that, which bade me
Locate you in one cell. Behold! I do so.
Through the few hours of life that yet remain
To both, each may in turn assist the other
To bear the ill that may not be avoided,
With manly resolution, as becomes
Men, innocent of crime: the only charge
Against you being, that you both are Hebrews.
Refreshment shall be brought you soon: not such
As prison regulations sanction—bread
And water only. Meat and wine I'll order,
And with my own hands bring them, lest another
Reporting this departure from our rules,
Should bring me into peril with the Prefect.
I go to make arrangements, and will soon
Return. Till then, I leave you to yourselves.

[He is going—but JONADAB detains him.]

JONADAB.

Kind Sir! accept our thanks—the grateful thanks
Of men, who have nought else to offer you.
I was a rich man yesterday; but now
A poorer would not anywhere be met with.
All that I have is in the Prefect's hands,
Except the clothes I wear; for the small sum
Of money that I carried on my person,

Was seiz'd by the police, when we were brought
 From Amrou's house. It was my wish to say,
 (I had not spoken else—but should have left
 My friend to do so, who is better able
 Than I, befitting thanks to render you)
I am a son of Rechab: therefore, water
 Would suit me better, than the wine would do
 Which you so kindly proffer. Wine, I touch not :
 Nor—since the days of the great ancestor
 Who bore my name, and laid this charge upon us.
 Have his descendants done so.

GAOLER.

I have heard
 In years long gone, of him, and of the practice
 You mention, as continued still, by those
 Who claim descent from him. Your wish shall be
 Respected. Is it one, in which your friend
 Participates ?

CHALCOL.

It is—for I too, claim
 Descent from that illustrious man.

JONADAB.

You do?
 And bear, beside, the name of Chalcol ? Once,
 As I was telling you, when Hassan came
 And made us prisoners so suddenly,
 I had a son, who bore the name of Chalcol,
 And you, I think, rejoin'd, that you, too, own'd
 A father, nam'd as I am—Jonadab.

CHALCOL.

I did. But forty years have pass'd away,
 Since last I saw him.

JONADAB.

Had you brothers—sisters?

CHALCOL.

Two brothers : one, nam'd Dardan, and the other,
Ethan : and sisters two, call'd, Hephzibah,
(If I remember rightly) and Zadora.

JONADAB.

My dear, my long lost son ! You name the names
Of children, that *were* mine, but whom I lost
All, in one day, as did the Patriarch Job,
About the time you mention—somewhat more
Than forty years ago. I had been call'd
From home and country on a trading errand,
And, in my absence—though 'twas but a brief one—
Invaders came, and made them prisoners ;
Ravag'd our fields, destroy'd our homes, and bore
Wives—children—property—alike away,
Beyond my power to trace them. I have never
Since that dread hour, heard aught about them, till
This moment—when I find *you*, like myself,
Endanger'd, and impoverish'd : in the hands
Of cruel ones, from whom 'twere vain to hope
For pity, or for mercy.

CHALCOL.

Say not so,
With our kind keeper standing by, to hear :
Dear father ! we have both a friend in him,
As far as duty suffers him to be one.
Let us embrace ! The joy of meeting you
Is such, to me—that now, I can resign
Life, with contentment, and with thankfulness
I never could have known, had we not met
But as associates in suffering.
Thank God, for giving me the satisfaction
Of ministering to a father's comfort
In his last hours : of helping a dear parent

To die with holy fortitude, and leave
 This miserable world in joyful hope
 Of life immortal, and a home for ever
 With God, and all the blessed ones above.

[*They embrace. Then*

JONADAB (*to the Gaoler*).

Pardon, dear Sir! the hasty words that fell
 Just now from one, whom grief and fear bereave
 Almost of reason. They were not intended
 Upon *you* to reflect, but on the Prefect,
 And his hard officers: forgive them, therefore.
 You *will* do so! And let us not detain you
 As witness of a scene that must have touch'd
 Your sympathising heart most painfully.

GAOLER.

Indeed, it does so. Yet it makes me glad
 To see a sire and son thus brought together,
 After so long and sad a separation :
 And all that I can do, to mitigate
 Your griefs, and minister to your support,
 While here, most gladly shall be done. I go
 Refreshment to provide, and bring, of which
 Both of you greatly stand in need.

CHALCOL.

Thanks! thanks,
 Once more: and may the God of Israel bless you
 In this life and the next! [*He retires.*

Now, father dear!

We are alone. Let us kneel down, and pray
 To Him, with whom all things are possible ;
 To Him, who even now can help and save,
 When past all help we both appear to be.
 He has wrought wonderfully for his people
 In days gone by: and something whispers me,

That in *our* peril, He will not be wanting
If we believe in Him, and pray to Him.

JONADAB.

I do not share your confidence. I wish
That it were in my power to feel as calm
And self-possessed as you appear to be.
To me, we both appear to be forsaken
Of God, as we beyond all question are,
Of men.

(The door is opened by a turnkey, and DARDAN enters.)

CHALCOL.

Not so: *again* not so. Here's one
Who certainly has not forsaken *me*,
At this dark season. Dardan! brother dear,
'Tis kind, most kind, of you to come—but oh!
The peril of the deed! How *dar'd* you venture?
And to such peril, *why* expose yourself?
Have you yet heard the Royal Proclamation?

TURNKEY.

He had—and going forth in search of you,
Was made aware of your arrest; and more—
That you had been conducted to the Prefect,
Tried, and condemn'd to die upon the morrow,
And were, till then, committed to this prison.
He came to see you, like a fool, and so
Has made himself a sharer of your fate:
For, on the morrow, *he* will be arraign'd,
Perhaps, ere you are led to execution,
And you may have the wretched consolation,
Of dying all together.

JONADAB.

Man! why thus
Exult o'er those, whose peril might have mov'd
Another heart to sympathy and pity.

Do you take pleasure in our sufferings,
That *now!* such cold and cruel words you speak?

TURNKEY.

I have no sympathy with Jews—no pity
For any of the hated Hebrew race.
I always hated them: and far more now,
When the King's Proclamation lets us know
Their ill mind towards others, and their hope
Of ruling, by-and-by, *the world*—and bringing
All other nations into slavery:

A consummation, which our potent Monarch
Is wisely taking measures to prevent.
Let them all perish! and the sooner this
Is brought to pass, the better—in *my* judgment!

[*He goes out.*]





XXXI.

Constantinople. The drawing room in Khaled's house. Time:—seven o'clock.

KHALED.

THE affair has gone on well, both for the Crown
And for ourselves—in fact, for all concern'd.

AMROU.

All, save those wretched Hebrews: who, to-day
Lose everything, and are to *die* to-morrow.

KHALED.

Never mind them! they are not worth a thought,
Save—of the extraction from them of their wealth.
That, I imagine, now will find its way
Quickly, and plentifully, into hands
More worthy to retain, more free to spend it,
Than those of these base usurers ever were.

AMROU.

They are not all such. I found Jonadab
True to his word, and in his dealings just
And liberal. I really am concern'd
For his sad fate.

KHALED.

Don't vex yourself about it.
Had *you* not given him up, a like mischance
Would have ensued to him some other way.
The Royal Proclamation dooming all
To death or slavery, who wear the aspect
And bear the name of Hebrews, there is now
No safety for them, travel where they may,

Rest where they may. They will be hunted down,
Till they are clean wip'd out, or have become
Mere drudging serfs—the lowest of the low.
But let us change the topic. I am sorry
That aught connected with it should have power
Even for a moment, to disquiet you.
Dismiss it from your thoughts, and yield yourself
Now, to the pleasures of the hour. We dine
Alone, to-day. I thought you would prefer it,
As having much to hear, and much to tell,
Of what has happen'd in the interval
Between our last and present meeting here.
I'll have a gathering, shortly, of old friends
Who, with myself, will be rejoic'd to see you.

AMROU.

Thanks, Khaled! for your courtesy. I'm glad
That we are to ourselves to-day—the more
That we have still some business to transact.
My Hebrew friend's effects, when we have din'd,
All, have to undergo our scrutiny.

KHALED.

True! and a pleasant business we shall find it,
As promising a fair amount of profit.
Such windfalls do not often come—at least
Into *my* hands—as this I trust will prove.
But hark! the gong is struck—and here comes one
Of whom I daresay you have some remembrance,
To tell us—dinner is upon the table.

AMROU.

Ah! Sabat! still at your old post, prepar'd
(The honest fellow's jolly face proclaims it) [*To KHALED*
To feed us well, and help us to be merry,
Just as in days of yore. Sabat! how are you?

SABAT.

Thanking you, Sir—quite well ; and glad to see you
Return'd—I hope, in all your former spirits,
To bear a part in our festivities.
You have been greatly miss'd, I can assure you,
Both by my lord, and, if I may presume
To say it—by your very humble servant.
I hope that now we have you, it will be
To make a lengthen'd stay in Istamboul,
And often gratify us with your presence.

AMROU.

Sabat! You're getting quite a flatterer.
Such a smart welcome, dropp'd from other lips,
I should have deem'd alarmingly suggestive
Of *smart douceurs*, to you and to your mates,
When in attendance at the parting hour ;
A meditated onslaught on my purse.

SABAT.

Nay, Sir! I had not thought of such a thing,
Nor was it needed. You are always kind.

AMROU.

I have not now forgotten you. To-morrow,
A token of my recollection, bought
In Italy, you'll find awaiting you,
On calling at my house: one, that will show
How, in that far-off land, I kept in mind
Our old associations here.

SABAT.

Sir! thanks

Most grateful, I return you for your kindness.
But I am keeping you from dinner. That

Makes an immediate call on our attention,
Should I detain you, and so, spoil the viands,
It were a sin, not soon to be forgiven.
I go before—and wish you much enjoyment.

KHALED.

Right! and with sharpen'd appetites we come,
Justice to render to your preparations.





XXXII.

*Constantinople. The prison cell, which the Turnkey has just quitted.
Time—seven o'clock.*

CHALCOL.



HANK God, that he is gone! and let us hope
That we no more shall see him. I will speak
To his superior, when he comes again
To bring us the refreshments that he promised,
And ask, to have no more of his attendance.
And now, dear father! let me introduce
Another long-lost son, and my dear brother.
When Dardan's name was mentioned in your hearing
Just now by me, it was at once acknowledg'd
As that, of one of your remember'd children ;
And here you see him, just as you see me,
A Christian, and a minister of Christ.
Alas! that it should be in such a place
That, after such a lengthen'd separation,
We meet again, and for so short a time!
And then!—but that I will not touch upon.
Behold! before you, Dardan, stands your father,
Waiting to fold you in a fond embrace ;
The father, we so often talk'd about,
And have so often pray'd that we might see
Before we left the world. Our prayer is heard,
And sire and sons are met again together.
I see you gazing, each, in speechless wonder,
Into the other's face, and cannot feel
Surpris'd, that you should do so. Now, embrace!
You need not hesitate, or fear to do so:
This *is* your son. [*To JONADAB.*] This, Dardan, *is* your
father.

JONADAB.

Come to my arms, my son! and to my heart!
How gladly should I add—and to my home!
But—here is all that tyranny has left me:
A prison-cell to-night, and death to-morrow.
Dear Dardan! 'tis indeed a joy to see you,
Whom I ne'er thought to look upon again.
But oh! the grief that mingles with the gladness
This meeting should awaken in our bosoms!
We meet, *to part*—unite, to separate
Almost as soon as met. The look of love
With which each one prepares to greet the other,
Is fraught with agonising tenderness,
As the sad prospect rises to the mind,
Of looking, *for the last time*, on the morrow,
Each upon each, and then!—
[*He breaks forth into passionate sorrow.*]

DARDAN.

Weep not, dear father!

And yet, I wonder not that you should do so.
The prospect is indeed a dreadful one
Of being *so soon* parted, and *so* parted,
As, on the morrow, we are doom'd to be.
Yet consolation beams forth, even here.
Passing together from the living world,
We die but to this earth and its concerns.
There is a life beyond, on which we enter
In spirit, soon as death has stricken down
These mortal frames; and doing that, *together*,
It may be granted to us, to remain
In happy union, and—oh joy! for ever.
To me, death ceases to be terrible,
Looking for *this*, as consequent upon it.
Dear father! cannot you draw courage hence
To meet—what on the morrow must be met?

JONADAB.

My sons! you both have touch'd a string, that jars
Most strangely on my senses. Can it be,
That you are Christians? (Christian ministers,
I think I heard you nam'd just now.) Oh! why
This sad departure from our ancient faith?
Why glory in your shame? for such I deem it
To be a Nazarene! a follower
Of Him, whom our forefathers *crucified!*

DARDAN.

Yes—and became what, ever since that time,
God's wrath has made them, and the world has seen them;
Poor weary-footed pilgrims, seeking rest,
And finding none, o'er all the earth's wide surface,
Because by all men hated and despis'd;
A by-word—an astonishment—a curse—
As God foretold should one day be their lot,
Foreseeing their behaviour towards Him.

JONADAB.

Hold! there our judgments do not walk together.
I grant—it is with Israel as you say.
A wandering, persecuted, hated race,
Are we: it grieves me deeply, too, to add—
Through a long course of ages we have been so,
But—not from such a cause as you assign.
Against *that* accusation, my whole man
Rises at once, in anger, and resistance.

CHALCOL.

Be calm, dear father! while we speak with you
In love—what we believe to be the truth.
You'll own, that Palestine is ours—and more,
Ours, by the justest right and highest title,
That e'er was known to give to man possession

Of aught that he proclaim'd and deem'd his own.
God made it ours: ours once, and ours for ever.
My heart dilates within me, at the thought
Of being heir to such a heritage !

JONADAB.

So too, does mine. I here join hands with you.
But—whither would you hence conduct me, son ?

CHALCOL.

First, father dear ! to note, that having given
And brought his people to this glorious land,
God kept them there—safe, happy, prosperous,
While they remain'd obedient to His laws.
But when, renouncing his authority,
They laps'd into idolatry and sin,
They became castaways, at once, from Him
And from the land that He had given them.

JONADAB.

True—but not permanently such. You know
God brought them back again to Palestine.

DARDAN.

Yes ! to possess it a few centuries ;
Then—to be exil'd thence again : and not
As in the former case, for seventy years,
But through a weary course of ages : seeming,
(To one that judg'd but from appearances)
As destin'd ne'er to have a termination.
Now, put *these* facts together. Canaan ours,
And exile from it the effect of *sin*,
How great, dear father, must have been the sin
That brought on, such *prolong'd* expatriation !
What was that sin ? 'Twas not idolatry :
Our people into *that* have never fallen,
Since they were brought again from Babylon.

It must have been, to judge from its effects,
A sin, of far more serious character.
Put threescore years and ten, against two thousand ;
(Our exile now has nearly reach'd to *that*)
And frame your estimate accordingly,
Of the transgression which occasion'd it.
What was that sin ?

JONADAB.

'Tis not for me to say—
The time dates so far back. How should I know,
When history is silent on the subject ?

CHALCOL.

It may be, Hebrew history is so.
But there are other ancient records, telling
That the destruction of the Holy City,
And this last dreadful exile of our people,
Date, almost from the time when Jesus Christ,
The Man of Nazareth, as *you* esteem Him,
The Lord of Glory, as *we* recognise Him,
Was by our fathers crucified and slain.

JONADAB.

It may be so. But, must I then pronounce
The one event, the sequence of the other ?

DARDAN.

If He were what we deem Him to have been—
The Son of David, and the Son of God,
The King, the Consolation, the Messiah,
For whom our fathers waited, and of whom
Our prophets spake, so often and so long,
How serious must have been *their* crime, who slew Him
After unheard of insults heap'd upon Him !

JONADAB.

But—if He were what *I* have always deem'd Him,
Not King, nor Consolation, nor Messiah,

Nor Son of David, much less Son of God,
But an impostor, and deceiver—then,
Our fathers did right well to crucify Him,
Instead of being chargeable with crime.

DARDAN.

It pains us much to hear such obloquy
Cast upon One, whom Lord and Christ *we* own :
One, too, whose character we venerate
So highly, and whose name we hold so dear.
O father ! did you know Him as we know Him,
You would not think such thoughts, nor speak such words.

JONADAB.

I have no wish to know Him : and am griev'd
To find in any son of mine, a follower
Of one whom—highly as some think of Him,
I have been taught to hold in small esteem,
And, more than this—to execrate, and hate.

CHALCOL (*smiling*).

And all—in ignorance, and unbelief !
You look surpris'd, as though you deem'd me rude ;
But be assur'd, that—far as possible,
Even in thought, am I from being so.
I simply mean, that, speaking as you did
An instant since, you spake, as void of knowledge
Of the *true* character of Jesus Christ ;
And also, as enslav'd by prejudice.
You say, you have no wish to know Him ; but
Be reasonable, father ! One, who claims
To be regarded as the Son of God,
The Light of Men, the Saviour of the world,
Ought surely to obtain a reverent hearing,
If there be aught in Him to justify
To candid questioners, those high pretensions.
Let Him have such a hearing. I am sure

That then, far other views will come to have
 Possession of your mental eye, than those
 Which hitherto, have so exclusively,
 And as you then will find, so hurtfully,
 Attracted its regards. Dear father! listen.
 He, whom *you* call the Man of Nazareth,
We scruple not to call the Christ of God,
 The prophet like to Moses—Israel's Hope,
 And Israel's King : the Lord that was to come.
 Study His life ; and you will then discover
 That all Messiah was to be, and all
 He was to do, and all he was to suffer,
 As in the Book of God foreshown—in Him
 Had an exact and wonderful fulfilment.
 He came, when it was promis'd he *should* come,
 Was born, where holy seers had said He should be,
 Was such a Person, as they said he should be,
 In character, condition, and experience.
 No link is wanting in the chain—no flaw
 Can be discover'd in the evidence.
 Study His life again—I say, and see,
 How prophecy and promise, type and figure,
 All meet in Him—were all wrought out in Him.
 If He were *not* the Christ—God's word of promise
 Has not been verified, and now—ne'er can be.

JONADAB.

The confidence with which you speak, excites
 My wonder, and—but that it would be rude,
 I *could* say, moves my ridicule. How dare you
 Affirm, that in your Man of Nazareth
 (For such, I still persist in calling Him), -
 God's prophecies have *all* been verified ?
 Pray tell me, when Jerusalem was made
 The world's metropolis? and Israel, first
 Among the nations : with the Lord, as King,

Whom all should come and worship, year by year ?
 As yet, these things are not. *They were to be.*
 Our Scriptures bid us look for them. *I do so,*
As things to come—and for His advent, too,
 Who is to be at once Redeemer, King,
 And Lord—of Israel, and of all the earth.

CHALCOL.

And so do we—but with this difference.
You look for a Messiah, not reveal'd
 As yet—by whom all this will be fulfill'd.
We look for Him, as one, already come,
 And destin'd *yet again to come.* But hark !
 I hear the sound of footsteps. 'Tis the gaoler,
 Who brings us the refreshments that he promis'd.

JONADAB.

And by his coming, dissipates our dreams
 Of Israel's *future*, and to Israel's *present*
 Recalls our thoughts. "The day of Jacob's trouble,"
 Methinks, that this must be ; from which the Lord
 Is to descend and save His people.

DARDAN.

Father !

There may be truth in that ! We'll join in hoping,
 That sad as may be Israel's *present* case,
 Messiah's Advent is at hand, and with it,
 Righteousness, peace, and joy, for all the earth.

[*The Gaoler enters.*





XXXIII.

Constantinople. The archway. Ibrahim's house there—which the thieves have just left. Time—half-past six.

KHADOURA (*alone*).

NOW wretched is my lot! compell'd to share
In deeds, from which my soul shrinks back with
horror.

I cannot—and I will not—bear this life
Of guilt and fear, increasing day by day,
And threatening an ignominious issue
(To which, with shuddering dread, I oft look forwards)
Alike to those with whom I act, and me.
Yet—how to break away from it? 'Tis there,
That I am in a maze, from which no way
Of extrication yet presents itself,
Though I have thought, and thought, until my brain
Was fir'd, almost to madness. Oh Ibrahim!
'Twas on an evil day and hour that you
With your smooth speeches, came across my path,
And lur'd me from a happy home, to join you
In this dark den of infamy and sin.
My father! mother dear! 'tis well, that now
You from this evil world are gone, and see not
The daughter, whom you lov'd and cherish'd so,
The leman of a thief, and murderer!
The boon companion, day by day, of harlots,
And helpmate of a band of men, on whom
The law has set its mark, as steep'd in crime,
And doom'd to dreadful punishment, whenever
Brought by its officers within its grasp.
O for a speedy and a sure escape,
Ere that long-dreaded crisis shall arrive!
I long for this the more, e'er since I saw
The volume, which that Christian lady gave me,

Unask'd, with kindest wishes for my welfare,
As likely (so she led me to believe),
To be promoted by the study of it.
She bade me keep it close, and out of sight,
And read it, when alone and unobserv'd.
Found in my hands, my life would be in danger;
Yet, read—it would to life eternal lead me.
I deem this last, the greater, better thing,
And so—shall risk the one, to gain the other,
And, when and where I can, shall read the Book.
It seems to merit all the praise she gave it,
And to deserve the character it bears
Upon its title-page—the Holy Bible.
'Tis little of it that I've read as yet:
But, opening it this morning, for a moment,
I came upon some words that startled me:
Words, that I cannot banish from my thoughts.
Again, and yet again, they rise before
My mental vision, as if sent on purpose
To make me see the error of my way,
And show its danger to myself and others.
I'll read the warning sentences again,
Fresh from the Book. They seem to have more power,
When so examin'd, than when recollected
After the volume passes from my sight.
Here are the words. I know them in a moment.

(She reads.)

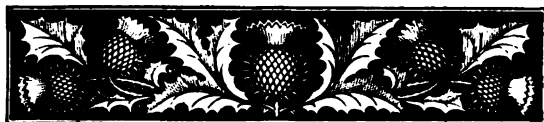
“When wisdom entereth into thine heart,
And knowledge is found pleasant to thy soul,
Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding
Shall thy whole course control, from day to day.
So shalt thou be from bad associates kept;
From men of froward hearts and crooked ways,
Who, following evil counsels, have forsaken
The right tracks for the paths of sin and darkness:
Whose talk, is but of things perverse and froward,

And their chief joy—a deed of wickedness.
 From the strange woman, too (if Heavenly wisdom
 Be sought and followed) thou shalt be deliver'd,
 Who turns from such as would have guided rightly
 Her youthful course; and from her memory
 Dismisses the commandments of her God.
 Smooth in her speech, but full of guile in purpose,
 She flatters, to betray and ruin those
 Who are by her seductive counsels led.
 Her paths conduct to death's dark chambers. None
 With her consorting, keep the way of life,
 Or find that way, while following her counsels."

KHADOURA (*to herself*).

Sharp sayings these—and yet how true! To me
 How sad, yet how exact, their application!
 Thou faithful monitor! How gladly I
 Would follow thy kind counsels, if my way
 Were made direct and plain for doing so!
 But—a poor, lost, forsaken one—alas!
 I know not what to do. If that kind lady—
 [*She weeps bitterly: then, starts up, suddenly recollecting
 herself.*]

But what am I about? Our Captain order'd
 That I should forthwith do, what certainly
 'Twas most important to have done at once—
 Remove the horrid traces of the murder
 Done by his bad companions, and himself.
 While I am lingering here, the passers by,
 It may be, round the spot where Selim fell,
 Are gather'd—curiously examining
 The blood, that from the ground cries out for vengeance,
 And wondering, what can have caus'd the stains.
 Acting with promptness, I must act with caution.
 I'll look out first, and then, to work proceed.
 Alas! that *such*, should be my work at all!



XXXIV.

Constantinople. The banqueting saloon in Khaled's house. Khaled and Amrou seated to dinner. Sabat in attendance on them. Time—a quarter-past seven.

KHALED.



OW—soup or fish?

AMROU.

The latter, if you please.
Those fishes have a very tempting look.

SABAT.

Fresh-caught, and very fine, just two hours since
I had them warranted to me.

KHALED.

If not so,
Bad luck to the purveyor!

AMROU (*laughing*).

Yes—it strikes me,
'Tis a fine thing to be a Prefect. Who
Dares sell *him* bad provisions, or aught else
That has a fault attaching to it? I
Am oft impos'd on by *my* tradesmen. They
Cheat me (in housewife's phrase) through thick and thin.

KHALED.

Send them to me. A short sojourn in limbo,
Or a smart fine, will work a speedy change.
I'm known as somewhat sharp in my procedure,
When I have rogues to deal with. You were saying,

'Tis a fine thing to be a Prefect. Well !
To me it seems, that, as a thriving merchant
You hold the better place. Fix'd as to income,
I can but be enrich'd by savings. You,
With income large enough for all your wants,
Are adding annually to your store.
But—ere I farther go—just taste that wine.
And now—fowls, roast and boil'd, await your choice.
Which has your preference ? These—with yonder ham
To bear them company—or those, with tongue ?

AMROU.

The articles last nam'd. I drink to you,
And, while you're helping me, will just observe
That, fortunately for your future prospects,
The King's decree, if carried out with vigour
Against the Hebrews, promises enrichment,
Speedy, and opportune. The rogues are known
To be a wealthy race. This Jonadab,
Into whose money-boxes we are going
To dive, soon after dinner, I was told
Had sav'd up half-a-million. Our two shares
Will therefore be respectable, amounting
Each, to a quarter of that sum. If you
Were but to catch one Jew a day, and luck
Into your clutches brought the better sort,
You'll soon be richer far than I. These fowls
Do honour, Sabat ! to your marketing.
The tongue, too, is delicious.

SABAT.

Sir ! I'm glad
To find that you approve them. 'Tis my wish
Always to please my lord's invited guests.

KHALED.

In which—to do you justice, I will say
'Tis very rarely that you fail. Your health,

Dear Amrou! Glad to see you here again.
Now to the subject we were talking of—
My place in life, and yours. I don't complain,
Since I have rank, if you have wealth, and soon
Hope to have fortune to support that rank,
And, by the Hebrews' help, to rise yet higher.

AMROU.

And that reminds me that I have a favour
To ask of you. When you obtain an audience
Of the King's Treasurer, and hand to him
The royalty upon these Hebrew spoils—
(A handsome sum, as I beforehand tell you
That it will prove to be) just drop a hint,
That I, who brought the windfall to your hands,
Should be at once both serv'd and gratified,
In being by his Majesty, ennobled.
A gentleman—it may be well to add [*laughing*]
Of education, manners, and position,
And now—thanks to my late successes—rich
Sufficiently, for *any* rank, below
That of a prince of the blood royal.

KHALED.

Eh!

And have you sped so well while absent from us?
I joy to hear it! and will gladly do
All that you ask; and doubt not of success
To this adventure also. Sabat! keep
The matter close. You know my friend and I
Have no reserves with you, nor have we need,
For, true as steel we deem you, having found
Through a long course of years, that you have been so.

SABAT.

And *will*, my lord, I trust, to my life's end.
Now, let me recommend this venison,

As worthy of a trial ; for I doubt not
That here, I shall have pleas'd you. First, however,
Refresh your palates with a taste of *this*.

KHALED.

'Tis wine of Lebanon—brought out by Sabat,
On rare occasions, and reserv'd for those
Whom he conceives that I delight to honour.
I do not offer this, but to the choicest
Among my friends: and but at times, to them,
As being wine that must at once be drunk
When forth the cork is drawn—a compotation,
Both rapid in consumption, and—high-pric'd,

AMROU.

I quite appreciate the compliment
On Sabat's part, and also on your own.
The wine—I wonder not that you should keep
For special uses, and bring forth but seldom.
I'm glad that *this*, is deem'd a fit occasion.

KHALED.

We can but think that it is one—when you
Have been so far away, and gone so long.
And now—what think you of the venison ?

AMROU.

I'll freely say, that it *has* pleas'd me, Sabat,
As you anticipated it would do.

Enter a SERVANT.

My lord, “the sons of Bacchus” wish to know
If they may come to play and sing before you.

KHALED.

By all means ! Let them in. A set, dear Amrou,
Of curious fellows, whom you'll like to hear.
They play and sing delightfully—devoting

Their days to rest, their nights to revelry.
 The populace are very fond of them,
 The more so, as we have a *rival* band,
 "The sons of Rechab," which accompanies
 This one, while evening lasts, to counteract
 By melodies, in praise of abstinence,
 The commendations these bestow, on tippling.
 'Tis often most amusing, *both* to hear
 On one occasion. You shall do it now,
 If, as I judge, the others are at hand,
 Ready to sing to us, when these have done.

SERVANT.

They are below, my lord, prepar'd to follow
 The others, should your lordship give commandment.

KHALED.

Let them remain, till call'd.

*[Enter a band of young men, richly dressed, but
 wearing looks of effrontery, and debauchery.]*

THEIR LEADER (to Khaled).

My lord, your servants.

KHALED.

Sabat shall prime you with a cup of wine,
 Then—start, and let us hear your newest song.

SONG OF THE SONS OF BACCHUS.

I.

How merrily, how merrily,
 With bachelors, the hours run on!
 To work they go, right cheerily,
 Then—means and time for pleasure won,
 They to employment bid adieu,
 And only of enjoyment think:
 Here's to their healths! Fair ladies! who
 Declines—"The Bachelors," to drink?

II.

Upon a handsome bachelor
The fair are never seen to frown ;
Nor on an ugly customer,
With a full purse, will they look down,
As an ineligible mate,
Should he to married life incline :
They—all desire the wedded state,
And we—another cup of wine !

III.

Sirs, thank you ! we are glad to see
Such cheer before you, as we fain
Would have our own henceforwards be ;
But that—well ! we will not complain,
For we, too, lead a jolly life,
Through town and country as we pass :
We've none to plague us—child, nor wife—
Gentlemen ! just another glass !

IV.

Song, is provocative of thirst,
At least, *we* always find it so :
We, too, in infancy were nurs'd
On potent drinks : but—we must go.
Health to the Prefect ! one glass more :
Health to his friend ! to both—good night !
Sabat ! conduct us to the door,
But first—another pull ! That's right.

AMROU.

Thanks for your song—well tim'd, well worded too,
And executed well, both as to voice
And music. Share among you these two pieces,
Which I have deem'd it right to offer you,
Fearing, that it might hardly suit the Prefect,
As magistrate in-chief of this large district,
Such tipplers to encourage, by a gift
Which some might misconstrue, and be induc'd
First—to suppose that he approves your doings,

Then—to walk after such a bad example.

[He winks to the Leader, as he hands him two pieces of gold.]

LEADER OF THE BAND.

We thank you for your present, Sir! Perhaps

We may amend in time. Till then, your servants.

[He winks at Amrou in his turn, and pockets the money. They go out.]

KHALED.

I, for your speech, as they, for your donation,
Thank you, friend Amrou. 'Twas a graceful way
Of recompensing *them*, and saving *me*.
But now, another course awaits us. Game,
Confections, jellies, pastry, macaroni :
How sits the wind ?

AMROU.

First, tow'rds the game, and then
A jelly. There I mean to end my dinner.
I have grown somewhat tir'd of macaroni:
I had so much of it, in Italy.

KHALED.

Another glass of wine, before the game !
Another—of the wine of Lebanon.

AMROU.

I thank you—Yes. 'Tis irresistible.
You had not *this*, when I was last at home.

KHALED.

No. 'Tis a recent importation. Few
Can get it, though—it is so dear and rare.

AMROU.

Of course I feel your kindness all the more,
In showing *me* such hospitality.

KHALED.

You're welcome—thoroughly and truly welcome.
Now, Sabat, call "the sons of Rechab" in.



XXXV.

Constantinople. The prison. The cell in which Jonadab, Chalcol, and Dardan are confined. Enter the Gaoler. Time—half-past seven.

GAOLER.

T BRING you the refreshment that I promis'd,
And hope that it will prove a comfort to you.
It would have pleased me greatly, to supply
A draught more tempting to the taste, than water,
As supplementary to these provisions;
But that, your principles will not allow.
So—holding these in due respect, I bring
The pure and simple liquid you desir'd.
It would be well, were many of your mind,
Whom taste for stronger drink leads on to crime,
And so, to prison—and from that, to death.
It is not often that within these walls
Such prisoners are introduc'd, as you;
Innocent, inoffensive men, to whom
No blame attaches, seeing that no crime
Has been committed by you. From my heart
I pity you: and grieve to think, that Power
Which should protect the well-behav'd, and harmless,
Now, to your countrymen, and to yourselves
Acts, in a way at once unjust, and cruel.

CHALCOL.

We thank you, Sir, for your kind sympathy,
So soothingly contrasting with the usage
We met with from the man who introduc'd
My brother, after your departure from us;

To share with us imprisonment to night,
And death to-morrow. This, at least, his language
Scornful, and cruel, bade us be prepar'd for.
And pleasant to his hard, unfeeling heart,
The prospect seem'd to be. (Indeed, he told us
It was so.) Let him not come here again,
Unless necessity compels his presence.

GAOLER.

He shall not do so. I am very sorry
You were subjected to his brutal insults.
My duties took me elsewhere, when your brother
Had—most unfortunately for himself—
Desir'd admittance to your cell. He gain'd it,
But at a cost it saddens me to think of;
For—'tis too true, that he must share your fate,
Through having put himself into the power
Of one, so prompt to execute the law
That has gone forth against the Hebrew nation,
And hence, so disinclin'd to show him mercy.

JONADAB.

We thank you for this added kindness, shown
To men, who have but thanks to offer you.
Before you leave us to our meal, I wish
To ask, if you can tell me how it far'd
With Amrou, at whose house we were arrested:
I hope he has not put himself in peril,
In having shown us hospitality.
I heard him charg'd—as if with serious crime,
With having harbour'd Hebrews: saw him taken
(Though courteously, yet still a prisoner)
In his own carriage to the Prefect's house.
There, we lost sight of him. Our case came on,
And was dispos'd of, first—and in his absence.
We heard the order, as we left the court,

To "bring in Amrou:" but we know no more,
And so, would gladly learn from you, what follow'd:
Whether our friend in any way took harm,
Or was so fortunate as to escape,
As having ignorantly done, what now
It seems to be so dangerous, to do.

GAOLER.

It has been said, that ignorance is bliss,
And here, most certainly it would be so.
It pains me greatly, that I cannot answer
Your questions, without adding to the sorrows
Which Amrou has already brought upon you.
You look surpris'd: but I have that to tell
Which, when made known, will instantly transform
Your cares about him, into deep regrets
That such a traitor ever cross'd your path.
What will your feelings be, on hearing *this*?
That Amrou had himself inform'd the Prefect,
Some hours before the seizure was effected,
Which [*to* JONADAB] has despoil'd *you*, of your wealth, and
both
Yourself and Chalcol of your liberty,
And will to-morrow end your lives. I say,
What will you think of Amrou, when inform'd
That he—*invited you to have you seiz'd!*
And, all the way from Athens, was designing
To rise, Sir! on your fall; and, from your fortune,
To gain a large accession to his own,
By base betrayal of you to the Prefect,
So soon as you should reach Constantinople?
In open court, he scrupled not to say
All this. He had gain'd early information
Of what was coming on the Hebrew people:
And, by the friend who sent the tidings to him,

He had been urg'd to turn it to account,
By drawing in a wealthy Jew or two
To travel hither with him, and—get seiz'd
So soon as they should come within our walls.
He said, moreover, that, although invited
To dine with him—no dinner was prepar'd
For either of you; as he had arrang'd
To have you carried off, just at the moment
When you were hoping to begin your meal.

JONADAB.

Can it be possible, that treachery
Like this, is to be found in human bosoms?
Does God permit such men to walk the world,
And more—to prosper in their villany?
Oh! let me leave a world, in which such crimes
Are practis'd, and in which such beings dwell!
'Tis well, that death awaits me on the morrow!
I *wish* to die: for never more again
Shall I have confidence in mortal man.
Oh Amrou! Amrou! if I had been told
That you could use me thus, I should have thought
The supposition so dishonourable
To him who entertain'd it—so unworthy
Of holding in the heart of man a place,
As to make him who cherish'd and proclaim'd it,
Unfitted to hold converse with his species;
One, that his fellow-men would banish from them.
Kind Sir! your news has spoil'd my appetite
For all the viands you have brought to cheer us.
I feel, as did Elijah in the desert,
When, worn and wearied, disappointed, sad,
He cried—"It is enough: and now, O Lord!
Take my life from me!" He had ceas'd to think
Life worth preserving, or worth caring for;
And I, alas! am of one mind with him.

DARDAN.

God thought not so, dear father! for He sent
 An angel, to sustain and to refresh him ;
 And show'd him, there was work for him to do
 Even yet, in this bad world, ere He should take him
 Home to himself, to be for ever blest.
 Till He shall say, "It is enough," and end
 Himself, our mortal course—'tis not for us
 To think it better we should die, than live.
 Surely, too, it were an unmeet return
 For our good keeper's kindness, not to taste
 The food which he, from sympathy and pity,
 Has for our comfort brought, and sustenance.
 Come! be persuaded just to take a little :
 Nature requires it—if but to assist us
 With manly resolution to go through
 The trial that awaits us on the morrow.

JONADAB.

My dear son! urge me not. I *cannot* eat.
 I am so crush'd in spirit, that I feel
 As if—the sooner I could die—the better.
 Some, circumstanc'd as we are now, would say,
 "Let us be jovial. Since life is short,
 We, of the little that is left, will make
 The most: eat, drink! to-morrow we must die."
 I, rather choose to say—why eat at all,
 When life is not to be prolong'd by eating?
 And—were the case not so—could I, by eating
 Lengthen my term—what have I left, to live for?
 My fortune gone—and such a fortune! oh!
 The thought of this day's losses, is enough
 To drive me mad! and the alternative
 Presented, in that cruel Proclamation,
 To die, or live, and be through life, a *slave*!
 I say again—what have I left, to live for?

CHALCOL.

For yet one thing, dear father! Yet one thing,
And that—the first, the greatest, best of all,
And, in a case like ours, the one most needful.
Life everlasting: life, through Christ our Saviour.
You may win *that*: 'tis not, even now, too late.
You may *lose* that: and so, be lost for ever!
With such a gain to be obtain'd, and such
A loss to be avoided—will you say
That you have nothing left to you to live for?

JONADAB.

You speak in parables, dear son, and bring
Strange, startling things before me. Dare you say—
Yes! you *have* said it—that this Christ of yours
Can give *me* everlasting life—Himself
A mortal man—scorn'd, hated, crucified?

CHALCOL.

True! but the man, of whom one prophet writes,
"Sword! wake against my Shepherd, and against
The man that is my fellow—saith the Lord.
The Shepherd smite, and let the sheep be scatter'd."
The sword *did* wake—and, Israel's Shepherd smitten,
The sheep *were* scatter'd—have been, ever since.
Again. "A virgin shall conceive, and bear
A son—his name, Immanuel, God with us."
So, wrote another prophet. Now, *our* Christ,
As you just now contemptuously styl'd Him,
Was of a virgin born: His Father—God,
Not man: for, by the Holy Ghost conceiv'd,
He stood reveal'd God's one-begotten Son,
Mysteriously united with the Word
Who, from eternity, was God with God.
God in our nature, manifest in flesh—
So, qualified to suffer and to die

As we do, and display Almighty power,
 Such as belongs to God alone. He did
 Such works, as only God could do, and spake
 Such words, as God alone could fitly speak.
 He—who could walk on water, ride on clouds,
 And, by a touch, or simply by a word,
 Could heal all sicknesses, restore the blind
 To sight, and bring back even the dead to life—
 He, in whom His worst enemies could find
 No fault at all—whose life was sinless, spotless,
 Was not *He* fitted to be Israel's Saviour,
 And more—the Saviour of a sinful *world*?

JONADAB.

But where's the proof of this fine story? Chalcol!
 If what you say be true—how came it, pray,
 That they who *saw* His works, and *heard* His words,
 Did not receive Him as the Christ, but—*kill'd Him*
 As an impostor and deceiver? This
 Is the strange puzzle that I want explain'd.

DARDAN.

Permit *me*, father dear! to tell you, then,
 That *all this*, was foreshown in prophecy.
 Don't you remember, how Isaiah asks,
 "Who hath believed our report? To whom
 Is *the Lord's Arm* reveal'd?" and then, proceeds
 The treatment to describe, which *He* would meet with
 To whom this lofty title would belong?
Arm of the Lord, in name, and character,
 And at the same time one, "despis'd, rejected,
 A *man* of sorrows, and with grief acquainted,
 From whom men, as it were, would hide their faces,
 Deeming Him Heaven-stricken: one, whom God
 Had smitten, and afflicted: one, on whom
 Many would gaze with deep astonishment,

Seeing his visage marr'd, as never man's
 Had been, at any time: His Sacred Form
 To insults strange subjected: one, from prison
 And judgment borne away, to be cut off
 And driven from the world of living men,
 Though He had done no violence, and guile
 In His mouth never had been found." All this,
 And more, much more, God's prophets had foreshown
 Would on God's Righteous Servant come: and all
 In Christ's—*our* Christ's, experience was fulfill'd,
 With most minute exactness: nothing wanting,
 But all, most wonderfully brought to pass.

JONADAB.

There is yet one thing wanting. Was your Christ
 "A prophet like to Moses"—one, to whom
 It would be granted God Himself to see,
 Not, as did other seers, in dreams and visions,
 But face to face: and, not in speeches dark,
 But mouth to mouth would hear himself address'd?
The likeness of the Lord shall he behold.
 Such was the promise made by God to Moses:
 And Moses told the people—"Such a prophet,
 The Lord your God will raise up unto you;
 A prophet like to me." I wish to know
 When—where—this Christ of yours e'er *look'd* on God,
 And, face to face, and mouth to mouth, *talk'd* with Him?

CHALCOL.

To these facts, we have testimony borne, by men
 Who may be trusted: His inspir'd Apostles.
 Of John the Baptist—one, not quite unknown
 I should suppose, to *you*—they write, as saying
 "He that is of the earth, is one that speaketh
 But of the earth. He, who *descends from heaven*
 Is above all: and what He testifieth

Is—*what in Heaven He has seen and heard.*
 He, *speaks the words of God*, whom God has sent;
 And he who hath receiv'd His testimony,
 Hath to his own seal set that God is true.
 He that believeth on the Son of God,
 Hath everlasting life: the unbeliever
 Shall not see life, but hath the wrath of God
 Abiding on him." *This spake he, of Christ.*
 Then—hear how Christ's Apostles write of Him.
 "The Life was manifested: we have seen Him,
 That Life Eternal, which *was with the Father*,
 And unto us was manifested:" "God,
 Whom no man hath beheld at any time,
 The Son, the One-begotten of the Father,
 Whose place is, *in the bosom of the Father*,
 Has into view brought forth."

JONADAB.

Stop! Your apostle
 Has made a strange mistake, in having stated
 That "no man hath seen God at any time."
 Not only Moses—Abraham, and others
 Among our fathers, saw, and talk'd with Him.

CHALCOL.

But not, as He was seen by Christ His Son.
 Not in His uncreated essence: not
 In the immensity of His subsistence:
 Not in the "heaven of heavens" where He dwells.
 So—God has never been by creatures seen.
 Yet, Jesus Christ had seen Him even so.
 "*I know the Father, as He knoweth Me.*"
 Again—"The Father loves the Son, and *all*
That He designs to do, He sheweth Him."
 So spake He, when on earth: He, in whose mouth
 Guile was not found: the Amen, the True Witness.

As God with God from everlasting, He
 Had seen, and been with, the Eternal Father.
 Was not *He*, then, the "prophet like to Moses?"

JONADAB.

Our fathers thought not so—who crucified Him.

CHALCOL.

And, doing *that*, had in their sad experience
 The threatening fulfill'd, which, side by side
 Went down, from age to age, with the prediction
 That God would send "a prophet like to Moses."
 "It shall be brought to pass, that whosoever
 Will not hear *Him*, when speaking in my name
 I will require it of him." *He has done so.*
 "His blood be upon us, and on our children!"
 The mad crowd shouted, when—as one who fear'd
 Unjustly to condemn Him, Pilate wash'd
 His hands before them, asking solemnly,
 "What evil hath he done? See ye to it,
 If this just person must be crucified :
 I, of His blood, am innocent." Dear father!
 What then, our people impiously ask'd for,
 God, in his righteous indignation, gave them.
 Christ's blood *was* on them, and upon their children,
 And will remain so, till they "look on Him
 Whom they have pierc'd, and mourn" the guilty deed
 With contrite wonder, and with deep repentance.
 Then, Israel from the dust shall rise again.
We have so look'd on Him : and we have found
 Peace, hope, joy, life, in doing so : and now
 Would have *you* win, in Christ, what will be better
 Than all that you have lost: than all that earth
 E'er gave, or can give—everlasting life.

JONADAB.

Must I, to win *that*, do as you have done—
 From Judaism pass, and be a Christian?

CHALCOL.

Can you have *that*—does *Moses* give you hope
Of peace with God, or safety for yourself,
While disobedient to the promis'd "Prophet?"
If Christ were He, you must obey, or perish.

JONADAB.

Suppose that I had never heard of Christ,
What then?

DARDAN.

The question is a needless one,
As you *have* heard of Christ. You will be judg'd
By *that* rule, now. And let me say, dear father!
'Tis well that you have heard. There was a man,
A Jew by birth—a Hebrew of the Hebrews—
Who—first, a persecutor and blasphemer,
Became Christ's faithful and devoted servant;
And, of his faith and of its issues, writes
"What things were gain to me, I counted loss
For Christ: and *all things count but loss, for Him.*"
And you, I trust, before you leave the world,
Will come to think, and feel, and speak, as he did.

CHALCOL.

Let *me* too, hope, dear father! you will do so.
To every cloud there is a silver lining,
A brightness which we see not, hid behind
The darkness that we see, and gaze upon
Sometimes, with spirits sadden'd and depress'd,
Sometimes, with minds alarm'd—and apprehensive
Of coming danger, from a threatening storm.
It bursts: breaks forth, in light'ning and in thunder;
And, while it clears the atmosphere around us,

May mischief do—but not commensurate
With all the cheering changes it effects.
The sultry heats are chas'd away, and past;
The sky is clear, the clouds are gone, the air
Made fresh and cool by the descending rain.
The fields, embrown'd by long continuing drought,
Are soon with verdure clad, and nature smiles,
And animals rejoice, and all looks gay.
Ev'n so—for this is what I'm anxious now
To fix your meditative thought upon—
Good blends with ill, in our experiences,
As following on God's Providential dealings.
Mysterious, often, in their aspect—still
His ways are always wise, and right, and good.
A friend, to you, dear father! has proved faithless:
It may be, as the means prescribed by Him
In His allwise designs, for bringing to you
The "Friend, that sticketh closer than a brother."
Your worldly all is reft away—perhaps
To bring you into contact with the pearl
Of greatest price, and the *enduring* riches,
That will not fail, when time has reach'd its end,
And Heaven and earth shall both have pass'd away.
With life, itself, too, now requir'd to part,
God may have brought you to that fearful peril,
But as the means, whereby His grace would bring you
Into experience of life everlasting.
Believe in Christ, dear father! and be sav'd.
He *can* make life eternal yours. He *will*,
If, with unhesitating faith, your soul
Be now, committed to his faithful care.
Your sons have trusted Him, and fear not now
To die—assur'd of life through Him, for ever.
No news e'er fell upon our ears, so sweet
As did the "faithful saying—Jesus Christ
From Heaven to earth came down, to save lost sinners."

GAOLER.

Excuse me, Sirs! I've listen'd to your talk
With so much interest, that I had forgotten—
Your supper all this while remains untasted!
I leave you to your meal: and hope to hear
When I return, an hour or so from this,
That you have been prevail'd upon, dear Sir, [*To JONADAB*]
To take some nourishment.

JONADAB.

To please you, Sir,
I'll make an effort—though most disinclin'd
For food of any sort, and little caring
What, in this world, becomes of this poor body.





XXXVI.

*Constantinople. Khaled's house. The banqueting saloon—to which
"The Sons of Rechab" have been summoned, by Sabat. Enter,
a band of fine young men, dressed with scrupulous neatness, and
all presenting to view looks of health and cheerfulness. Time
—a quarter to eight.*

THE LEADER.

MY Lord! we thank you for the kind permission
We have obtain'd, to come and sing before you.
We have a song—not printed yet, in answer
To that the Bacchites sang. Would you now hear it?

KHALED.

You raise my curiosity. I would.

SONG OF THE SONS OF RECHAB.

I.

Abstainers we—abstainers we,
From wine, and every drink beside
That has a tendency to be
To insobriety allied.
And yet—you see in us a band,
Of thriving, and as merry men,
As any magnates in the land,
Yourselves excepted, Gentlemen

II.

That—courtesy would prompt to say,
But—should we then to truth adhere?
No! for as cheerful, day by day
Are we—as those before us here.
Contented hearts, and happy faces,
More oft', with such as we are found,
Than even with those who dwell in places
Like this—with luxuries all around.

III.

We mean no rudeness, Sirs ! but, glad
To see you well, and prospering,
Hold ourselves free the while, to add,
That we deem abstinence the thing
Suited alike to rich and poor,
As the effective remedy
To keep intemperance from the door:
Abstain—and drunk you'll never be !

IV.

Whereas, by one insidious glass,
A second, some are mov'd to try ;
Then to a third—a fourth—to pass,
Till they are gone, unwittingly,
Beyond the bounds which separate
The thoughtful, from the senseless brain,
And have descended to a state,
The wise behold with grief and pain.

V.

Let "Sons of Bacchus," as they will,
The praises chant, of jollity ;
We shall pronounce abstainers, still
Men, of far better quality.
Of idleness, and drunkenness,
We are the *masters*—they, the *slaves* :
Our memories—wives and children bless ;
They—lie down in unhonour'd graves.

VI.

They—would our youth persuade, to tarry
Year after year, in single life :
We—recommend them all to marry,
Each, to a loving, virtuous wife ;
A guardian angel so providing,
Upon his resting hours to attend,
His pleasures doubling—cares dividing
His best, and ever faithful friend.

VII.

Abstainers, happy homes create,
 But drunkards—do *the other* thing:
 We, seek the welfare of the State,
 Are true and loyal to our king.
 They—drink his health, and break his laws:
 How many forms of social sinning
 My lord—if call'd to name the cause,
 Would say, in *drink* had their beginning!
[*He bows to the Prefect.*]

KHALED.

True enough, that! too true, I must admit,
 With daily evidences forc'd upon me,
 As culprit after culprit is brought in.
 Accept my thanks. I know you will not take
 Aught else, from me: and yet, I have bethought me
 Of something, that is sure to please you well,
 And will not militate against the rules
 You act upon. Present my compliments
 To those who manage the Abstainers' League,
 And say—that should they wish to circulate
 The song to which we have been listening
 With unalloy'd delight—so well did you
 Present it, with your instruments, and voices,
 I will be chargeable with the expense
 Of one edition. Let them print a thousand,
 And send the bill to me.

LEADER.

My lord! we thank you.
 And should *more* thankful be, could we persuade you
 To imitate our practice. *Your* example
 Would have great influence.

KHALED.

But stop! my friend;
 I had not got so far as that. I think

The efforts of the League deserve all praise,
 When brought to bear on such as have become
 The slaves of drink. And is not that enough?
 Cannot you *there*, "rest and be thankful?" Why
 Urge upon those who use, without abusing
 Exhilarating drinks, renunciation
 Of what, with them, is *innocent* enjoyment?
 It seems so me that here, *you*, to excess
 Yourselves proceed, while aiming at the cure
 In others, of intemperance.

LEADER.

My lord,
You know, as *we* know, that the men and women
 Who now are drunkards—some, *beyond* reclaiming,
 Began, with moderate drinking. Day by day
 Thousands, from that, are passing to excess,
 Who hop'd, and thought, that they could keep themselves
 Within the limits of sobriety,
 But by degrees outwent those limits, till
 Intoxication, first occasional,
 Will get to be with them, habitual.
 A most insidious and seductive evil
 Is that, with which Abstainers are at war.
 Even the drunkard, question'd, will proclaim
 Abstinence, easier far than temperance.
 The glass, once tasted, whets the appetite
 (In him so strong) for a renew'd potation.
 He drinks, and drinks, till drink has overcome him,
 And—sense quite gone, he can no longer drink;
 And, prostrate on the earth he lies—his face
 Down in the dust—whom God had form'd to walk
 Erect, with looks uplifted to the skies.
 Prevention, then, as easier than the cure
 Of the enormous evil we oppose,
 And manifestly the far better thing,

Is that, to which our efforts are directed.
I hope you feel the force of this, my Lord!

KHALED (*laughing*).

And so—that you will make me an abstainer!
I'll think the matter over, when at leisure:
You put it so, as to *deserve* attention.
But now—affairs more urgent claim my thoughts.
My friend and I have business to transact,
That must be enter'd on at once. Farewell!
We thank you for your music, heartily,
And hope again to see you here, and often.
[They bow and retire.]

AMROU.

Fine fellows those! a credit to our city.
While not a convert to their precepts, I
Felt the subduing power of their music.
It was most sweet: the air, the instruments,
And, before all, the voices. Certainly
They much excel the others.

KHALED.

Yes! the League
Looks well to that: takes care that they shall do so,
Whene'er they enter into competition
With those gay Bacchites; who, while fond of music,
And skill'd performers, want the application
And persevering energy of these;
Who act, as prompted by a nobler motive,
And are, besides, men of high principle,
And of establish'd character. They work
Daily, eight hours, at various occupations,
Then—sup, and practise, for an hour or more,
The songs provided for them by the League.
Then for the next two hours perambulate

The city, following the other band,
And singing after them; for from that rule
They never swerve: desiring the impression
Last left upon the public mind to be
That, which they deem the better one. These bands
Are institutions, now, of this great city,
Of which we should not like to be depriv'd.
They quarrel not, well knowing that the people
Prefer to hear them sing in company,
Rather than separate. "The Sons of Bacchus"
Sing, as may be suppos'd, in praise of wine.
The others—as you heard them sing to-night,
In praise of abstinence. They differ too,
As to their sources of emolument.
The Bacchites *live* by singing, and will take
Food, money, drink—whate'er you like to give them.
The others, paid by the Abstainers' League
For their performances, are by the League
Restricted from receiving, at the hands
Of those who hear them, gifts of any kind.
The time prescribed for singing ended, they
Then hasten to their homes and families,
Ending each day in peace, and home enjoyments.
The Bacchites, generally terminate
Their evening's work, with an uproarious feast:
Go late—and always drunk—to bed, and sleep
The next day nearly through: then, eat, and practise,
And sing, in concert with "The Sons of Rechab."
A lover of conviviality,
I cannot altogether frown upon
"The Sons of Bacchus:" but, as magistrate,
Openly patronise the Rechabites,
As friends of order—helpers in the work
Of keeping undisturb'd the public peace;
Which—to proclaim the honest truth—the others
Are oftener found to break, than to maintain.

AMROU.

I doubt it not. I too, should *patronise*
"The Sons of Rechab," while yet hesitating
Their practice to adopt. It may be true,
That drunkards once were moderate—all of them
Once, sober. Is it not, I ask, *as true*,
That *all* the moderate have not become,
No! nor are *destin'd* to become—hard drinkers?
As *some* contrive to keep within the bounds
Prescrib'd by reason—may not you and I?
Besides—the maxim that *we* act upon,
Strikes me, as being both a wise, and safe one.
It is—as each has often urg'd upon
The other, this—that *pleasure in excess*,
Is no more pleasure, but its opposite.
We keep to moderation, not to mar
Our relish of what ministers enjoyment,
By too much at a time, of anything.
And so—as having had enough just now
Of your good cheer—I move, that we proceed
Hence, to the library: you know what for?

KHALED.

Aye! but I had almost forgotten it,
So pleasantly the time has pass'd away.





XXXVII.

Assyria. Ocyrus, return'd to his capital, met at the gates by the civic functionaries. Time—half-past seven.

A HERALD.

SILENCE! uncover! Hear His Majesty,
Who rises to address you. Silence, all!

OCYRUS.

Friends—Civic Dignitaries—loyal subjects,
I joy to see you here, and greet you well.
Toil-worn, and travel-stain'd, you see us come,
In no fit trim to grace a courtly pageant;
And—though unharm'd in person, sorely thinn'd
In number: a sad contrast now presenting,
To the grand spectacle on which you gaz'd
With so much gladness, and with so much pride,
Two days ago, when we went forth to battle,
The glorious pomp and circumstance of war
Displaying, in our aspect, and appointments.
With trumpets sounding, and with colours flying,
As men assur'd of victory, we went.
We now return—victorious, it is true,
But—in the loss of brave and valued comrades,
Finding, how dearly victory was purchas'd—
At what a cost our triumphs have been won—
Tears, blend with our rejoicings: bitter tears
For those whom we have lost, and those who share
Our grief, as having been by death bereav'd
Of lov'd ones, whom they ne'er will see again.

However—it is not my wish to raise
A cloud, on the array of happy faces

I see before me: so, I will not dwell
On this sad topic. Let me cheer your hearts
With the glad tidings, that the enemy
Who of our all, had seemed to have depriv'd us,
No longer holds his own. His army gone—
His camp is ours, with all that it contain'd;
As, soon, his kingdom shall be. A brief space
We give to rest, and needed preparation,
And then—again the cry will be, "To Battle!"
Not then, as lately, with an adversary
Of might superior to our own; but one
Whom our last conflict has so crush'd, that now
He has no force wherewith to stand against us:
But must *our* rule submit to, as he hop'd
After our first encounter, that thenceforwards
It would have been our fate to do to *his*.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

Great King! accept the homage we come forth
With willing feet, and joyful hearts, to render.
Long life and glory to your Majesty!
We offer you the glad and grateful welcome
On your return, of a deliver'd people,
Whose safety your late victory has secur'd.
The dreadful news of yesterday's defeat,
And of your Majesty's captivity,
Had fill'd our hearts with anguish and dismay;
Which by your late success, is turn'd to gladness
Proportion'd to the ills we have escap'd.
Ourselves from death or slavery sav'd—our homes
From spoliation—and our wives and daughters
From the rude insults of a fierce invader—
We now, with joyful lips, and thankful hearts,
Recognise and acknowledge, as the fruits
Hard-won, but happy, of the skill and valour
Last night exerted by your Majesty.

We tender you our best congratulations,
Alike on your success, and your return;
And, in the force which you bring back with you,
Sorely diminish'd, as we grieve to see it,
By the sharp contests they have had to wage
In ours, and in your Majesty's defence,
We recognise our country's brave defenders,
And the upholders of our Sovereign's throne.
Thanks to the Army! To the King, long life,
And happiness proportion'd to his merit!
To both, a welcome! Welcome! Welcome home!

OCYRUS.

Friends! countrymen! and—loyal subjects all!
I thank you from my heart for your kind greeting.
I had not thought again to see your faces,
After the dreadful fight of yesterday:
But One, in whom I henceforth recognise
The God of Battles—my God—yours—the God
Whom—seeing that He calls the world his own,
And has by gift and promise made it mine,
I now resolve, that all the world shall worship—
He—turn'd the tide of conquest; victory giving
At night, which more than compensated me
For the disasters of the previous day.
To Him, and not to me, your thanks are due:
To Him—and to the valiant band before you,
Which, with yourselves, I grieve to see so thinn'd
By yesterday's sad conflict. Yes! to these,
I say again, and not to me, your thanks
Are due, and should be render'd. Let them be so!
I set apart the third day from the present
As—throughout all my realm—a holiday;
A day of general gladness and thanksgiving
Which—in a form to be prescrib'd to all,
All will, I feel assur'd, rejoice to offer.

We'll now, move on. My army needs repose,
After their hot and weary march to day.
And I—well! of myself I will not speak
More than to say, that if for rest I'm anxious,
It is, that I may so be sooner fitted
For action, tending to my country's glory;
To which, henceforth, I consecrate myself.

A BURST OF VOICES.

Hear! Hear! Long live—hear! hear! Long live the King!
Our Hero—Saviour—Glorious Conqueror!

AN OFFICER.

Hear *our* salute. Long live the Fearless One!
That is the name he goes by in the Army.

THE SOLDIERS.

Long live the Fearless One! long live Ocyrus!

A VOICE IN THE CROWD.

And now—three cheers for these our brave defenders!
[*They are given—and all move on towards the city—trumpets
sounding—banners waving—the crowd mad with joy.*]





XXXVIII.

Constantinople. The library in Khaled's house. Time—a quarter to eight.

KHALED.



HERE seems a goodly row of packages.

Give me the keys. [*To HASSAN.*] Prepare them
for unlocking.

They're well secur'd, and so, would seem to be
Of value: carefully protected, too,
By covers, from external injury.
Amrou! while the unfastening goes on,
Amuse yourself by looking at this Book.
'Tis Chalcol's Bible: to be burn'd to-morrow
In public, by the executioner,
When he has taken off its owner's head :
So—now or never for a sight, if one
Will at all gratify you. I have glanc'd
At its contents, and find them various.
History, prophecy, and psalmody,
Precepts, and proverbs, lamentations sad,
Over the ruin'd fortunes of the Jews.
One book, seems solely meant to show, that all
In this fair world of ours, is vanity :
A queer conclusion! at which you and I
Are far from having yet arriv'd; and one
At which we are not likely to arrive,
Unless affairs should take another turn
With both, than they have taken hitherto.
Then—there's a splendid wedding ode. 'Tis call'd
The Song of Songs: its author, Solomon,

The Hebrew King, so fam'd for wealth and wisdom.
The Book is, on the whole, remarkable,
And its contents, in character unique ;
So various, and withal, so curious,
That, were they not, besides, so mischievous,
It would seem quite a pity that our law
Should, under such terrific penalties,
Forbid its circulation and its use.
But I am all this while detaining you
From seeing for yourself what it contains.
I'll look on while the men unpack, and you
Can join me, when the trunks are ready for us.

[He goes to another part of the room, leaving AMROU at the table, with the Book. He addresses HASSAN.]

Hassan! tell Sabat to bring in refreshments
For you and for your men; and pens, and paper,
As we must have an inventory made:
Only a rough and general one to-night,
Of what these boxes may be found to hold:
That done—we'll close and seal them, till the time
Arrives, for a particular account
And distribution, as enjoin'd by law;
First, to the Royal Treasury, and then
To the convicting magistrate: the rest
Remaining, as a recompense to him
Who lodg'd the information at this office;
The gentleman, whom you see seated yonder.

AMROU, meanwhile, having opened the Book, his eye lights on what follows.

"For it was not an open enemy
"That did me this dishonour; in that case,
"I could have borne it: neither was it one
"Who hated me, and had a grudge against me
"For unrequited wrongs of former years,
"That had so magnified himself against me;
"For then, I would have hid myself from him.

“ But it was thou! mine equal, my companion,
“ My trusted guide, and my familiar friend :
“ This was the man, who laid his hands on one
“ At peace with him, and brake the covenant
“ That had been made between them. Smooth his speech,
“ More smooth than butter, as it issued forth
“ From his deceitful mouth, the while his heart
“ Meant only war; and like to swords drawn forth,
“ In their intent, the words, that from his lips
“ As softly dropp’d, as gently flowing oil.
“ Let death upon him seize, and quick to hell
“ Let him go down! Thou, Lord! to swift destruction
“ Wilt bring the bloody and deceitful man;
“ Not suffering such, to live out half their days.”

AMROU (*to himself.*)

What startling words! and yet, how applicable
To my late conduct towards Jonadab !
Amrou! an ugly likeness of yourself
Is here, and yet, it must be own’d—a true one ;
True to the life : as a word-picture, perfect ;
Such as a master’s hand would have pourtray’d.
Conscience pleads guilty to the charge preferr’d,
In all its pungency, and—seriousness:
Yes! for how menacing the character,
Of the concluding sentences before me!
Condemnatory first, and then, alarming.
How strange! that, opening this Book at random,
I should at once have lighted upon words
Which enter as a sword into my bones.
Can it be, that there is a Power above us,
O’er all presiding, and of all observant—
One, swift to mark, and strong to punish, sin?
’Tis hinted here, that there is such a One,
And more—I see that vengeance, terrible
And speedy, is invoked upon wrong doers.

I had not thought of this! have been accustom'd
To live, as in a world without a God.
My situation may be one of peril!
O that the past could be recall'd! but now
That is not possible. The deed is done!
A deed, I must confess, of infamy:
A deed which—often to remembrance brought,
Will darken many an hour of future life.
I would—I must—forget these things: but long,
Long will it be, ere I can hope to do so.
The memory of these appalling words,
And of this treacherous act, I fear will haunt me
Henceforwards, even to my dying day.

[He has mechanically turned over leaf after leaf of the Book, while thus musing, and now—stops and reads.]

“O Lord! my soul deliver from false lips,
“And a deceitful tongue. What unto thee
“Shall be awarded? what just recompense
“Assign'd, O thou deceiving, lying one!
“Whose words are like sharp arrows of the mighty,
“And glowing coals of juniper? Woe, woe,
“Is me! in tents of Kedar forc'd to dwell,
“And to sojourn in Mesech, where abide
“The men, whose thoughts and words breathe only war,
“When mine would tend to quietness and peace.”

[He hastily passes on—again stops—and again, reads.]

“Lord! as for those who compass me about,
“Let the same mischiefs that their lips devise,
“On their own heads descend and cover them.
“Let burning coals fall on them! Into fire
“Let them be cast: that pit, from whose dark depths
“They never more shall rise. Let evil speakers
“Have no abiding place upon the earth;
“And evil hunt the sons of violence,
“So that they ne'er exalt themselves again!”

AMROU (*to himself, again*).

Another condemnation of such conduct
As mine has been! another, and another!
And threatenings of increasing fearfulness.
I feel as one who—walking in his sleep,
Has stroll'd unwittingly into a hall
Of justice, and on waking, finds himself
A criminal—accus'd, convicted, sentenc'd,
And waiting, with uneasy expectation,
The execution of the judge's verdict.
What a strange Book is this! I find myself
Drawn to it, more and more, just as the bird
On which the basilisk has fix'd its eye,
Alarm'd, and yet allur'd, gets nearer—nearer—
Until by the resistless fascination
Impell'd to hop into the serpent's mouth.
I'll look again! It cannot be, that only
Such words as I have read, are written here:
And yet—that Hebrew Prophet, when he spake
To Jonadab and to myself this morning,
Gave utterance only to denunciations
Against our rich and pleasure-loving city.
Still—towards ourselves he seem'd to manifest
A friendly mind: was bent on teaching, what
He deemed it right and good, though perilous,
To publish: and for this, I have repaid him
With what I think of now, with shame and anguish—
A treacherous betrayal into hands,
By which he will be drawn to death to-morrow!
I've somewhere seen it written, that the love
Of money, is a fruitful root of evil;
And I assuredly have found it so!
But on these thoughts I must not dwell. Again
I'll look into the Book. Perchance, a gleam
Of hope, of comfort, may break forth upon me,
To make amends for the disquietude

The sight of it has caus'd me hitherto.
In hope of better luck, I'll *backwards* go
This time; as *onwards*, more and more but serv'd
To add to my discomfort and alarm.
Let's see what next this Book of Fate unfolds.
I grow more curious as its warnings grow
More and more terrible. What have I here?
Not condemnation: no! nor threatening,
But the low moans of an afflicted one,
Whose case would seem to have been such as now
I find my own to be. Oh Amrou! Amrou!
So full of gaiety an hour ago,
And now! so sick at heart and full of fears
Of what the strange foreshowings of this Book
Make me quite dread to think upon. Alas!
Shall I e'er know a happy hour again?

[*He has just opened upon, and read, what follows.*

"The shafts of the Almighty are within me!

"I feel their poison drinking up my spirit.

"Terrors against me set themselves: the terrors

"Of God, not man, I find array'd against me."

[*He is interrupted by a call from KHALED.*





XXXIX.

*Constantinople. The house of Amrou. The banqueting saloon.
The servants feasting there. The street bell is rung, and answered
by a servant—who comes in to report. Time—eight o'clock.*

SERVANT.

THE Sons of Bacchus, and the Sons of Rechab,
Wish to come in and sing. Shall I admit them?

OSMAN.

You may do so.

[*They enter.*

BANDMASTER OF THE BACCHITES.

Our evening's labours end
In a few minutes. We were glad to see
The lighted dining-room, and hear the sounds
Of merriment which thence proceeded : so
We thought that it might add to your amusement,
To have the songs with which we finish up
The day.

OSMAN.

We shall be glad to hear you sing them.
So, to your work at once.

BANDMASTERS OF BOTH BANDS.

We thank you, Sir.

SONG OF THE SONS OF BACCHUS.

I.

Fill the glass with *sparkling* wine !
Ladies ! join us : this, will suit you :
All, "to Osman's health !" combine :
Fair enslavers ! we depute you

Our ambassadresses to him. Tell him,
 From this hall you will at once expel him,
 If your blandishments do not compel him
 Now to let us share your jollity.

II.

Fill the glass with *generous* wine !
 Join good drinking with good eating ;
 Solids—fluids—then combine
 As *we* think, to form a meeting
 Fitted to secure the commendation
 Of the *bon-vivant*. Such computation
 Tends, besides, to quick exhilaration :
 Generous wine, the drooping heart revives.

III.

Fill the glass with *potent* wine !
 We, in little estimation
 Hold the people, who incline
 To a thin and weak potation.
 Let the Sons of Rechab, and like thinkers,
 Turn to light wines, or—be water-drinkers :
 Offer us *a dram* : we are no blinkers :
 Strong drink, oft the fainting spirit needs.

IV.

Fill your glasses: fill them high !
 "To the Ladies !" who refuses ?
 Osman—will *he* dare deny
Their petition? If he chooses
 So to do—let's have a parting bumper,
 And—to the honour of my toast—a thumper:
 "A welcome home to Amrou!" There's a stumper!
 Osman ! what say you now ? Ladies ! have at him.

OSMAN (*laughing*).

First—let us hear the Sons of Rechab sing,
 It is but fair, that they should have their turn ;

And you, as we all know, though jolly fellows,
Are dangerous counsellors. *The other side*
Must now be listen'd to. Perhaps their song
May benefit, as well as entertain us.

SONG OF THE SONS OF RECHAB.

I.

Look not thou upon the wine
When it shines with ruby brightness :
Look not thou upon the wine,
In its effervescing lightness. -
For a while, it will delight thee ;
Then, will as a serpent bite thee :
As with adder's sting will smite thee :
So—the *sparkling* glass decline.

II.

Look not thou upon the wine,
Though a tempting look it weareth :
Look not thou upon the wine,
Though “the heart of man it cheereth.”
Howsoe'er it now may woo thee,
It will prove “a mocker” to thee,
And will in the end, undo thee !
So—the *generous* cup decline.

III.

Look not thou upon the wine,
When aright itself it moveth :
Look not thou upon the wine
That the toper's taste approveth.
Be it strongly recommended—
'Tis with direst ills attended,
Such, as oft may not be mended :
So—the *potent* cup decline.

IV.

Look not thou upon the wine,
 When the feast is spread before thee ;
 Look not thou upon the wine
 When, to taste it, friends implore thee.
 Little does that act beseem them ;
 True friends, we must not esteem them :
 Enemies—we rather deem them :
 So—the *social* glass decline.

V.

Look not thou upon the wine,
 When the helpful “dram” is offer’d :
 Look not thou upon the wine,
 When the “parting glass” is proffer’d.
 Life and death as it were, linking—
 Some, to others’ healths are drinking,
 While their own is daily sinking :
 “Drams,” and “healths,” alike decline.

THE LEADER OF THE BACCHITES.

Queer fellows these! as you may all perceive,
 Whose practice, strangely differs from their precept.
 “Look not upon the wine,” they stand and sing,
Usque ad nauseam, which—freely render’d,
 Means, ladies! *till you’re sick of hearing it*.
 And all the while, with fruits and wines before them
 In plenty, and in rich variety,
 Themselves *look on*, and—I’ll be bold to say,
Long, while they look, *to taste*, as well as see,
 As we poor Bacchites scruple not to own
 That we do. Try them, Osman, with a cup!
 Let it be of the best: and try them *all*,
 And let us see if courage *then* holds out,
 And they’re such fools as to refuse good liquor.

THE LEADER OF THE RECHABITES.

Osman may save himself the trouble. I
 First, answer for myself—then, for my band.

Longing, is not a consequence of looking
With us—however it may be with you.
And, when we counsel others not to look,
We mean—not that they are to close their eyes
Or *at once* turn them from the wine—but this :
That looking, when prolong'd, leads on to wishing :
And—lest *that* should grow out of admiration
Of the rich colour, or the fragrant scent,
Or aught else, appertaining to the drinks
Which hospitality may place before them,
Wisdom would bid them not *keep* looking on,
But pass to other scenes, and other objects.
That, we now do. We bid you all “good night!”
First, thanking you for the attention render'd
To our performance. Ere we go, however,
We deem it simply right and kind, to hint,
That dangers are around you, and before you :
There, from insidious drinks, and *here*, from men
Who, keeping not themselves within the bounds
Of moderation, are for having others
Run, as they do, into excess, and riot ;
The one, too surely following from the other,
As day by day we see exemplified
In the disorders consequent on drink,
And brought to light in our police reports.
Perhaps, before the hour of rest arrives,
Some in this company may wish that they
Had gone hence with the Sons of Rechab, rather
Than with those Bacchites have remain'd to revel.
But, hoping better things, we say “Farewell!”
And shall be glad, with the returning light,
To hear that with you all went well, despite
The dangerous company in which we leave you.

OSMAN.

Good night! Accept our thanks. You have deserv'd them,
And more, by your performance. But your rules

We know, are strict, and will not let you take
Aught beyond thanks, from those you entertain
So well, or we would gladly recompense you
With something more substantial. Your advice,
Well tim'd and serious, also ought to have
More from us, than the mere acknowledgment
That verbal thanks and commendations furnish.
Thoughtful attention, and perhaps, obedience,
Would be but a deserv'd and meet return
For counsel, on your part so well intended,
And kindly given: on ours, so safe to follow;
Though hard to follow now, I must confess,
With such good cheer in sight as we have here;
Provided, too, by our kind governor,
Specially with a view to our enjoyment.
Pleasure to-day, and abstinence to-morrow,
Seems now the rule. Once more—our thanks. Good night!

[*The Rechabites retire, the Bacchites remaining.*]





XL.

Constantinople. Khaled's house. The Library. Time—half-past eight.

KHALED.

NOW, Amrou, we are ready. Ha! You seem
Pale, anxious, discompos'd. What is the matter?

AMROU.

Oh! nothing. Give me wine I shall be better
So soon as we have fairly gone to work.
In looking through that Book, I chanc'd to come
On words that first condemn'd, then, frighten'd me;
So special, so exact, their application
Seem'd, to my case, my conduct, and its issues.
I shall not soon forget them! but must try,
Or peace of mind will never more be mine.
Like a barb'd shaft, they struck into my vitals,
Or serpent's sting, with deadliest venom charg'd.
I wish that I had never seen the Book!
Yet, strange to say, I'm seiz'd with an odd longing
To look again upon those wondrous pages,
Aye—and to read the Book entirely through!
'Tis a strange volume.

KHALED.

May be so: and yet
I must not let you gratify that wish,
The law forbidding me: and more—the seeing
The bad effect the Book has had upon you.
Hassan! lock up this volume till to-morrow.

[*He has handed the Book to HASSAN.*

It will be then dispos'd of so, as never

To cause disquiet to another mind,
 Such as I grieve to see it has awaken'd
 Dear friend! in yours. Another cup of wine!
 And let us then, to work.

AMROU.

With all my heart.

KHALED.

Here's a huge chest! As *number one* in size,
 It shall come first in our examination. [*He opens it.*
 What have we here? A service of gold plate,
 Fit for an emperor's table! Jonadab
 Must surely have intended to present,
 Or sell it, to our Gracious Sovereign.
 At all events, *that* is the destination
 For which it will be now reserv'd. Our King
 Will welcome this accession to the store
 Of royal plate: the more so, as the cost
 To the Imperial purse will be just—*nil*.
 Hassan! mark down—"Contents of number one,
 A valuable service of gold plate."
 Note, Amrou, ere I close this chest, the packing;
 How neatly, and how skilfully, 'tis manag'd:
 Each article most carefully protected,
 Yet, no room lost. Who would have thought to see
 So many pieces, and such bulky ones
 As some of these are, into so small space
 Compress'd? Old Jonadab! a clever hand
 At packing, I shall always reckon you.
 This chest is verily in all respects
 A marvel: finishing, you may observe,
 With lock and key of curious workmanship;
 Each in its way a masterpiece of art.
 Then, the outside—how carefully defended
 Against external mischiefs! clamp on clamp

Securing it, as though containing treasure.
Now, farewell for the present, number one !
What shall we next examine ?

AMROU.

Yonder stands
A valise—strong, but small and portable.
You'll light, perhaps, upon his cash box there.
I noted in our travels, that he always
Had an observant eye upon that package,
And guarded it with ever-watchful care ;
Seldom allowing it to pass beyond
Reach of his hand : still seldomer, to rest
Out of his observation.

KHALED.

Well ! we'll see it.
This seems to be the key. Observe it Amrou !
Another marvel of the locksmith's art.
Now—"Open Sesame !" It fits : no—yes,
This *is* the key ! and now, for the contents !
Hey, presto ! who'd have thought it ! Here's a sight !
No cash-box, but—a tray of jewelry !
Row upon row of rings of varied pattern,
Each one presenting to the eye a gem
Of beauteous aspect, and accordant value.

AMROU.

Old Jonadab seems here to have collected
A specimen of every gem that's known.
'Twould puzzle me to tell *the names* of some,
Although I boast a somewhat large acquaintance
With precious stones ; and in my cabinet
Have samples stor'd, in rich variety.
But here's a treasure, by the side of which
My whole collection would look poor indeed.

KHALED.

Now let us see what's underneath this tray.
By Hercules! *another*—richer still!
The jewels finer, articles more varied;
Bracelets and armlets, crosses, brooches, pins,
All, closely pack'd: and all, it would appear,
Judging from those that first come into view,
Of rich design, and costly workmanship.
But here we must not linger. Time is precious,
And we have much to do. I lift *this* tray,
And lo! a *third* presents itself, revealing
Watches—in gold, and silver, and enamel:
Some, plain—some, figur'd—some, to judge from this
Which I have just uncas'd, in brilliants set.
All, beautiful: and all, I doubt not, costly.
But—"on!" is now the word. We'll see what follows
The lifting of *this* tray. By Jove! how dazzling
Is now the sight that meets the eye! Look, Amrou!
Row upon row of diamonds—emeralds—rubies,
And other costly and resplendent stones
Cut, ready for the setting, but as yet
Not work'd up into ornaments, but shining
Each, in its natural and simple lustre.
A goodly spectacle! and one that prompts
The wish, to see the sparklers glittering
Upon the brow, the arm, the hand of beauty,
Where they would admiration win, and not
As here, be in the dark and out of sight.
However—they are in their proper place
Just now: we both shall be agreed in *that*!
On beauteous forms they'd show forth well, no doubt,
And please the gazer, but—not fill the pocket.
Here, to both purposes they minister.
And now, I see that we have reach'd the bottom
Of package *number two*. Mark it down, Hassan!

Most careful must we be, of these two boxes.
 They are of value, that, to estimate,
 Will call for skill and judgment, such as only
 Jews, like your friend, seem to be masters of.
 They're knowing ones in jewelry, those Hebrews,
 And plate, and coins, and stocks: in everything,
 (To run up in a word) that has a value
 Requiring quick, yet critical discernment.

AMROU.

My friend, you call him. Well! he *was* my friend.
 But speak not of him so; for there you touch
 A string, that jars alike on ear and sense
 Most painfully. He *was* my friend, but . . . now!

KHALED.

I ask your pardon, Amrou. Don't look sad,
 And let us change the subject. *Number three*
 Is wanted. First, however, bring us wine,
 And fruit: we so, shall work more cheerily:
 Then, Hassan! bring me hither that portmanteau.

[*He points to one.*]

I want to light upon the old man's cash-box,
 And seem to think that I shall find it *there*.

• AMROU.

'Tis not improbable you may do so.
 You see how carefully it is secur'd;
 And I have seen how careful, Jonadab
 Oft show'd himself to be of this—indeed,
 Of all that he brought with him. He had lists—
 Copy on copy, of the articles
 That he design'd to take away, prepar'd,
 Ere on our journey we set forth; that so,
 One lost—another might supply its place.
 And often was I sorely fidgeted
 By his anxieties about his luggage;

Which he would always see located safely,
 Ere he allowed himself a resting-place
 In train or carriage, inn or lodging-house.
 His cares, I now perceive, were justified ;
 And will I doubt not be, as we proceed,
 Yet more so, by the manifested value
 Of every separate package.

KHALED.

Yes! and we,
 As greatly benefited by that care,
 Owe hearty thanks to him for having shown it,
 And brought his valuables safely hither.
 Here's to his health! No—that will scarcely do,
 For one who is so soon to *die*. Yes—Amrou,
 I have it now! A bright idea strikes me.
 Here's to his health in Hades! Let us hope
 That there he'll have amends, for all that here
 He loses; and a lasting recompense,
 For loss of what, to him, as to us all,
 Proves but a transient, temporary good.

AMROU.

Forgive me, Khaled! But your levity
 I find just now, at once ill-tim'd and painful.
 Don't talk of Jonadab at all! To business.
 We're losing time—and still have much to do.

KHALED.

Right! pardon me. I'll not offend again ;
 We'll on, as you suggest, to business.
 This, I should think, will prove the fitting key,
 To help us to our *third* investigation.
 It is so—and behold! a grand assortment
 Of snuff-boxes: a portrait on each lid,
 Most exquisitely done on ivory.

The boxes, golden—beautifully wrought,
And border'd, each, with valuable diamonds.

AMROU.

A set of splendid gewgaws! Such as kings
Present to those whom they delight to honour.
Here's a large fortune on this single tray;
(For such I see it is.) Just lift it up,
And see what next presents itself.

KHALED.

Why—Amrou!

Who would have thought to see such things as *these*?
Sword-handles! cas'd in gold, and circled round
With precous stones: and, in the next compartment,
Collars, and stars, with diamonds glittering,
Such as adorn the necks and breasts of those
Who win by their achievements, knightly orders.
I should suppose that yet another tray
Rests under this. Yes! here it is—and see
The rich contents! Three massive golden goblets,
Such as are sometimes used as “loving cups,”
At royal feasts: and inside, and around them,
(For not an inch of space seems left unfill'd)
Small articles, of varied size and shape.
All golden—richly wrought—to judge from this,
Which I have just uncas'd—and of great worth.
Hassan! note down “contents of number three,”
Such, as you now behold them. Now bring forward
Another package for examination!
That small one yonder, with an oilskin case
Strapp'd round it, to preserve it from the weather.

AMROU.

Aye, that will be the one! His dressing-case,
I know, and writing-case, are there: perhaps
The cashbox also, which we're searching for.

I had not thought of it before; but often
I've seen him taking papers thence; and there
I know, his business-letters will be found.

KHALED.

Let's have it, Hassan. Where's the key? I think
It must be this—so curious in its make,
So difficult of imitation. There!
Box *number four*, is open. You are right
In your first supposition, and I guess
Will, in your others, prove to have been so.
The dressing-case is here: and—underneath,
His writing case: and *here*—below the two,
Cash-boxes: not one only. *There are three!*
Each stor'd, I'll answer for it, with a treasure
Of diverse character from both the others.
What turns up in the first? Bills of exchange,
Of large, and varying amounts, and drawn
By banks abroad, on the Jew bankers here,
On our great merchants, on the Royal Bank;
All, we may rest assur'd (in merchant's phrase)
"Good, and safe paper," and convertible
At any moment, into solid cash.
Along with these, and neatly tied together,
A packet to the sight presents itself
Of business letters. We will open one.
Eh! profitable business, Jonadab!
Letters of credit, these appear to be,
And, judging from this first one, for amounts
That will make up a creditable fortune,
Adding the series together. Amrou!
There seems no end to this man's wealth. To-morrow
We will go into details. Hassan! note,
Writing and dressing-cases, and cash-boxes,
As forming the "contents of *number four*."
The other two I shall not open now,

Wishing some knowledge to obtain, of what
The old man may have stor'd up in the trunks
We have not yet examin'd. [*A knock is heard.*

Who is there?

[*Enter SABAT.*

SABAT.

Hassan, my lord! is wanted instantly,
By several of the police below.

KHALED.

Go—see them, Hassan! and report at once.

[*HASSAN goes out.*





XLI.

*Assyria. A saloon in the palace of Ocyrus. Zadora has just entered.
They are seated together, on a couch. Time—late in the
evening.*

ZADORA.



WELCOME, Ocyrus! welcome to your home:
The home which we had fear'd was lost and gone,
As to our anxious hearts *you* seem'd to be.
Your people gladly greet you. More than they,
Far more, Zadora does so—*your* Zadora,
Your own dear love, as you have often call'd her
In happy hours gone by, and will I trust
Do so again, in happier hours to come.

OCYRUS.

Thanks, dearest, for your welcome! sweeter far
To one who has so highly priz'd your love,
Than the rejoicings of my loving people,
Glad, for my safety—more, for my return.
It is indeed a joy again to see you,
To hear your voice, to feel your circling arms,
And lovingly to clasp you in my own:
A joy, made greater by my previous fears,
Of ne'er beholding your dear face again,
And now—alas! that I should have to say so!
Made precious, past the power of words to speak it,
By the sad fact, that this is our *last* meeting.

ZADORA.

Our last! what mean you? Dearest, you alarm me
Almost beyond endurance! Sense and reason
Seem going from me altogether. Tell me

That you are only jesting: though 'twas cruel,
Albeit but in jest, to tell me *that*,
I can, and will, forgive you: but shall die,
If, as that dreadful look now seems to say,
Your words indeed meant what they told, and this
Is really to be our *last* interview.
Why must it be so? Have you ceas'd to love me,
Some fairer face and form encountering
In your late campaign? No—I cannot think it!
Your sense of honour is too high—the time
Too short, for such a change. Speak, dearest, speak!
My life hangs on your answer.

OCYRUS.

Calm yourself,
Zadora dear! and listen to my tale;
Which, even should it fail to satisfy you,
And win your acquiescence in my plans,
Will let you know, how groundless are those fears
To which, an instant since, you gave expression.
You heard of our defeat: heard too, that I
And the small force that to the last stood by me,
Were captur'd. Well! they took us to a cavern,
And there inclosing us, blocked up the entrance,
And plac'd a guard, our egress to prevent,
Should we the other hinderance break through.
My men laid down to sleep: which weariness
Had made to me as welcome as to them;
But, care for them, and for myself, forbade
My slumbering: and, wrapt in anxious thought,
I stood—the past, the present, and the future,
In turn, revolving: and, as drowning men
Will catch at straws, I—hopeless as appear'd
Our case—invok'd *some* succour in our need,
Unable, still, to guess whence such should come;
When lo! in glorious majesty display'd,

There stood before me One, who nam'd himself
The God and Ruler of this spacious world.
My cry had reach'd his ear. He came to help me;
Bade me fall down and worship him: then, gave
Free passage from the cavern to us all,
And charg'd me to destroy the guards without,
And then, my adversary's camp o'erpower.
He sent a force to help us—the Immortals,
Of whom, ere this, you must of course have heard:
(So much had they to do with our success.)
He promises their help in future conflicts,
And bids me go, and make *the world* my own:
For know—that he has given it *all* to me,
With other gifts, of which I will not speak
Just now, when such a matter claims our thoughts
Zadora! as our destin'd separation.

ZADORA (*rising*).

Go, then, Ocyrus, go! be great, be happy;
And think no more of her whom once you lov'd,
But now, it seems, must banish from a bosom,
Henceforth, to be engross'd by schemes of conquest,
And hope, of being sovereign of the world.
A cruel God is he who severs us!
A *good* God, I should find it hard to think him.
A dreadful thought now rises to my mind,
That 'tis the Evil One whom you have worshipp'd;
A God who promises, but to deceive,
Allures, but to betray to hopeless ruin.
When to that Tempter our first parents yielded,
The first sad sequence of his base success
Was—discord sown between two loving hearts,
And the next crime of which we read is—Murder!
The tree is by its fruit made known—the fountain
By what forth issues from it. If to murder,

As a beginning has been made your mission,
Then—the surrender of the faith you plighted
To her, who loves you more than all the world—
I say once more, and fearlessly proclaim it,
No good God can he be, no safe Instructor,
Under whose guidance you have placed yourself;
But One, whose gifts hereafter will prove *fatal*,
As now, his mandates are so plainly *wrong*.
I'll own, that he has done you present service,
And that such promises as he has made,
'Twas a sharp test of virtue to resist.
But—Eve suppos'd that he was serving *her*,
When pressing on her the forbidden fruit;
And, when her eyes were open'd, how mistaken
She found herself: how cruelly deceiv'd!
And—dear Ocyrus! can you have forgotten
That once, the enemy of God and man,
On the condition that has been propos'd
So perilously (I must think) to *you*—
“Fall down and worship me!” back'd by the promise
In that case, as in yours, of the world's worship,
And sovereignty over all its kingdoms,
Tempted in vain, the Lord's Anointed One:
But I forbear to vex you; for 'tis useless
I fear, and vain—to think of *altering* you:
The deed is done! the world *is* yours—and *you*!
I dare not speak my thought—and must be gone,
While power is left these limbs to bear me hence.
'Tis not for one like me to come between
You, and such aims and hopes as now are yours.
Go! to be great, and if you *can*—be happy.
And yet, I cannot think that you will be so.
When all that has been promis'd you, is yours,
The thought of one poor broken *heart* will rise
To grieve—the thought of broken *vows* to shame you,
And cast a shadow o'er your spirits, when

Exulting in your triumphs, and successes.
 Farewell! it wounds me to the quick, to think
 Of one so lov'd, and now, I fear, so lost!
 We meet no more, till that dread day shall come
 When, face to face, we both shall meet our Judge.

[*She rushes out in passionate grief. OCYRUS remains on the couch—stupefied: then, rises, and strikes a gong. MAHMOUD enters.*

OCYRUS.

Bring wine—a copious draught. [MAHMOUD retires.

My brain's on fire!

So, too, my throat appears to be. 'Tis well
 That she is gone; and useless to recall her.
 Her looks, her words, her grief, have sorely tried me.
 I could not have *dismiss'd* her from my presence,
 And, when she chose to *go*, was fain to *stay* her,
 And say—I know not what. But it is well
 That of her own accord she has withdrawn:
 Well, too, that on this earth we meet no more.
 As for *that other meeting* that she talk'd of,
 I have *his promise* of life after death,
 And more, of being taken up to heaven;
 So—shall not let *that* bugbear frighten me.
 When *he* deceives me, I'll begin to doubt him:
 Till then—I trust him. But here comes the wine.
 Stay! why have I not thought of it before?
 The draught *he* gave me—the Elixir—which
 He said, would always bring me pleasant dreams?

[*To MAHMOUD.*]

Here! take away the wine, but leave the cup;
 I'll take this medicine instead, and sleep.
 Let me not be disturb'd by any one,
 Till you are summon'd, Mahmoud, by myself:
 Give careful heed to that.

MAHMOUD.

Great King ! I will.

[He retires.]

OCYRUS *pours out a portion of the Elixir.*

Now I will try the potency of this;

Then, to repose—ne'er wish'd for more, than now.

[He drinks—passes to his dressing-room—unrobes, and then, into his bed-room, to bed: and is soon asleep.]





XLII.

Constantinople. The library in Khaled's house. Enter Hassan.

KHALED.

WELL, Hassan! what is your report? I trust,
One, that will cheer our spirits, giving promise
Of well-fill'd purses for ourselves, and gains
Far greater, for the Royal Treasury.

HASSAN.

My lord! I bring you tidings which—when first
I heard them, fill'd me with astonishment
Too great for utterance: so incredible
Did the report appear.

KHALED.

Out with it, man!
At once, without preamble. Work, not words,
A time like this demands. Let's *have* your news.

HASSAN.

My lord! the Jews have, to a man, escap'd us.
There, you have my report in brief. The details
I'll give, when—

KHALED.

Stop! stop! did I *hear* you, Hassan?
Or have my ears deceiv'd me? *Dare* you say
My men have *fail'd* to seize those wretched Hebrews?
And more—that *all* have given us the slip?
That not a single Hebrew is in hand,
After my well-conducted preparations,
And speedy action on the Royal Mandate?

HASSAN.

As yet, my lord, not one. Just hear me state
How things have fallen out.

KHALED.

I *must* do so;
For—till inform'd, I know not how to act,
Only—be quick, be brief!

HASSAN.

The synagogues
Were all surrounded, at the time you nam'd,
And in the manner that you had enjoin'd:
Our men in plain clothes dress'd, and so dispos'd,
As to be ready, at a given signal,
To close in on the gathered congregation.
To their astonishment, the doors remain'd
(And this, at all the synagogues alike)
Unopen'd—long beyond the time at which
They should have given ingress to the people.
And to their greater wonder—not a Jew
Sought entrance, or came into sight at all.
Our officers, impatient grown, at length
Knock'd loudly at each door: again, they did so,
And yet again; and, no response obtaining,
Forc'd the doors open: and—to their dismay,
Found, not the crowd of worshippers they sought,
But, vacant places, and a solemn stillness
Reigning throughout the edifice. They next
Inquiries made, at the adjoining houses,
And learn'd to their unspeakable surprise,
That, hours before, the Jews had met for worship,
(So, at least, their informants had suppos'd)
And then—had left for their respective homes.
Without delay, our officers then went
In search of them. House after house they enter'd,

Where Jews were known to have their residence ;
 And—strange to tell! found every house deserted.
 Of parents—children—servants—all alike,
 A clean sweep had been made. They then despatch'd
 Messengers to the city gates, to stop
 The exit of the fugitives, when there
 They should present themselves: and *there*, again,
 Baffled—eluded—to their deep vexation,
 They found themselves: for Jews, through every gate,
 At intervals, had been observ'd to pass,
 Yet not in numbers to excite suspicion,
 Nor burden'd, so, as to invite remark.
 On foot they mostly travell'd—

KHALED (*interrupting*).

Then, I hope
 That parties went out in pursuit of them.
 They cannot have gone far, and may be caught
 Ere into hiding they have time to get.
 Concealment they *must* seek. The towns and cities
 They dare not enter. These, our Proclamations
 Have render'd everywhere unsafe for them.

HASSAN.

My lord, detachments of our men are out
 On all the roads; and, ere to-morrow dawns,
 Will surely have *some* captures made.

KHALED.

But stop!
 How came it, that these Hebrews were let forth
 Beyond the gates—when copies had been sent,
There to be posted, of the Proclamation;
 And orders with them, to the guards on duty,
 Not to permit a single Jew to pass,
 But seize them, one by one, as they came up?

HASSAN.

My lord! those orders had not come to hand
At any of the gates. Our officers
Gave the *first* information to the guards,
That such arrests were to be made by them.
Previously, they had nothing heard, and so
Had nothing done. They promise now to be
On the alert, and keep a sharp look-out:
Now! when I fear their vigilance will prove
Of little use. Few Jews—perhaps not one,
Will now be found within our city walls.

KHALED.

There seems to be a strange fatality
Connected with this matter! I sent Selim
Upon a secret mission to the banks,
Then, to the other Prefects. To the gates
He had it then in charge to hasten—there,
To see the Proclamations posted up:
Then, to the railway stations to repair
On a like errand. To the Custom-house
Then, to betake himself, and do the like;
And then, to come to me for further orders.
He ought to have been back by this. Have you
Or the police below, heard aught of him?

HASSAN.

They—nam'd him not, my lord. And, as you know,
I have been in attendance here, and so
Could nothing hear, that *you*, too, would not hear.

KHALED.

A new thought strikes me. Have our officers
Yet enter'd on a search among the shipping?
It is not to be doubted, that *some* Jews,
Perhaps the greater number—*so* would try

To make their exit from this dangerous place.
 Hassan! no ship must leave the harbour, till
 A thorough search of all the vessels there
 Shall have been made by the police.

HASSAN.

My lord!
 Bad luck, again, has *here* befallen us.
 The railway stations have been visited,
 And orders left, to seize all Jews, attempting
 By train, to leave the city. But not one
 Has so, endeavour'd to go forth. I guess,
 The crafty dogs all dread the telegraph,
 And dare not venture on a railway-journey.
 The shipping seem'd alone to promise safety,
 And—*they have tried the ships!* A great war-steamer
 Which was to have been sent to sea to-morrow—
 Its builder and its owner, I am told,
 A Hebrew—went upon a pleasure-trip
 'This afternoon, and—*took a crowd of Jews,*
On an excursion out to sea! No others
 Than Hebrews, were allow'd to come on board.
 Salathiel "wish'd to gratify his people,"
 And so, had leave to go—"for a few hours."
 No more was ask'd for: and no difficulty
 Made, at the Custom-house, of the concession.
 It seem'd so natural, that a Jew shipbuilder
 Should ask a favour of *this* sort; and thus,
 In this ship, and two others—steamers all,
 The Israelites have made a grand escape.

KHALED.

But—how about the Custom-house? Had nought
 Been heard about the Proclamations, *there?*

HASSAN.

No more, my lord, than at the city gates,
And at the railway stations.

KHALED.

One would think
That Selim had turn'd traitor, seeing how
In every case, in which it was his duty
To furnish information—*that*, was wanting:
No papers left, and nothing heard of *him*.
Surely, he cannot—[*pausing*] No! The Jews were off
Both through the city gates, and from the harbour,
Before that he had time to give them warning;
In fact—before himself knew what was coming.
But still! 'tis strange that he does not return.
What *can* be keeping him so long away,
When business is so urgent—time, so precious?

HASSAN.

Let a detective go upon his track:
We so, shall soon obtain some traces of him,
If he should not himself turn up, before
Our messenger returns, which I think likely.
Some unexpected hinderance may have caus'd
His absence, which I doubt not he'll account for
Quite to your lordship's satisfaction.

KHALED.

Yes!

His past career recalling, I *must* think so,
And from my mind at once dismiss suspicion.
It shames and grieves me, even for a moment
To have admitted it. I beg his pardon
In absence, as I would do, were he here.
Our Selim is no traitor to his king.
I'd stake my life upon his loyalty.

HASSAN.

I'm glad to hear your lordship speak thus of him;
And have just thought of *this*, as possibly
The cause, alike of his delay'd return,
And his so strangely unaccomplished mission.
Suppose him watch'd and waylaid by the Jews,
Seiz'd, and lock'd up: his papers taken from him,
And made an end of—would not all, that now
Seems hard to understand, be plain and clear?
The rogues have evidently been inform'd
Of what was coming, and have turn'd their knowledge
To wonderful account. Their information
Must also have been gotten very early.
Hours before *we* receiv'd the Proclamation,
They were astir, and acting on it. Well!
Is it not probable, that some would watch
The movements of our force, and more—endeavour
By trapping such a prominent performer
As Selim, in the actings of that force,
To get at our designs respecting them,
And render them abortive for a while?

KHALED (*starting up*).

I have it now! Those two young vagabonds,
Of whom Musæus sent me information
That should have stirr'd me to more vigorous action,
Have done it all! Ten thousand curses on them!
They warn'd their people! *They*, knew how to do it,
At once with promptitude, and with effect.
"A little learning is a dangerous thing"
For some to get. This day's events have proved it:
And shown us, what enormous consequences
May follow on a single careless act.
Hassan! I cannot now explain myself—
The time admits not of it. Instant action

Is wanted. Start at once on Selim's track,
Yourself. Be back as soon as possible.
I, meanwhile, will take measures for pursuing
The Hebrew fugitives by sea and land.
They shall not get beyond my reach! Though far
They may have gone by this time, I will hunt them
As if a blood-hound were upon their path,
Or a Red Indian following up their trail,
Not resting, till I've captur'd one and all.

[*A knock.* SABAT *enters.* HASSAN *retires.*

SABAT (*addressing* AMROU).

Sir! a policeman wishes me to say
That he has something to communicate,
Which it is most important you should know.
He waits below.

KHALED.

Send him up instantly.

AMROU.

I'll speak with him in the adjoining room.
Khaled! Excuse me for a little while.

KHALED.

Certainly. I, meanwhile, will write a letter,
And send it to the Lord High Admiral.

AMROU.

Aye! "Sharp's the word." 'Tis always so with you.

KHALED.

When he has read it, "quick" will be "the motion,"
And grand the capture, that we soon shall hear of.

AMROU.

So be it! Better luck in that affair
I wish you, than has followed your assault
To day, upon the Hebrew synagogues.

KHALED.

Aye! and just let me catch the juveniles
Who spoil'd that enterprise! I'll make them wish
That they had ne'er set foot in Istamboul:
That blindness—deafness—dumbness—had been theirs,
Ere they had wrought the pretty piece of mischief
On which they have employed themselves to-day!
But I am keeping you. When you have done
With the policeman, I will order coffee,
And we will finish up our evening.

AMROU.

Yes! It is getting late; and we have had
Much to excite, while much that has amus'd us,
And rest will be acceptable to both.





XLIII.

Constantinople. A street near the prison. The Gaoler out for an evening walk. Two youths approach him. Time—late in the evening.

GAOLER.

WHITHER away so fast, my lads? I judge
That you are Hebrews; whom it is my duty
In the King's name, to seize—and I *do* seize you.
Stir not—or you are done for! I shall bring
His Majesty's police at once upon you.

JARED.

O Japheth! we are lost.

GAOLER.

Japheth? I think
I heard that name before, to-day. And you,
I guess, are—Jared.

JARED.

With my life in peril,
I must admit it, Sir.

GAOLER.

Just what I thought!
You are the lads Musæus sent with letters
To the two Prefects?

JAPHETH.

Sir, it is too true!
But we had serious reasons for forbearing
To take those letters to their destinations.
Pray don't betray us! We will show you, Sir,

That we are innocent of crime, although
We left our master's service so abruptly,
And went not on the errand that he sent us.

GAOLER.

I like your honesty, and [*lowering his voice to a whisper*]
mean to save you,
But must not be in outward show your friend :
'Tis now unsafe to be such, to a Jew.
And let me ask—what brought *you*, being Jews,
Into the lion's mouth? Are you aware
That *there*, [*pointing*] a prison stands—and *here*, its keeper?

JAPHETH.

We know *that* place, Sir! Two dear friends of ours
Have been incarcerated there, to-day.
We came, to learn their fate, and if we could,
To be of use to them. We knew our danger,
In being seen—not merely near the prison,
But anywhere within the city walls.
Still—we could not refrain from coming hither,
So anxious are we to obtain some news
About them.

GAOLER.

Chalcol, I suppose you mean,
And Dardan—the two Hebrew ministers?

JAPHETH.

I do, Sir. Can—

GAOLER.

Stop! I see people coming.
Go on a little farther, and turn down
The alley you will come to. We can there
Converse more safely. [*They do so—then*]

JAPHETH (*resumes*).

Can you give us tidings
As to their present state? and how it far'd
With Chalcol, after his arrest? and wherefore
Dardan returns not from the prison, whither
He went to see his brother? We have waited
A long time, on the look-out for his coming;
And now, were hastening to the prison-door,
At which it was our thought to knock, and ask
What had become of him, and of his brother.

GAOLER.

Indeed? 'Tis well I met you! Well, you did not!
For—in the prison then, at once located,
You would have found yourselves, to your dismay.
'Twas thus it fared with Dardan. He, and Chalcol,
Are both, I grieve to tell you, in confinement,
And both are looking to be thence brought out
To death, to-morrow.

JARED.

Dreadful! *cruel* fate, [*The boys weep.*]
For men who have done nothing to deserve it!

GAOLER.

The King and Council take another view
Of Jewish matters, and to-day declare it.
Have you not seen the Royal Proclamation,
And what it says about the Hebrew People?

JAPHETH.

We have, Sir—and have us'd the news, I trust,
To beneficial issues for our nation.
But these two men—good men—whom to deliver,
We could give up ourselves—'tis sad to think,
That *them*, we cannot save! Is there *no* hope

Of their escape? *No* way to rescue them
From the dread fate awaiting them to-morrow?

GAOLER.

None—unless I befriend them.

JARED.

Can you do so?

And *will* you do so? Take us in their stead! [*imploringly*]
Rather than *they* should suffer, *we* will die.

We owe to them a debt, we but in part
Could even so, repay. Eternal thanks,
Eternal service, are their dues from us,
Who learn'd from them the way to God and Heaven,
To Christ, and everlasting life. We fear not
To meet death *here*, in the discharge of duty,
With such a life awaiting us *hereafter*.
Oh, let us see our friends! Let them go forth,
And keep *us*, prisoners in their room! to *die*
Upon the morrow, if it must be so,
Instead of them.

GAOLER.

And die myself with you,
For such a breach of prison-discipline,
Such a departure from a keeper's duty!
Is that your wish? Our Prefect is a man
Not to be trifled with: severe in judgment,
And quick and resolute in action. He
Wants *you*, as well as those you intercede for,
And, could he catch you, would most probably
Impale you both, or burn you both, to-morrow,
So full of wrath, so full of rage, is he,
On learning, that the Hebrew congregations
Have, to a man, eluded our police,
And are clean gone, beyond his reach, and theirs.

JAPHETH.

O joyful news! [*To JARED*] 'Twas well I gave them warning!

Now, let Death overtake us—we can meet it.

GAOLER.

Not such a death, dear boys! as Khaled's vengeance
Would doom you to—one, horrible to think of!
Should he to *you* trace back the escapade
So secretly, and so rapidly effected,
Of the great multitude of Jews—at morn,
As it appeared, within his grasp, but now
Gone from it far away—I hope, for ever.
You must not linger here! for the detectives
Are out in search of you, and soon will have you,
If you remain within the city walls.
I have a pleasure-boat down in the harbour,
In which I think you may be safe awhile.
To that, I will conduct you. There remain,
Until the clocks have struck the midnight hour :
Then, bring the boat to shore (I'll show you where)
On hearing me shout out two Turkish names,
Which I write down, that you may not forget them.
You will be then supplied with some provisions,
And with instructions for your future course.
And be not then surpris'd to see with me
Chalcol, and Dardan, and another one,
In whose escape *they* take an interest,
As deep and earnest as your own, in theirs.
Now let us go. Hold down your heads. Don't speak
Until I bid you: and when in the boat,
Forbear to show yourselves to any one.
Keep close to me. I'll manage questioners,
Should such present themselves before I leave you.
I want no thanks. At all events, reserve them
For a less anxious time, and safer place.

Now—silence is the rule, and quickness.

[They have walked on rapidly a short distance, when a policeman accosts them.]

MURAD.

Ha!

Hebrews, as I'm alive! Just stop, young men;
I have a word or two to say to you.

GAOLER.

'Tis needless. I'm beforehand with you, Murad.
Taking "a constitutional" just now,
After a hard day's work, I luckily
Lighted on these young gentlemen, and made them
At once my prisoners, as in duty bound,
And prompted too, by interest, to do.
So—hands off! if you please. This game is mine.
I wish you better luck, when next you meet
A son of Abraham: hope he'll be alone,
And not—as these you now see are—in charge
Already, of the keeper of a prison!

MURAD.

So much the worse for me! I want a lift
In pocket, and position; and had thought
The "good time" come, for both, when these two lads
Were brushing past me. Then—*you* show yourself,
And blight my pleasant prospects. Pass along!

GAOLER.

Never mind, Murad! For your consolation,
Take this—and drink to better luck next time.

[Gives him a coin.]

MURAD.

Thank you, Sir Keeper! Mind your youthful prizes
Don't slip away from you. Into my clutches

I hope that they, in such a case, may come,
And help to mend my fortunes. Sir, good night!

[*A little farther on, a man, half tipsy, encounters them.*]

MAN.

Hullo! you Hebrews there—not quite so fast.
You're wanted by His Majesty—and me.
Me first—and then His Majesty—that's it!
"One fourth, to the informer." Then, the Prefect
Will take his share: and then—His Majesty.
He gets the biggest portion. That's quite proper.
Long live the King! Now come with me, my lads,
And you as well, [*to the Gaoler*] as one who—what's the
word?

"As one who comforts"—no! that's not it—yes!
But there was something else, which I forget.
"Who com—" no! "*harbours* Jews." That's
it! Come on, Sir.

GAOLER.

Stop, Sir. Hands off! Just leave those boys alone,
And me. They are in custody already.
They were *my* prisoners, before you saw them.

MAN.

And who may you be, pray?

GAOLER.

The Keeper, Sir,
Of the King's Prison: where a place for you
Will soon be found, if you don't quickly go
About your business, and leave me to mine.

MAN.

Pardon me, Sir! *You* are a gentleman
Whose friendship I don't covet, so at once

Relieve you of my company. Good night !

[He staggers off. The Gaoler and the youths pass quickly on into another street, and reach the water-side.]

GAOLER.

You see, my lads, the danger you are in.
Had you not met with me, before this time
You certainly would both have been in prison.

JAPHETH.

We should indeed, Sir! and with grateful wonder
Have noted, how the gracious hand of God
So many times to-day has been put forth
At once for our protection and our guidance.
In leaving us to you, and you to us,
How great has been his goodness! More and more
It manifests itself, as we proceed.
To you, dear Sir! we owe such thanks, as words
Are quite inadequate to utter.

GAOLER.

Well !

I will not say that you are not my debtors,
But wish you, not to speak of that, just now.
Wait, till you are in safety. I am anxious
To have you in the boat. We've reach'd the place
Of embarkation. *Here*, you are to bring it,
On hearing me shout out the names I gave you,
Which I shall do, soon after twelve, to-night.

JAPHETH.

But how are we to get on board your boat ?

GAOLER.

We'll help ourselves to one of these, whose owners
Have, luckily, gone home—their day's work done.
This, shall convey us to my yacht, and when
I've safely stow'd you there, shall bring me here.

Get in. Now—off! My boys, I give you joy,
At having given the police the slip,
And hope and pray, that all may yet go well.

[They reach the yacht.]

All here, is quiet. Go into the cabin,
And keep yourselves conceal'd, until I call you.
I'm sorry not to have my boat provision'd,
But, when I come, will bring some food with me.
Till then, your minds must be made up to fasting.
And now—aha! I had well nigh forgot
To ask, if you are us'd at all to boating,
And may be trusted with a craft like this,
Suited, as you observe, for sail or oar?
If not—my plans will need some alteration.

JAPHETH.

We have a little skill in navigation,
Having had frequent practice in this harbour,
Alike with sail, and oar.

GAOLER.

I'm glad to hear it,
And leave my little vessel in your hands.
Many and pleasant trips I've had in her.
Now, for a serious service she's requir'd.
Good night! and God be with you till we meet!

JAPHETH.

The God of Israel have *you* in his keeping,
Kind Sir—both now, and in eternity!

GAOLER.

Amen! to that. And now, once more, good bye!

[He rows himself ashore.]



XLIV.

Constantinople. Khaled's house. A room adjoining the library. A policeman waiting there. Time—late in the evening.

AMROU.



YOU wish to see me. Wherefore?

POLICEMAN.

Sir, to bring you
News, that will vex you greatly, yet requiring
Your serious and immediate attention.
Your servants, it appears, were, in your absence,
Holding high festival—'tis said, in honour
Of your return, and under your direction.
The place of feasting was, your dining-room.
Yourself had order'd that it should be so,
Little expecting, what would thence ensue.
All for a while went well. The Sons of Bacchus
Must needs, then, show themselves, and ask permission
To share in the festivities—proposing
With song and music to augment their mirth.
Osman, your steward, show'd, as I am told,
A proper hesitation in complying
With this impertinent request : and when
At length he yielded, female influence
Had made him do so, as it oft has made
Wiser and greater men from duty swerve.
Those crafty Bacchites to your women-servants
Addressed some compliments, and turn'd their heads
So, as to move them, one and all, to plead
With Osman, to allow these jovial fellows

To finish up their evening with your party.
He did so—and to music, song and dance,
All gave themselves. Excitement made them thirsty.
More and more drink was call'd for. More and more
What had been drunk, display'd its potency,
In rendering—some, quarrelsome—some, noisy ;
And, more than all the rest, the Sons of Bacchus
Uproarious, and defiant of control.
Osman had striven, all the evening through,
To keep a prudent check upon himself,
And long remain'd the soberest of the lot :
But even he, at length, became excited,
So—as when ask'd to order in more wine,
To answer, angrily and sternly—"No!"
This was the signal for a furious riot.
The leader of the Bacchites, seizing hold
Of a decanter that stood near him, hurl'd it
At Osman's head, and brought him down at once,
Insensible and bleeding, to the ground.
His fellow-servants, taking up the quarrel,
Retaliated on his mad assailant,
Of whom, his band became the prompt defenders.
A general fight ensued. Decanters, glasses,
And aught beside, that they could lay their hands on,
In all directions flew about, and wrought
No end of mischief; in their aimless course
Breaking the chandeliers, and mirrors—staining
The walls—the curtains—couches—everything
On which they lighted : and disfiguring
The room, almost beyond imagination .
At length some—prostrate laid by blows—the others
Became so through the influence of drink.
Some—took to vomiting—and all, to sleeping.
The women, made as tipsy as the men,
Lay down among them, void of sense, and shame.
We—on our rounds without, could hear the noise

Within the house ; yet, ventur'd not to enter,
Having no right to show ourselves, till bidden
To do so, by some inmate of the mansion.
Osman—on finding that the Sons of Bacchus
Had been attracted by the lighted room,
Order'd the shutters to be clos'd, and so
Forbade our seeing what was going on.
At length, a servant-maid—the only one
Whom drink had not completely overpower'd,
Came out, to let us know the state of things,
And ask our counsel and our help. She thought
It might be well, that we should carry Osman
Not to his bed, but to a hospital,
Where he would have the remedies applied,
That in his helpless state he so much needed:
Then—that *you* should at once be made aware
Of the disastrous issues of the banquet,
Which you had hop'd would prove so gratifying;
And order the offenders to be dealt with,
As to your judgment would appear most fitting
On seeing them—as you will, presently,
Just as she left them, and our party found them.
She dar'd not face you, Sir ! to-night—and so
Is gone to a friend's house to sleep, and stay,
Till summon'd to your presence on the morrow.
We—went and took off Osman, as he was—
Bereft of sense, and bleeding copiously;
And—leaving all the others as they were,
Lock'd them all in ; that you, returning home,
May see them all at once, and deal with them
As you may think their conduct has deserv'd.

AMROU.

Where were the Sons of Rechab, all this while ?
Do they not usually attend the Bacchites,
And aim, in *their* performance, to divert

Attention from the dangerous counsels given,
And bad example set, by those base drunkards?

POLICEMAN.

They do, Sir. In this case, they did so: and
In what they sang to-night before your servants,
Suggested conduct, the reverse of what
The others, in *their* song, had recommended.
And when they went away—so says your maid—
They hinted at the dangerous company
In which they were about to leave your party;
And warn'd, and caution'd Osman—as it seems,
In vain, with female influence opposing,
And to another course inclining him
Than that, which their kind counsel would have prompted.
It was from your domestic that I gather'd
All the particulars I have narrated.
I hasten'd to you with the information,
And wait your orders now, for farther action.

AMROU.

I thank you heartily, while deeply grieving
Such tidings to receive, as you have brought.
I shall not farther need your services,
Having resolv'd already what to do.
This recompense, I hope will satisfy
Yourself, and those who have assisted you. [*Gives money.*]
Now to your proper post repair, as I
Must forthwith do, to mine. Good night!

POLICEMAN.

The same

To you, Sir! with my thanks for your donation,
Which shar'd with all my comrades, will, by them,
I feel assur'd, be gratefully acknowledg'd.
Prosperity attend you, Sir, henceforwards!

AMROU.

Thank you. Once more, good night!

[*He returns to KHALED, who immediately rings. Enter SABAT.*

KHALED.

Bring in the coffee.

[*SABAT retires.*

What wanted the policeman with you, Amrou?

AMROU.

He came to tell me, that the Sons of Bacchus,
Admitted by my servants to their feast,
Have turn'd that feast into a drunken revel ;
And, as the issue, that my dining-room
Presents to view a scene of havoc, such
As he could not describe, nor I conceive.
Order my carriage. I must go at once,
And deal with these delinquents in a fashion
That will hereafter make them hesitate
Ere they *taste* wine—much less, get drunk upon it.
Happily, all have made themselves so tipsy,
That all are in my power, and at my mercy.
To-morrow, they will be consign'd to *you*,
And learn your rough and ready way of dealing
With culprits, who behave as they have done.

KHALED (*rings for the carriage : then, speaks*)

Depend upon it, I will make them smart
For their misconduct, so—that through the future
They'll greatly dread to do the like again,
After such sad experience from the past.
They shall all have their fill of punishment.
The pity is—it will not mend the mischief
That they have wrought—nor the expense repay,
Of having that, repair'd.

AMROU.

Well! never mind:
That will not prove so very burdensome,
That I need make a grief of it.

KHALED.

True! true.
But I am griev'd for your misfortune: griev'd
That such destruction should have fallen upon
A room, which I so often have admir'd,
When sharing there your hospitalities
With other friends, in days and years gone by.
However—grieving will not mend the matter,
Nor action on it, bring much satisfaction.
The rogues may suffer what *they* well deserve,
But *you* will have small benefit therefrom:
The meagre consolation, of inflicting
Mental distress on them, in just requital
Of the disquiet they have given you.

AMROU.

Well! talk no more about it. *We* have had
A pleasant evening.

KHALED.

Yes! and *profitable*.
Carry the thought of *that* away with you.
Old Jonadab's repositories promise
What will make rich amends for this night's losses.

AMROU.

You're right. I had almost forgotten *him*,
While thinking of this home-disaster. Now
Good night! and pleasant dreams.

KHALED.

Thank you. Good night!
But stop! will you not take a party with you,

For your assistance and protection—some
Of my bold fellows?

AMROU.

Thank you, Khaled ! No.
Hamet's attendance will suffice : for all
Whom I shall see at home, I look to find
Drunk, and asleep. I have a rod in pickle
For the whole party, which they little dream of :
And will be much astonish'd, when to-morrow
Brought into contact with it.

KHALED.

Don't you mean, then,
To have them all to-night arrested, and
Consign'd to durance vile, preparatory
To their appearance *here*, to-morrow ?

AMROU.

No.

A fitter course I mean to take with them :
One, that to-morrow, *you* will own, was quite
The wise and proper thing to do. A secret
I wish it to remain, just now. Farewell !

KHALED.

You raise my curiosity ! However,
I will not be inquisitive, but say
Good night ! once more. Good luck go with you !

AMROU.

Thanks.

I have already wish'd the same to you,
Or something like it—"Pleasant dreams." Good night !



XLV.

Assyria. The capital of Ocyrus. Zadora's house there. Zadora in her chamber, on a couch, weeping. Time—eleven at night.

ZADORA (*to herself*.)

O my poor heart ! so full of happiness
A brief while since, and now, so sad ! so crush'd,
That thou wilt ne'er lift up thyself again !
Joy—peace—hope—all, are from me gone ; no more
To have a resting place in this lone bosom.
An Eden left behind—before me lies
A cheerless blank, a desert waste and void.
And then—to think it was *thy* hand, Ocyrus !
Which dealt this stroke, to one who lov'd thee so,
That for thy safety I could have surrender'd
Whatever life can yield of bright and fair,
And life itself—made happy by the thought
That all went well with thee, though all by me,
Which *could* be given, had for thee *been* given !
O my lost love ! lost, not to me alone,
But lost to God—to happiness—to hope :
Lost (such I dread to think, is now the case)
Beyond recovery—beyond redemption !
With what a fatal blindness art thou stricken !
Deeming thyself of mortals the most favour'd,
Thou art of all men the most miserable.
How can I bear the thought of what awaits thee,
When Earth, made all thine own, shall from thy grasp
Be wrested, by a Mightier Hand than thine ;
And, shipwreck'd—destitute—of all bereft
That renders life desirable—thy soul

Thou then wilt lose, and lose, alas ! for ever.
 Oh ! can it be, that when the Master ask'd
 That solemn question—"What is he advantag'd
 Who gains the world, and—loses his own soul?"
 He look'd, with a prophetic eye, *on thee* ?
 And must I love no more—since now 'twere sinful
 To do so—one, so dearly lov'd *till* now ?
 God's enemy—Christ's enemy—Ocyrus !
 Such, thou art now about to show thyself ;
 The enemy of all the good, and goodness,
 Wherever found, throughout the universe.
The Antichrist of the Apocalypse,
The Man of Sin—Perdition's destin'd son !
 How the thought rends my heart, that never more
 We can be to each other, what we *were*
 Before the Evil One had cross'd thy path,
 And by his proffers lur'd thee to destruction !
 O that thou ne'er hadst seen that Wicked Being
 Whose guileful promises have so misled thee !
 And that it still were ours, to love each other
 As in past time we did—that happy past,
 Of which the memory alone is left,
 By its contrasted sweetness, to embitter
 The future of my lot, and—I must think,
 Of thine, as well as mine. Dear, dear Ocyrus !
 For the last time I designate thee so,
 And now—resign thee !

[She weeps bitterly. After a while, she kneels, and prays.]

Lord ! Thy will be done.

Do Thou support me, who alone canst do so !
 Thy Sovereign Hand, which had exalted me,
 Has cast me down. I bow beneath Thy rod,
 And ask, that all may be effected for me,
 And all may be learn'd by me, which Thy wisdom
 Would teach, and the good pleasure of Thy goodness
 Would have wrought in me, by this dreadful trial.

It is not willingly that Thou afflictest
Thy children, but in order to their profit,
And that they may be liken'd, more and more,
To Him, who pass'd through suffering to glory.
The cisterns, now, of earthly comfort broken,
I turn to Thee, the Fount of Living Waters.
Speak to me, in Thy soul-sustaining word,
What shall bring peace. Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth.

[She rises—opens a Bible—and reads from Psalms 142, 143.]

“I cried to God. I lifted up my voice
In trouble's hour, to Him that heareth prayer.
Freely, I pour'd out my complaint before Him,
And told Him all my griefs, and all my fears.
My spirit was o'erwhelm'd within me. Looking
Around, in search of help and sympathy,
I found myself from every refuge driven.
On my right hand, and on my left, not one
Would know me. No one for my welfare car'd.
But Thou, O Lord! didst know my path, even then,
And—sure of Thy compassionate regard,
I said—“Thou art my refuge, and my portion :”
And, unto Thee, in humble faith and hope,
I rais'd my eyes, and lifted up my voice.

The Prayer.

“Lord! hear my prayer: and let my supplication
Win Thy considerate and kind regard!
A God of truth and righteousness art Thou;
For Thine own Name's sake hear, and succour me.
An enemy has sorely smitten me,
And brought me down, and laid me in the dust,
Helpless—forlorn—as the forgotten dead.
In spirit overwhelm'd, and desolate,
I call to mind, O Lord! the days of old,
And all the wondrous works then wrought by Thee;
And, from these musings gathering hope, to Thee

With hands stretch'd forth, lift up my voice in prayer,
 My spirit thirsting for Thy help, as thirsts
 The gaping ground, for the refreshing shower,
 Hide not thy face! Oh! hear me speedily,
 Lest I become as those, who to the pit
 Descend, whence succour is desir'd in vain.
 Lord! show me what to do. My spirit faileth.
 In Thee I trust. I flee to Thee, to hide me.
 'Tis by Thy will that I would be directed;
 'Tis in Thy way that I desire to walk.
 Brought very low—I pray Thee, hear my cry!
 My soul is, as it were, shut up in prison:
 O bring me forth, that I may praise Thy name,
 And with the upright let me be located;
 Who then, with me, will magnify Thy goodness,
 And bless Thee for Thy kind and bounteous dealing."

ZADORA (*musingly*).

Blest words of truth and comfort! sent to cheer
 The strangers and the pilgrims of the earth,
 Sore let and hinder'd in their heavenward course,
 By fightings from without, and fears within.
 Zadora! hard although thy lot may seem,
 And sharp the trial thou art call'd to bear,
 Thine is no new and strange experience.
 Here are the words of one, forsaken—lonely—
 Of help bereft, in spirit overwhelm'd,
 As thou art now; who made the Lord his refuge,
 And cried to *Him*, and told his griefs to *Him*;
 And wrote this history, for the instruction
 Of such as—suffering in future time,
 As he had done, would need the help he sought,
 And found, in God. I would a follower be
 Of him, and such as he, whose faith and patience
 Are in this Book held forth for imitation.
 Lord! to Thy care I now commit myself,

And, leaving future things to Thy disposal,
Desire to do the duty of the present :
To serve, or suffer, as thou mayest ordain.

[A strong gale has arisen, and is increasing more and more every moment. She begins to undress, and continues her soliloquy.]

A storm is coming on. The outer world
Seems as unquiet, as the world *within*.
Tumultuous elements in both are working,
To leave behind them waste and desolation.
Yet, Lord ! the *stormy* wind fulfils Thy word,
Even in its wildest and its fiercest actings ;
And, doing that, the mischiefs it occasions,
Are more than balanc'd by the good it works,
In executing Thy supreme decrees.
Thou rulest, too, the storms of human feeling ;
Making the deepest sorrows of the heart
Conduce to beneficial ends, as when
Fierce tempests purify the atmosphere.
Thou, who hast torn, can'st heal me ; and to rest
I now resign myself, as well assur'd
That, deeply troubled, I am not forgotten,
But watch'd by Thy unslumbering eye, and guarded
During the hours of darkness and repose,
From threatening ills, by Thy Almighty Hand.





XLVI.

*Constantinople. The house of Amrou—to which he has just returned.
The banqueting saloon. Enter Amrou and Hamet. Time—half-
past eleven.*

AMROU.

A sad scene this indeed! The entertainment
Which I had hop'd would make my servants happy,
Has terminated woefully for *them*,
And most injuriously for *me*. Look round:
What havoc have those wretched drunkards made
In this fine room! The mischief done will cost
That to repair, which they could not provide,
Were all they have, to be by force wrung from them.
And what a picture of debauchery
Is now before me! floor, chairs, tables, cover'd
With filthy vomitings, the sight of which
Is unendurable—the exhalations
Still more so: faugh! I must at once be gone,
Or I shall vomit soon, as they have done.
Come to the library with me, and there
Receive the orders that I wish'd to give.

[*They go thither. Then, AMROU resumes,*
Hamet! 'tis well you were not of this party.
You would not, in that case, have been what now
You are, and will from this day be—a freeman,
And an enrich'd man, too. You stay with me
By your own choice, and it shall be my care
To leave you no regrets, at having done so.
As for the rest—I pay them off to-morrow,
And send them forth with damag'd characters,
To make their way in life as best they may.

No help will they henceforwards have from me.
The beastly wretches have contriv'd to turn
A room of almost princely elegance
Into a chamber of abominations,
And more—a scene of vile indecencies.
How shamelessly their persons were expos'd !
Not the men only—saw you not the women ?
They must have swallow'd copious draughts of wine,
To bring them into such a state as *that* !
(Perhaps those Bacchites forc'd them down their throats)
I now bethink me of a punishment,
Well fitted to awaken in their bosoms
A proper sense of shame and self-aborrence,
Before the law has laid its hand upon them.
Hamet ! extinguish all the lights, and leave
Every one lying, as just now we saw them.
Lock them all in ! that so, when morning comes,
And from their drunken slumbers they wake up,
The mischief done, the filth, the shamelessness,
May be presented to their observation,
To their intense astonishment, and dread
Of what will follow from their reckless riot.
I saw the shutters had been made secure :
Be it your care, to see that all the house
Is made so for the night : then, come to me.
Bring to my dressing-room the keys. I'm weary,
And will to rest retire ; and have no doubt
You, Hamet, will be glad to do the same.
Now go, and don't be long ere you return.
[HAMET retires. AMROU proceeds to his dressing-room.]





XLVII.

Constantinople. The prison. The cell there, in which Jonadab, Chalcol, and Dardan are confined. Time—ten at night.

DARDAN.



UR meal now ended, let us render thanks
To God, the giver.

CHALCOL.

Do so. 'Tis most proper.
On you, dear Dardan, we devolve the duty.
[*They all stand up.*]

DARDAN.

Lord! Thou hast been the refuge of Thy people,
In every age, in every generation.
With bread from heaven, with water from the rock,
Thou didst sustain our fathers in the desert;
And unto us, in our extremity,
Hast furnish'd sustenance as unexpected.
We offer Thee our grateful thanks, O Lord!
For these supplies, and all Thy mercies past,
And, above all, for Thy reveal'd salvation.
Accept our praise, through Jesus Christ thy Son,
And, through Him, grant us life for evermore!
[*A pause. Then,*]

CHALCOL (*to JONADAB*).

Soon after you and I were brought in here,
I was suggesting, father dear! that we
Should to the Lord address ourselves in prayer,

As now, our only hope, but—all-sufficient,
 Even in such extremity as ours.
 You seem'd to think, that we were past deliverance :
 And, while we were debating, in came Dardan
 And that abusive turnkey : afterwards,
 Our friendly keeper, and our late refreshment.
 Now that we are again alone, I think
 It would be well to join in supplication
 To Him, whose word gives such encouragement
 To all, who feel their need of help from Him,
 To call on Him—the Answerer of Prayer,
 Recording, as it does, such wondrous things
 As wrought by God, for those who waited on Him.

JONADAB.

I will not now object, my son, to join you,
 Deeply cast down in spirit though I am.
 I know that God *can* help us, if He *will*.
 'Tis *there* I hang in doubt. We, seem forsaken.

DARDAN.

Not altogether so. Our Bible tells us
 Of times, when Hebrews in captivity
 As we are, found—what *we* have found—compassion
 Stirr'd up, where it would scarcely have been look'd for.
He made them to be pitied—it is written
Even of those who into bondage brought them.
 'Twere well, methinks, that we should look upon
 Our keeper's manifested pity for us,
 As evidence that we are not forgotten
 By Israel's keeper. He, in the beginning,
 Spake but the word, and light from darkness shone :
 And oftentimes on drooping hearts he rises,
 And turns the shades of death into the morning.
 Dear father! let us pray.

JONADAB.

Do you begin,
 And I will try and join you, weak in faith,

And sad in spirit though I find myself.
 It may be, that we shall not pray in vain :
 And 'tis at once our interest, and our duty,
 Not to leave aught untried that seems to promise
 Deliverance from peril such as ours.

[*They all kneel down.*]

CHALCOL (*prays*).

O Thou, that dwellest in the heavens !—to Thee
 We lift our eyes, and send our humble prayer.
 Behold ! as servants keep their eyes upon
 The master's hand, and maidens, in like manner
 That of their mistress watch, with duteous care,
 Just so—our eyes are on the Lord our God,
 Until to us He manifests His mercy.
Have mercy on us, Lord ! have *mercy* on us !
 Behold us—sunk in shame, and fill'd with grief
 Through the contemptuous dealing of the proud,
 And scornful gibes of men that are at ease,
 While we—with hearts to overflowing fill'd,
 Pour out our sorrows unto Thee—encourag'd
 By Thine own words of promise and command—
 “Call upon Me, when troubles gather round thee;
 “For I will then deliver thee, and thou
 “Shalt glorify me.” Be it so, O Lord !
 We rest upon Thy truth, obey Thy counsel,
 And trust to see Thee, with Thy powerful hand
 Fulfilling the kind words Thy lips have spoken.

JONADAB (*prays*).

Out of the depths, we cry to Thee, O Lord !
 O hear us ! Let thine ears attentive be
 O Lord ! to our distressful supplications.
 Sinful—unworthy—such we are, before Thee.
 Yet, Lord ! if Thou should'st mark iniquity,
 Who then of mortals in Thy sight could stand ?
 But—that thou mayest be reverenc'd and lov'd,

There is forgiveness of sins with Thee.
 Our souls reposing on Thy faithful word,
 We wait for Thee, O Lord ! as those who watch
 For the sun's rising—yes ! as those who watch
 In earnest hope, the coming of the morning.
 "Let Israel hope in God," is Thine own counsel ;
 "For with Him, there is plenteous redemption,
 "As well as mercy to forgive, and save."
 And then, the promise—Lord ! now verify it !
 "He will bring Israel out of all his troubles."

DARDAN (*prays*).

The day is thine, O Lord ! the night is thine.
 How didst Thou show thyself the King Supreme
 O'er both, in Esther's day, when Haman sought
 Thy people to destroy from off the earth,
 And would have carried through his murderous purpose
 But that, in answer to Thy people's prayers,
 Thou didst turn back the coming flood, and madest
 His mischief to recoil on his own head,
 And bring upon himself disgrace and ruin.
 In Egypt too, how didst Thou show Thy power
 Good to educe from evil, light from darkness,
 When "the set time" had come, for the uprising,
 Of gladness out of gloom—the termination
 Of the long night of Israel's sorrow there !
 Lord, it is *night-time* now, with us. In darkness,
 And deep distress, we call upon Thy name :
 "A tower of strength, to which the righteous runneth,
 And is in safety." Thine own word assures us
 That such Thou art, to those who trust in Thee.
 We call to mind—we ask *Thee* to remember
 The times, when Thou didst open prison-doors,
 And bring Thy servants forth—unharm'd, and free !
 Send *us* deliverance : and oh ! send it soon !
 Jesus ! Messiah ! Son of David ! hear us.

Thou—who on earth didst say to Thy disciples,
 “Lo! I am with you to the end of time,”
 And—“Wheresoever two or three are met
 As worshippers of Me, there, am I with them”—
 Give evidence, that thou art now with *us*!
 Fulfil in *our* experience that word
 So wonderful, in which Thy church was told,
 “If any two of you shall be agreed
 In what they ask—my Father in the heavens
 Will hear, and do for them the thing desir’d.”
 What more shall we now say? Most gracious Lord!
 We place ourselves at Thy disposal—leave
 Our souls, our all, to be by Thee reserv’d
 For life—for death—as Thou shalt deem most fitting.
 Living, or dying, let us but be Thine,
 And we shall find ourselves so—made for ever.

*[A brief pause. Then, a gentle knock at the door,
 which is opened from without, and the Gaoler enters.]*

GAOLER.

I thought that by this time you would have ended
 Your meal; and come myself as servitor
 To clear the table, in the room of one
 Whom you wish not to see, nor I to force
 Upon you. Let me hope that you have found
 The viands which I brought, acceptable.
 I’m glad to see that *you*, dear Sir, [*to JONADAB*] have join’d
 Your sons, in taking some refreshment—needed
 By all, but by yourself especially.
 Tell me—ere for the night I lock your cell,
 And leave you to repose yourselves—can aught
 Be furnish’d by me to promote your comfort?

JONADAB.

Thank you, Sir—nothing. We have been well car’d for,
 And should not deem it courteous to detain you

From other duties, or from needed rest,
After the various labours of the day.
We bid you, Sir, good night! and our best wishes
Go with you, for your welfare in the future.

GAOLER.

Thanks! thanks! I wish I could reciprocate
Your kind desires: but for yourselves—alas!
The future is with direful promise fraught.
To-morrow!—I can say no more. Good night!
*[He wipes away some falling tears—shakes hands with
each—and goes hastily out.]*





XLVIII.

*Constantinople. The house of Amrou. Hamet going about the house,
and speaking to himself, meanwhile. Time—close upon midnight.*

HAMET.

HE gives me freedom, and for that, I thank him
As for a kindness done me, on the part
Of one, by whom it might have been withheld.
He *could* have kept me still in slavery,
And *did not*: so far, I am grateful to him.
But—why was I in bondage held, *at all*?
Bought with his money, I became his slave :
But—bought of men who had no right to sell me,
He held me by the law of force alone.
I should have freed myself had I dar'd do so,
In the first hour of my subjection to him :
But with the sad alternative before me
Of loss of liberty, or loss of life,
I bore the one, that I might keep the other.
Now I am free ; and so far, Amrou ! bless you.
As to all else—I curse you from my heart !
I'll no more be your tool in such transactions
As that you have employ'd me on to-day ;
Nor let you rise to wealth on my dishonour,
As you are doing now. Those grinning servants !
How they enjoy'd the sight of my disgrace,
When you were scolding and reviling me !
Such pleasure, never shall be theirs again !
I'll show them, henceforth, a clean pair of heels.
What though your wrath was meant to go for nothing ?
They did not know that, and they never will :
For—though I talk'd of keeping in your service,

Instead of that—I'll have your life to night !
By dagger, poison, or by fire, I'll have it—
Perhaps, by all the three combin'd. We'll see
What turn events will take. How fortunate,
That you have lock'd the servants in that room !
There they all lie, too drunk to spoil my plans,
Or interrupt my meditated action.
Also—that bringing in your travelling-trunks,
Along with those of Jonadab the Jew,
You would not have them taken from the hall,
“Till farther orders.” Jonadab's are gone,
As you well knew at eventide they would be ;
But yours, remain—all ready to my hand
For deportation in the luggage-cart,
So soon as I shall have dispos'd of *you*.
Why did you not yourself repair to Khaled
And lay that information, as you meant
So largely to enrich yourself thereby?
The Proclamation gives *to the informer*,
One fourth of what that Jew's effects shall furnish :
And—*that is mine*: for I was the informer ;
And you have taken it, and promise me
A recompense—just what you choose to give !
Your gift may be a liberal one—but still
Is sure to come immensely short of what
You for your own advantage will retain :
And so—I'll take your life, and help myself
From your repositories in this house,
And from the trunks that I shall take away,
To what I trust will make me some amends
For what I judge that you have robbed me of.
Small 'scruple have I as to murdering you,
Remembering your treacherous betrayal
Of those two Hebrews into Khaled's hands :
Your show of friendship for them, all the while
That you were hatching deadly plots against them !

They die to-morrow by your agency,
And I will their avenger be, to-night.
Going before them to the shades below,
How will you face them, following you thither!
The interview will be a curious one,
And one, that I should greatly like to witness.
On their side, wrath, reproach, and scorn: on yours,
Shame, that will not allow you to look up,
And agonising disappointment, caus'd
By my frustration of your wicked plan
To rise upon the ruin of these men:
The cup dash'd from your lip, just at the moment
Of tasting and enjoying its contents.
Well—"Serv'd him right!" will be the exclamation
Of all, to whom this tragic history
Shall be made known hereafter. Ha! what's here!

[He has been searching among the articles in the house-keeper's room.]

A bottle, labell'd, "Prussic acid, *poison.*"
Nothing could come to hand more opportunely!
With this, I'll give my master his *quietus*.
And now—his orders having been obey'd,
I'll to him with the keys, and with the physic
That I intend to constitute his death-draught.
Should that scheme fail from any cause, this dagger
Shall do the business, when he's laid to sleep.





XLIX.

Constantinople. The prison. The cell in which Jonadab, Chalcol, and Dardan are confined. They are all asleep. The door is softly opened from without. The Gaoler enters. Time—a quarter to twelve at night.

GAOLER (*whisperingly*).

RISE, friend! [*to one*] wake up! [*to another*]
[*To the third*] Wake! wake! and follow me,
Making as little noise as possible.
Your shoes were better carried in your hands:
And—as you value life—speak not a word
Until I bid you do so.

[*He conducts them out of the prison, into the street.*

Now—we're free
To speak, to act, to go where'er we will.
I have a cab at hand. Our safest course
Will be to hasten to the water-side.
No Jew must venture through the city gates—
No Jew is safe within the city walls;
But on the water may be so a while,
And I have there a boat in waiting, mann'd
By two Jew rowers, which, by morning light,
We helping them, will far away have borne us
On the wide sea—where, free from observation,
We may debate upon our future plans.

JONADAB.

Are you then, going with us?

GAOLER.

Certainly!

My danger, after aiding your escape,
Would be as great, if found, as would your own.
I have resolv'd henceforth to share your fortunes,
And brave your perils. [*They enter a cab.*]

CHALCOL.

We are so astonish'd

At our recover'd freedom, and your conduct,
Of which we cannot even guess the reasons,
That you will pardon us if we are wanting
As yet, in suitable acknowledgments.
We feel your kindness deeply, be assur'd,
But know not what to think of our escape,
So suddenly effected, and so strangely.
We shall not realise that we are free,
Till made aware what mov'd you to befriend us
So unexpectedly as you have done.

GAOLER.

Give God the praise. You prayed to Him. I heard you,
And—*He has heard you*; and has succour'd you
By means that enter'd not into your thoughts,
And in a way you had not dar'd to look for.
While better to you than your fears permitted
Your anxious hearts to think that He would be,
He has gone far beyond your utmost hopes.
But we must drop this subject for a while:
The cab has brought us to the water-side,
And within easy hail, I see our boat.
I'll settle with the driver. Go you on,
Your faces hiding—yet not in a way
To cause suspicion, or provoke inquiry

By look, or otherwise, from passers-by.

[*They leave the carriage. After a short talk with the cabman, he dismisses him, then, shouts—*

Achinet! Amurath! bring your boat ashore.

The moon is rising, and we'll have a turn

Upon the water, and a little music,

Which, as the song says, always "sounds the sweetest,

Upon the moonlit sea."

BOATMEN.

We're ready, Sir,

To help you with our services, and song.

GAOLER.

I'm glad to hear it.

[*While they are bringing the boat to him, he addresses a man, who stands waiting with a cart.*

Have you brought all my parcels, as directed?

MAN.

I have, Sir.

GAOLER.

Hand them out, and leave them here.

My boat, you see, is coming, to receive them.

[*This done—the Gaoler proceeds.*

I'll not detain you now. Good night!

MAN.

Good night, Sir!

You'll have a pleasant sail, I trust.

GAOLER.

I hope so.

CHALCOL (*the man having departed*).

Does that man know you? Should you be inquir'd for,
He'll tell where we are gone.

GAOLER.

Make your mind easy :

He has *no* knowledge of me—nor have those
Of whom I made my purchases. Of that
I had a proper thought when making them.
[*To the boys*] Have them into the cabin. [*After a pause*]
Is all ready ?

BOYS.

Everything, Sir.

GAOLER.

Then—get in, friends. Now off !
If you have power to sing, 'twere well to do so
Till we are out of hearing from the shipping.
Let it be thought we are a pleasure-party,
Then, we shall not be question'd, or disturb'd ;
Nor will our going forth towards the sea
Be wonder'd at.

DARDAN.

Why—Jared ! can it be,
That *you* are here--and Japheth too ?

GAOLER (*softly*).

Hush ! sing,
As you were told to do. Those Hebrew names
Must not be mentioned here. Talk by-and-by ;
But now—let only sounds of merriment
Be heard among us : laughter, song, or music.

JAPHETH (*aloud*).

Ha ! ha ! old friend—I'll treat you to a tune :
One of the newest and the merriest,
That Istamboul can furnish.

GAOLER.

Let us have it
Achmet! by all means: first, the instrumental,
And then, the vocal. Only, I must row,
While you perform: so I will take this oar.

[JAPHETH *plays a piece of popular street music.*

CHALCOL (*softly*).

We have a Psalm, to which that air is suited.
Suppose we sing it. None will hear the words,
And those who know the tune, will think they hear
The song to which that music has been set.

[*The Christian Hebrews unitedly sing the following
Psalm—*JONADAB and the Gaoler listening.

I.

The Lord Himself descended,
(May Israel now say)
And His sinking church defended,
In danger's dreadful day,
Or—hosts of foes against us rising,
And schemes of direst ill devising,
We, to their malice given,
Had been to ruin driven.

II.

But, while their wrath was burning,
And no relief seem'd near,
God, suddenly returning,
Our helper did appear.
Else—the proud waters had gone o'er us,
And hope had vanished from before us
Like a departing dream,
Beneath the o'erwhelming stream.

III.

Permitted to o'erpower us—
 With merciless accord
 They were hastening to devour us ;
 But—blessed be the Lord !
 Who, when His people seem'd forsaken,
 Their prey has from the mighty taken,
 Which—helpless to regain,
 They gnash their teeth in vain.

IV.

Like ravening lions, gaping,
 They stood around us there ;
 But, as a bird escaping
 Out of the fowler's snare,
 Even so—with grateful joy 'tis spoken—
 Have we escap'd : the snare is broken !
 And with unhop'd surprise,
 To Liberty arise.

V.

All praise to our Defender !
 His victory let us sing ;
 Who such timely aid did render,
 And so great salvation bring.
 Such help, none other could have given
 Than He, who made the earth and Heaven.
 Come ! and with loud acclaim,
 Sound through the world His name.

DARDAN (*softly*).

Now change the measure, Japheth. Let your tune
 Be suited to our frequent even-song :
 You know the one I mean.

JAPHETH.

I will, with pleasure.
 As the moon now is brightly shining on us,
 The song and scene will be in harmony.

I.

Great and Mighty King!
Whose fame is borne in ceaseless story
On the morning's wing
Alike, and night's unfolded glory,
Air, and earth, and sea, Thy handywork display;
Thy supreme decree, all things that are, obey:
Lord! and can it be, that 'mid the vast array,
Thou dost man to memory bring?

II.

When the night draws on,
And stars appear, as day is waning,
Silent, and alone,
And each, its place and course maintaining—
Gemm'd with specks of light, soon all the sky is seen,
Diamonds to the sight, and azure all between,
Mingled dark and bright—the moon, with richer sheen,
Pouring silver radiance down.

III.

Lifting up my eyes
To these, in wondering contemplation,
Thence, my thoughts arise
To Thee, in humble adoration.
Lord! and can it be, that Thou, whose glories shine
In all the worlds I see, wilt give a thought of thine
To creatures such as we—and more, to man assign
Rule, o'er all beneath the skies?

IV.

What to Thee, is man?
To Thee—the Lord of all creation;
What—that Thou shouldst plan
For him, this wondrous exaltation?
More than this—should'st deign Thyself his form to wear,
All his grief and pain in Thine Own Person share,
Nor should'st even disdain his punishment to bear:
Who, the mystery shall scan!

V.

Lord of Angels! why
 On earth reveal'd, in human seeming?
 'Twas—that Thou might'st die,
 The souls of sinners so redeeming.
 For a little while, beneath the angels made,
 And by blackest guile, to shame and pain betray'd.
 God's returning smile was so to man display'd,
 Life restor'd, and purity.

VI.

What is man, O Lord!
 That Thou to him, when disobeying,
 Should'st such grace accord,
 Thyself in human flesh arraying?
 Angel natures when Thou didst so far excel,
 Thou, a man with men, didst deign awhile to dwell;
 Rais'd to heaven then, as did beseem thee well,
 Ever to be there ador'd.

GAOLER.

The night is fine : a gentle breeze is blowing :
 Suppose we hoist the sail ?

DARDAN.

'Twere well to do so.
 We're getting now almost beyond the shipping,
 And towards the open sea. We shall go faster,
 And get the sooner to our destination.

GAOLER.

And where may that be? You have not inform'd me
 Where it is your desire that we should land.

DARDAN.

Nor you, of what we much desire to know :
 Your reasons, for effecting our escape

To-night from prison, and from death to-morrow:
A rescue, which demands our warmest thanks.
Bear away for the Euxine. We must spend
As yet, some hours upon the open water,
And now, can listen to your narrative,
Fearless alike of hearers, and pursuers.

GAOLER.

Your mention of the prison, has suggested
An act, which I intended to perform
At the first fitting opportunity.
There go the keys ! My occupation gone,
Their services will be no more requir'd.
His Majesty may find another set
For my successor in that hateful office,
Although, in every State, a needful one.

[He has thrown the prison-keys into the water.]





L

*Constantinople. The house of Amrou. Amrou in his dressing-room.
Then, in his bed-room—alone. Time—near midnight.*

AMROU (*to himself*).

MUSÆUS, when he comes to dine to-morrow,
Must do so, not as we are us'd to do,
In the saloon these beasts have so misus'd,
But in my breakfast-room, or library.
A fool was I, to let them have that room!
And yet, I had important reasons for it.
Those Hebrews—ah! the wealth of Jonadab
Will for the damage done, make reparation
Complete and ample: so, I'll grieve no more
For *that* mischance. 'Tis said, there is no pleasure
That has not its alloy: and this is mine
To the great gains that I am looking for
From that old Jew's immense effects. Alas!
Thinking of *him*, brings to my mind another,
And yet another drawback to the gladness
Which else I should have had from this enrichment.
His death to-morrow, and that Prophet's Book,
Which I could wish that I had never seen,
And yet, *wish more*, that I could see again,
And read quite through; so strange seem its disclosures,
So pungent its rebukes of what is wrong,
So right its teachings in their character.
I must contrive, somehow, to get a copy
(Money will do it) somewhere. But the peril
Of being its discover'd owner! Bah!

I'll find a hiding-place (as others do
For aught that they may wish to keep conceal'd)
And read it through in secret, in defiance
Alike of King and Prefect. **Now to sleep.**
I've had a most exciting day, and rest
Is hence, what I am most dispos'd to covet.

[*He gets into bed. HAMET enters, soon afterwards.*

Hamet! some sherbet bring me: then, I'll have you
Stay with me, till you see me fast asleep.
I'm very thirsty, and feel somewhat lonely,
And vapour'd by some thoughts that I have had
Since my return from Khaled's: so, should like
Your company, till drowsiness o'erpowers me.
And mind! whatever noises you may hear,
On no account let anyone come forth
Before the morning, from that dining-hall.
Should they become uproarious, let them know
It is my pleasure, there to keep them prisoners,
Till the police shall bring them out. Now, Hamet!

[*HAMET hands him the sherbet, with a strong infusion
in it, of the prussic acid. He drinks it off at once:
then, turns on HAMET a dreadful look—and dies.
HAMET, to make sure work, stabs him to the heart,
and leaves the dagger in his body. He then hastens
out, locking the door after him, and taking with him
the key.*





LI.

Constantinople. Khaled's house. The drawing-room. Khaled alone.
Enter Hassan. Time—near midnight.

KHALED.



ELL, Hassan! you must have us'd expedition,
To have return'd so soon. How have you sped?

HASSAN.

Well, my lord! thus far—I have news of Selim :
But ill—in having learn'd that he is—dead !

KHALED.

What say you, Hassan ? It would seem to-day,
As if it were your fate to be the bearer
But of astounding, and—I grieve to add,
Of *evil* tidings. Selim *dead*? Pray tell me
How it occur'd. You take away my breath.

HASSAN.

He has been savagely and foully murder'd
By Ishmael (you know the man, my lord,)
And some of his confederated thieves.

KHALED.

Knowing the murderers, I hope you *have* them.
'Twere sad indeed, such culprits should escape us.

HASSAN.

I have them all, my lord.

KHALED.

'Tis well. Poor Selim !
His Majesty has lost a faithful servant,

And we—a most efficient coadjutor.
But tell me, Hassan, how it all fell out.

HASSAN.

Accompanied by two of the police,
I made all haste, my lord, to track out Selim,
And learn'd, that he had left with Beaumanoir
And other bankers, whom he found with him,
Some of the Proclamations, and your message.
Going thence onwards, as I pass'd an archway
At no great distance from the banker's house,
I saw a pool of blood; and, down the archway,
Large drops of blood in a continuous stream,
Up to a house-door at the end. A woman
Had just begun to wash these stains away.
I ask'd her what had caus'd them, and her answers
Proving by no means satisfactory,
We took her into custody at once,
And—working on her fears—extorted from her
The dreadful news, that Selim had been slain,
And, in a yard behind the house, lay buried.
She show'd the place. We rais'd a stone, and saw
A pit, whereinto they had thrown the corpse,
A heap of quick-lime lying at the bottom,
And underneath, the body of our friend!
I order'd its immediate disinterment,
Leaving one man to see to *that*. The other
Had in his charge the woman, whom we quickly
Plac'd in confinement for the night. We then,
Acting on information she had given,
Went in pursuit of Ishmael and his band.
The Forty Thieves, of whom he is the leader,
Would all, we heard, be found in the Jews' houses,
Intent on plundering them, ere the police
Should come, as it was thought that they would do,
In the King's name, to seize on the effects

Of the proscrib'd and flying Hebrew people.
We got together, quickly, a strong force,
And—fortunate beyond our expectations,
Succeeded in surprising and arresting
By twos and threes, as on from house to house
We took our way, this noted band of burglars—
The whole confederated troop; including
Their chief, and Selim's other murderers.
Of course, the enterprise was one of peril.
The rogues were with much difficulty taken,
Resisting to the uttermost our men,
All of whom they have handled very roughly,
And have hurt some, I grieve to say, severely,
And even dangerously. But—*we have them*;
And for awhile, the city will be freed
From apprehensions, in regard to men
Of whom it has been held for months in fear.
My mission executed, I am here
And wait your lordship's further orders.

KHALED.

Hassan!

Your promptitude, and skill, and courage, all
Command my admiration, and my thanks.
I'm glad to see that *you* return, unhurt.

HASSAN.

Only a scratch or two. That's all the harm
That, in our fights—and we had several—
Came to my share.

KHALED.

'Tis well. And now, my friend,
Most favourably you shall be reported,
And may depend on quick and high promotion,
And a commensurate reward, for service

Such as you now have render'd to the State.
I have no farther work for you. 'Tis late.
I give you joy on what you have accomplish'd,
And send you to refresh and rest yourself.
Good night, and pleasant dreams !

HASSAN.

My lord, I thank you,
And, wishing you the same, now take my leave,
Happy to find that my success has pleas'd you,
And will be well reported of.

KHALED.

Good night !
I, too, am tir'd, and must to rest repair.
We shall have work in plenty on the morrow.
[HASSAN *smilingly nods assent and retires.*





LII.

Assyria. The capital of Ocyrus. The house of Zadora. Her bedroom. She is asleep—and has a vision of angels. One, addresses her. Time—past midnight.

ANGEL.



ADORA! thou art not forgotten. Lo!

From heaven, ministering angels come;

Heralds of grace, sent forth to minister

In turn, to all the heirs of God's salvation,

And now, to thee. Our song shall let thee know

The thoughts of Him who, from yon' glorious world

Has sent us: thoughts of peace, and not of evil.

Listen, dear sister! and be comforted.

The word of peace that thou wert waiting for,

Our hymn shall breathe into thy raptur'd ear.

[She seems to hear a strain of exquisitely soft music, accompanying the

ANGELS' HYMN.*

I.

Sleep, my beloved! sleep: the winds are sweeping

In the strong fury of their midnight power;

But I, thy Saviour, constant watch am keeping,

Ever to shield thee in destruction's hour,

And if too near they come, with adverse will,

My voice divine shall whisper—"Peace! be still!"

II.

Sleep, my beloved! deep to deep is calling,

The mountains tremble at the stormy wind,

Man's lofty monuments around are falling,

And in his dwelling, he his tomb may find;

Yet doth the tempest my commands fulfil,

And all is silence, when I say "Be still!"

* See note on this at the end of the volume.

III.

Sleep ! even if to thee this storm were bearing
Death on its wing, its errand would be—love ;
For then—my likeness and my glory sharing,
Thou would'st behold thy Father's house above.
Sleep, my beloved ! fear not them who kill ;
In death—in judgment—I am with thee still.

IV.

Yes ! sleep, belov'd one ! Death should not alarm thee,
Though on the stormy wind he rideth near :
I am his conqueror : he cannot harm thee :
O thou of little faith ! why should'st thou fear ?
Nor death, nor life, can work my people ill ;
Sleep, my beloved ! I am with thee still.

V.

Sleep, my beloved ! sleep : I am not sleeping :
Mine eyes no weariness, no slumber know :
My love, unchangeable, its watch is keeping
O'er every pilgrim of the cross below.
Now let my peace thy anxious bosom fill :
Sleep, my beloved ! troubled heart, be still !

ANOTHER ANGEL.

The peace of God be with thee, sister dear !
We leave thee in His keeping, till a time
Of need with thee, shall on another errand
Of grace and mercy from our glorious Lord
Bring us—most willing ministers of comfort
To hearts with sorrow fill'd, as thine is now.

The night of weeping, long though it may seem,
And tedious in its course, will have an end ;
And then! a morning comes, all bright and cloudless
As that, which dawn'd upon creation's birth ;
The beaming forth of heaven's eternal day.
The Lord dispose thine heart yet more and more
To love Him, and with patient faith to wait
The coming of His Son, to take thee hence
To be with Him, thenceforwards, and for ever.

*[They depart. ZADORA remains tranquilly asleep, with
a pleasant smile on her countenance.]*





LIII.

*Constantinople. The street in which Khaled's house is situated.
People running and shouting. Khaled in bed, meanwhile—and fast
asleep. Time—about an hour after midnight.*

VOICES.



IRE! Fire!

KHALED.

(Roused from sleep, and throwing up his window)

Where?

VOICE.

Fire! See how it blazes out!
They say, 'tis Amrou's house, the wealthy merchant's.

KHALED.

Heavens! is it possible? I'll dress at once,
And soon be with you. Go for the police!
Bring horses—carriages—run for the engines!
Get all the help you can. *[Begins to dress himself.*

O my lov'd friend!

Long lost—so lately found! I trust, no harm
Awaits yourself, whatever may befall
Your mansion, and its splendid furniture.
Some drunken servant, I suppose, has plac'd
His candle carelessly, in a position
That caus'd it to set fire to something near,
And that, to something else: so on, and on,

Until—well! we shall soon find out the cause
 Whatever it may be. *[A knock. Enter HASSAN.]*

What! Hassan—you?

No one could be more welcome at this moment.

HASSAN.

The cry of "Fire!" first wak'd, then—brought me here
 To you, because—(you'll grieve to hear the news)
 'Tis Amrou's house that burns! I thought, my lord,
 That you, above all others, ought to know it,
 And would be prompt to render the assistance
 The case so urgently requires. The fire
 Burns fiercely: and seems gaining rapidly
 Upon the mansion.

KHALED.

Hassan! I am ready.

Ride you with me. Your men can follow after.

[They get into a chariot, and drive off in haste. Confusion in the streets. Continued cries of "Fire." Rushing of numbers to the scene of the conflagration. When some way on, they encounter a man, driving a cart rapidly along—not towards, but from, the house of AMROU.]

KHALED.

Friend! where's that fire?

THE DRIVER *(sullenly, and without stopping)*.

I neither know nor care.

KHALED.

Ha! I should know that voice. Why! it is Hamet!
 Officers! stop that cart.

[They attempt to do so, and HAMET, to drive on.]

KHALED, *rising in his chariot, and shouting—*

Now, Hamet! listen.

Stop! or your horse shall be shot dead, directly.

[The officers have stopped his horse.]

Now—whither were you going? Why abroad
At this late hour? What have you in that cart?
And, when your master's house is burning, why
Drive you away from it in such hot haste,
Instead of being at the post of duty?

HAMET.

My lord, I—I—

KHALED.

Confound the fellow! Nought
It seems, is to be got from him. Uncover!
Let's see what's hid from view by that tarpaulin;
More, I imagine, than a slave should own:
Some bulky articles, 'tis plain, are there.

[HAMET draws out a pistol, and is going to fire, when an officer disables him by a blow on the arm. The pistol drops from his hand.]

KHALED (*who has alighted*).

Ha! bent on mischief? Seize, and pinion him!
If he resists you, cut him down at once.
Bring me a lantern. Hassan! mind the horses,
While I inspect this gentleman's effects.
Some thievish scheme will here be brought to light,
I feel assur'd. Look at his countenance!

[Holding the lantern before it.]

That tells a tale of guilt, as his sharp practice
Had previously done. Why, Hassan! look,
What the removal of that covering
Brings into view! his master's travelling trunks!
I know them well, from having travell'd with him
In days gone by. You villain thief! And so

Here was your reason for your sullen answer,
When ask'd about the fire. Ha! now I have it.
'Twas he who did *that* mischief! Officers!
Make fast his hands behind his cursed body,
And tie his elbows well together. Also
His feet—his legs: of power to move deprive him;
Then—have him to the lock-up for the night,
And let him be well watched besides, for fear
He should elude the vengeance of the law
By an attempted suicide.

OFFICER.

My lord!

What you have order'd will, when carried out,
Prevent that sort of thing.

KHALED.

We'll make it sure.

Let him be watch'd, I say. Suppose he knock'd
His head against the stones, till sense had left him,
And even life—where would be your prevention?

OFFICER.

I had not thought of that. My lord! we'll do
Your bidding to the letter.

KHALED.

Take the cart

And its contents, straight to my house, and then
Have all these valuable packages
(For such, I doubt not, they will prove to be)
Convey'd with care into the judgment-hall,
And there, wait my inspection. I must on,
And quickly. How that fire increases! Hassan,
Urge on the horses! I am most uneasy
For my friend's safety. This dark business,

Has made us lose some valuable time,
 Though, through our lucky meeting with that fellow,
 It brings us what is much to be rejoiced at—
 The opportune recovery from him
 Of—who can say what Amrou would have lost,
 Had not those packages been found? Why, Hassan!
 If rous'd up from the fire, and safe from harm,
 His first anxieties would be for these:
 And what must be his consternation, finding
 That they have all been carried off! Ah! well,
 We're almost there, and soon shall know.
[A sudden turn has brought them into full view of the fire.
 Great Heaven!

Here *is* a conflagration! O my friend!
 Can you have made your exit out of *that*?

HASSAN (*shouting*).

Make way! make way! The Prefect! Officers,
 Drive back that crowd!

KHALED (*aloud*).

Where's Amrou? Who can say?
 A rich reward to him who can assure me
 That he is safe: a richer, for the man
 Who will bring me to him, or him to me.

A BYSTANDER.

My lord! we fear, that nought will ever more
 Be heard of Amrou. *That* is said to be
 His room—from which the flames blaze out so fiercely.
 'Twas thence, that first of all, the fire shot out;
 And no one has been seen to show himself
 At either window, nor to issue forth
 From door or window of the premises,
 Since the first cry of "Fire!" alarm'd the city.

KHALED.

It is too true! I know that chamber well :
We've had some pleasant conversations there,
In years gone by: alas! but—shout aloud
His name! Cry "Fire!" from thousand throats at once:
Send forth such sounds as *must* be heard, if still
There be a living soul within those walls :
And such, there ought to be. Where are the servants?
Has nothing yet been seen, or heard, of *them*?
Shout yourselves hoarse! I'll recompense you well.

BYSTANDER (*while the crowd are shouting loudly*).

My lord! we need not such a stimulant :
Humanity had prompted a recourse
To that expedient, long before you came;
And shout on shout has been at intervals
Renew'd—I grieve to say, without effect ;
For not a sound has issued from within,
To indicate, that living beings, there
Endanger'd, need assistance, or desire it.

KHALED.

Has no attempt been made to *get* within?
That, surely, should have been the first thing thought of.

BYSTANDER.

It was, my lord. But doors and windows here
Are found of more than usual strength, befitting
A mansion of such magnitude, and splendour.
So—while assaults were made on these, the fire
Went on increasing fiercely, breaking out
At once, in several places, showing
It was the work of an incendiary,
And not an accidental conflagration.

KHALED.

Stop! there are signs of life at last. Look there!
Now, to the rescue! As I live—his servants!

*[The shutters of the banqueting-room have been unclosed,
and some women have thrown up the windows, and are
screaming.]*

FIRST WOMAN.

Help! help us! we are shut up in this room!
The doors are fast, and there is no escape,
But by these windows!

SECOND WOMAN.

Ladders bring! make haste,
Or we are lost! The room is in a blaze!
The heat is dreadful! It is scorching us
Even now, and will be on us, in a moment!

THIRD WOMAN.

The Bacchites are all lying drunk behind us!
The fire is almost touching them! quick, quick!
Or we shall all be burnt alive. Help! help!

KHALED.

A hundred golden pieces for each life
Sav'd from that room! Bring round the ladders. Quick!

FIREMAN.

My lord! look up. The roof is giving way,
And in a moment will be down on any
Who venture near the house. Hark! here it comes!

VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

Run for your lives! Run! run! the house is down!

[*The horses in KHALED'S carriage are turned about in haste by HASSAN.*

KHALED (*faintly*).

O Amrou! servants—Bacchites—lost! Oh! oh!

[*He sinks down in the chariot, senseless. HASSAN drives off.*





LIV.

*The Bosphorus. The Gaoler's boat sailing on towards the Black Sea.
The night far advanced.*

GAOLER.

NOW you shall hear my reasons for that act,
To you, so unexpected and surprising—
Your liberation from the prison, whence
You were to-morrow to go forth—*to die*.
I was brought up a Christian, but for years
Have from religious teaching been remov'd,
Both in the way of precept and example.
Yet oftentimes, the lessons *will* recur,
That I receiv'd in childhood, and to tears
Move me, when pondering them in solitude,
Or unexpectedly reminded of them
By some of the events of daily life,
Such as your seizure yesternight, and trial,
And Khaled's sentence, following on both;
All, consequent upon the Proclamation
Sent forth against the Hebrews. When I heard
That Proclamation—so unjust, so cruel,
My resolutions, *at once taken*, were
First—while continuing a prison-keeper,
To do whatever might be in my power,
To mitigate the sufferings of those
Whom that vile document would to my care
Consign, preparatory to the fate,
Worse than imprisonment, awaiting them:

And, secondly, *my office to resign*
 As speedily as possible, and seek
 Another, and more pleasing occupation.
Your cases interested me, and caus'd
 My plans to ripen into speedy action.
 I had resolv'd, to-night to liberate you,
 Before I carried in your evening meal ;
 And when I left you to it, I went forth
 To purchase food, and other needful things,
 And have them sent on board this boat, to which
 I purpos'd to conduct you (as I have done)
 Soon as the midnight hour should have arriv'd.
 I met these lads, while out upon that errand :
 Seiz'd them, to save them—saw them safe on board,
 And bade them in concealment wait, and quiet,
 Till I should bid them bring the boat to shore.
 You know the rest, but—these things, do *not* know :
 First—that your talk had interested me,
 And then, your prayers: to which I was a listener
 By accident, and not designedly.
 When—

CHALCOL.

Stop a moment! Look behind. A fire
 Seems to have broken out: a large one, too,
 Judging from the rapidity with which
 The flames are spreading, aye, and *rising*. Look !
 'Tis a grand spectacle, as seen from here ;
 A fearful one, to those about the spot !
 What an alarm to those *within* that building,
 Must the awakening cry have prov'd, of " Fire!"

DARDAN.

We'll hope, that all have been aroused in time,
 And have escaped a fate so horrible
 As that of being burnt to death. Dear boys!

Your business errands all about the city,
Have given you a more extended knowledge
Than we possess, of its localities.
Where should you judge that fire to be?

JAPHETH.

I guess
In that fine street where Omar lives; and Amrou,
The celebrated foreign merchant.
[*He adds with eagerness*] Now,
I can without a doubt determine. See
That tower, round which the flames are gathering,
And making it conspicuous, even here:
'Tis known, as having been by Amrou built
Some years ago, to give him a wide prospect
Over the city, and the country round.
His, is the house that burns! a noble mansion,
One of the finest that our city boasts.

JONADAB.

I hear you with astonishment and terror.
What speedy retribution has o'ertaken
That wicked man! What *dreadful* punishment,
Should he have *perish'd* in that fire! My flesh
Trembles and creeps, for fear of Thee, O Lord!
Terrible art Thou in Thy punishments,
As wonderful in mercy. Of Thy judgments
I stand in solemn awe.

CHALCOL.

We all do so.
Should he have perish'd there, of what avail
Are all his plunder'd acquisitions *now*?
But let us hope, the bad man's punishment
Has reach'd but to the burning of his house;
And, spar'd—that God will bring him to repentance.

The restoration and embellishment
Of that fine structure, furnish'd with such taste
And elegance, as it appear'd to be
When, yesterday, we visited him there,
Will make a large deduction from the gains
He hop'd, dear father! to have made through *you*.
And, base and cruel as his conduct was,
I will not wish him evil—but remember
How Jesus pray'd for those who crucified Him;
And, that he bids us love our enemies,
Bless them that curse us, pray for them that use us
Despitefully, do good to them that hate us,
And plead for those who are our persecutors.
It comforts me to think, that, yesterday,
I spent much time in prayer on his behalf,
And meditation, on the way and manner
In which I should endeavour, in the evening,
To bring him to the knowledge of the truth.

DARDAN.

That kept you, I suppose, from joining us
As you would else have done, at noonday worship?

CHALCOL.

It did. I took a walk into the country,
That I might be secur'd from interruption,
And deem'd myself, while there, as well employ'd,
And quite as much within the line of duty,
In studying how to bring this wanderer
Into the fold of Christ, as if with you
I worshipp'd, after the accustom'd manner.

DARDAN.

You were so. But we wonder'd at your absence,
Which no one could explain. Our messenger
Inform'd us of your having met with Amrou,
And of your purpos'd evening visit to him;

I have to ask your pardon for forgetting
That you were interrupted in your story,
When Chalcol drew attention to the fire.
Ha! see! the roof is falling in! the flames
Subdued, but fed at the same time, will rise
Presently, with a fiercer blaze than ever.
Look! They are doing so. O Amrou! Amrou!
The thought is dreadful, yet, *will* force itself
Of your destruction in that fire! It seems
So singular, that yesterday's bad doings
Should, *the same night*, be visited on you,
By Him who says—"To me belongeth vengeance,
I will repay!" Methinks, that all must see
Cause and effect, not accident, in this.

Assuredly. The hand of God is there ;
And righteous all must own, is the infliction,
Even should Amrou's life have been requir'd,
In punishment of his base treachery
Towards your father and your brother—men,
Who never injur'd him, but rather, sought
His welfare to promote, as Chalcol show'd us
In what you heard just now. I'll end my story
By simply stating that I heard you pray,
When coming with the purpose of removing
The cloth, when you had finish'd your repast.
I paus'd a moment at the door—and hearing
A conversation going on, I listen'd,
Anxious to know what your discover'd thoughts
Might be, of your position, and your prospects.

I heard the proposition made, *to pray*,
 And waited, till three prayers had, in succession,
 Been offer'd: then, in spirit deeply mov'd,
 I show'd myself—inclin'd, even then, to tell you,
 That you had ask'd, what God would surely grant—
 A speedy end of your imprisonment:
 But, deem'd it better to restrain myself,
 Lest aught should happen, to prevent my purpose
 From ripening into execution. Now
 My tale is done.

DARDAN.

And much it interests us;
 And large indeed is the demand it makes
 Upon our thankfulness to God—and you.

CHALCOL.

The Black Sea opens on us. Day is breaking.
 Suppose we sing a hymn of praise to God.
 Israel's "sweet singer" gives us one, *in season*:
 A Sabbath Psalm. You, Sir, will like to hear it.

[*To the Gaoler.*]

I.

Lord! to my words thine ear incline,
 And to my meditation have regard:
 See, with my voice, my heart combine,
 For holy worship both alike prepar'd.
 My King! enthron'd above the sky,
 My God! to Thee alone I cry:
 No other has with Thee my adoration shar'd.

II.

To Thee, when morning sheds its beams
 On a reviving world, my voice shall rise:
 So soon as the fresh day-light streams
 In growing glory, from the eastern skies,
 O Lord! my praises Thou shalt hear;
 And far above this earthly sphere
 To Thy supreme abode, my faith shall lift her eyes.

III.

Unlike the gods of heathen lands,
Thou hast no pleasure in iniquity;
And, firm as just in Thy demands,
Evil, Thou sufferest not to dwell with Thee;
Nor in Thy sight wilt Thou retain
Such, as from wisdom's ways refrain:
Sinful and foolish men Thy foes are deem'd to be.

IV.

Much more, the sons of strife and guile,
Who in dark arts and murderous deeds excell'd;
Suffer'd, and prosper'd for a while,
How will they shrink and tremble, when compell'd
Beneath Thy dreadful wrath to bow!
The God of truth and mercy, Thou
Hast ever such as these in deep abhorrence held.

V.

And I, permitted to repair
To Thy blest house, and worship at Thy throne,
Obtain a happy station there,
Through richest mercy to a sinner shown.
When in Thy praise I lift my voice,
At once I tremble, and rejoice:
Sav'd from eternal death by sovereign grace alone.

VI.

And now—that I may keep the way
Which to Thy glorious kingdom leads—O Lord!
The paths of righteousness display,
The guidance of Thy counsels, too, afford:
So—make my course direct and plain;
For enemies are near, who fain
Would turn my steps aside, with mischievous accord.

VII.

Insidious flatterers are they,
 In whose smooth speech no faithfulness is found ;
 Alluring, only to betray,
 And trusting hearts with dangerous snares surround.
 An open sepulchre their throat,
 For souls, which they to death devote,
 When with desir'd success their impious wiles are crown'd.

VIII.

Destroy them, Lord ! as they deserve,
 Whose inward part is very wickedness :
 Who—not content themselves to swerve
 From duty's path—move others to transgress.
 By their own counsels let them fall ;
 And thrust them from Thy sight, with all
 Their sins upon their heads—rebels, and castaways.

IX.

Not so, the men who trust in Thee :
 Let such as love Thy name, be fill'd with joy :
 And God as their defender see,
 When fearful punishments His foes destroy.
 The righteous Thou wilt ever bless,
 And, in all dangers and distress,
 Thy wisdom and Thy power for their defence employ.

GAOLER.

I listen'd to your hymn with high delight.
 It sends my recollections back, to scenes
 Far, far away, and times long gone, when sin
 And sin's dark courses, had not yet become
 With me familiar things—through negligence
 Of Scripture, and forgetfulness of God.
One truth, still holds a place in my remembrance,
 And will I trust bring forth its proper fruit—
 The declaration of our Lord, when once

Sinners and publicans were gather'd round Him :
 That "there is joy in heaven, when but one,
One sinner, is to true repentance brought."
 I would fain have the holy ones above
 Made glad by *my* repentance: and have chos'n,
 For better or for worse, to share with you
 A Christian's portion, be it what it may.
 I will go with you, sure that God is with you,
 Dark though the aspect is, of present things.
 For—though your path with dangers is beset,
 I'm well aware, that He, who calls His church
 To suffer, is preparing it for glory.
 "Much tribulation" in our path may lie:
 Its ending is—"the kingdom of our God."

CHALCOL.

We welcome you among us, and are glad
 That, entering on a Christian course, you first
 Sit down, and count the cost, ere you decide.
 Our Master would have all His servants do so.
 Dear brother! I can now, with confidence
 Declare—that while the past may furnish much
 To be asham'd of—and mourn'd over—never
 Will you repent of such a choice as now
 You make—so that it be but made sincerely.

GAOLER.

I do not think I shall, and wish to be
 Sincere, as knowing that nought else with God
 Will serve, than *truth within*. We'll talk hereafter,
 More, on that subject. Pardon me, if now
 I ask you to remove a difficulty
 Suggested by some words I heard you sing
 But a few moments since.

CHALCOI..

I guess what's coming,
But still, request you to propose your question.

GAOLER.

Your *conversation*, while the darkness lasted,
Breath'd forth forgiveness of your enemies,
And wishes, rather for their good, than harm.
Your *hymn*, invok'd destruction on the heads
Of evil-doers to the Church of God ;
Destruction, I will own, not undeserv'd,
But still, not pray'd for—so it seem'd to me,
Consistently with Christian principle
And practice, as in Christ's own life set forth,
And in the lives of His inspir'd Apostles.

DARDAN.

Not in your mind alone, has such a doubt
Arisen: 'tis a question often asked
By readers of the Psalms and Prophecies ;
Admitting of this answer—that the authors
Of these strong imprecations, wrote as men
Not giving utterance to *their own* wishes,
However they might seem to do so—but
God's mind revealing, in regard to sins
Such as they first, *expos'd*, and then, intreated,
(*As mov'd by Him to this*) that He would *punish*.
Warnings and threatenings are address'd to sinners
(In Scriptures of this character) *in prayers*.
God's *judgment* of the punishment *deserv'd*,
Is shown, *in prayers that He would execute it*.
God's *purpose*, so to deal with such transgressors,
He, to His church, and to the world alike,
Makes known—in prompting *prayers, that He will answer*.

GAOLER.

I thank you: and will render due attention
To what you say, as opportunities
For meditation, may present themselves.
Just now—another question claims regard.
We're on the Euxine Sea. Have you decided
Where you will land?

DARDAN.

Yes. In the wilderness
Which spreads out some miles hence upon our left.
Our brethren, I expect, are there collected.
That is our *first* place of concealment. Whither
We afterwards may take our way, is known
Only to Him whom, in our every movement
We wish to have directing us, until
He calls us hence, to be with Him for ever.

GAOLER.

For yonder shore then, I will shape our course,
And where, and when you please, will land you.

DARDAN.

Do so.





LV.

Assyria. The palace of Ocyrus. The king's bed-room. A trumpet call has just awakened him.

OCYRUS (*to himself, sitting up in bed*).



AND can it be, that this was but a dream?
It seem'd as real, as it was beautiful:
So real—that I hardly can believe
I am not still amidst the scenes, in which
I was but now so pleasingly located.
That trumpet-call, with its sharp, startling summons,
Bringing a sudden ending to my slumber,
Has scatter'd its associated visions.
I certainly am not in Eden now,
But in the palace of my ancestors,
From which Zadora went, a brief while since,
An agonis'd and broken-hearted woman;
And I am waking to—realities,
That a strange contrast furnish, to the scenes
Which so entranc'd, and so delighted me.
So instantaneous, yet, was the transition
From the dream-world in which I was so happy,
To this, in which I am so miserable,
That past and present blend confusedly
In my distracted brain, and wake up feelings
Of pleasure and of pain alike intense.
I seem to feel the breezes, breathing odours,
Which but a moment since my cheeks were fanning,
Still, with delicious fragrance, sweeping by.
The dulcet sounds still linger on my ear,
To which, just now, I listen'd with such rapture.

But—waking up—to what diverse surroundings
I find myself abandon'd! Ah! *he* said,
That I should wish I could remain for ever
In the dream-land, to which he would conduct me,
And so I do. But that it were unmanly,
I would again to sleep betake myself,
Relinquishing the hopes that he holds out
Of conquest, and dominion o'er the world,
And *always* sleep, could I but *always* be
In fancy and imagination, there!
O ne'er to be forgotten sights, and sounds,
So sweet to hear, so beautiful to see!
Shall I not hear and see you yet again?
But—*what is here?* Oh horror! that dread Form
Again, which once before so startled me!

SATAN.

Ocyrus! why these self-indulgent wishes?
Have you forgotten your high destinies?
The duty I require of you—the deeds
To be done by you, in the execution
Of my high pleasure—that you give the time
To profitless and unproductive musings,
Which you should rather consecrate to action?
Heard you that trumpet-call? Let it arouse you
From an ideal scene, which—beautiful
As was its aspect—still, was but ideal,
To one which—though of stern realities,
Is yet, preparatory to a state
Surpassing far, what your late visions show'd you.
From idle thoughts to self-denying labours,
Ocyrus! I am here, to summon you.

OCYRUS.

O that it were but in another form,
And with another aspect! Such a vision

Of glory and of beauty, as when first
You came, and bade me worship you. 'Tis dreadful,
To be subjected, with such suddenness,
To such a spectacle as now I see,
And—'tis with shame I say it—tremble at.

SATAN.

You have again displeas'd me—so again
I come, as when before you did so. Why
Long for an Eden in this lower world,
When I have promis'd you a throne in heaven?
And why—a *part* desire of earth, when *all*
(Whate'er its beauty, and sublimity)
Is by my *word* made yours, and by my *power*
Will shortly be? Rise! and go forth to win
The glorious prize that I have set before you.

OCYRUS.

You said, that I should have no wish to leave
The scenes, which, *what you gave*, would bring before me.
Your promise has been verified. Why blame
My felt unwillingness to be withdrawn
From fairy visions of your own creation,
When, too, I do, but what you *said* I should do?

SATAN.

I blame not *that*. But had you not a thought
Just now, of this sort—that to be entranc'd
As you *had been*, again—you could resign
All that I have in store for you, and fain
Would go to sleep at once, *again to dream*?
Shame, shame, Ocyrus! When I want a warrior,
I find a visionary.

OCYRUS.

Pray forgive me!

You are divine, and I—alas! but human.
Painfully have I found myself to be so.

SATAN.

I *do* forgive you, in consideration
Of this—you said, “*But that it were unmanly,*
I would again to sleep betake myself.”
You do not wish to be unmanly—so
I bid you now be the reverse. *To arms!*
Be the world’s conqueror, and sovereign,
And not an idle dreamer. Glory calls you,
And I am with you. That I *do* forgive,
Take, as a proof, my altered aspect. Look
Upon me now.

[*The form of an angel of light has taken the place of
that of the dark and dreadful figure: and he is
smiling on OCYRUS with ineffable graciousness.*]

OCYRUS.

O glorious! beautiful!
I worship, and obey. I *will* go forth
As thou requirest that I should—to war
And conquest. Ha! [SATAN *has vanished.*
And art thou gone? Well! now,
And henceforth, I must *act*—not dream, and muse.

[*He strikes a gong, and MAHMOUD enters, looking pale,
and affrighted.*]

OCYRUS.

Why, Mahmoud! What’s the matter? You look ill,
And more—so pale, and terror-stricken! Wherefore?
Has anything occur’d, to frighten you?

MAHMOUD.

Great King! I have an ill report to make,
First—of my own behaviour yesternight;
And pardon of your Majesty to ask,
For an unseemly act of indiscretion,
Of which the mention will excite surprise,

And stir up indignation in your bosom.
'Twas strange, that I should dare to venture on it,
But curiosity o'ermaster'd me.
Your Majesty had taken medicine
In the next room, ere you retir'd to rest,
And then, had left behind you on the table
A phial of most curious workmanship,
In which that medicine had been contain'd,
Unlike to any I had ever seen ;
Its colour was so brightly beautiful,
Its make so exquisite, its shape so fair.
I gaz'd upon it with admiring wonder,
While in your royal hand : and, when set down,
With eager wishes for a near inspection
Of both itself and its contents. For soon
The cup from which your Majesty had drunk,
Fill'd the apartment with a fragrant odour,
Though then containing but a drop or two
Of what I thought (observing this effect,
And whence it came) must be a precious liquid.
So—noting that the phial was not empty,
I came soon after you had gone to rest,
And, when with curious glance I had examin'd
Itself—I then took note of its contents,
Its odour trying first, and then, its taste.
And then ! how dare I tell my lord the tale ?
Supplied the place of what I had drunk off,
With water—to prevent discovery
Of the rash theft of which I had been guilty.
How rash—I very soon was made to know.
A drowsiness came o'er me : so to rest
I hasten'd, and was speedily asleep :
Pleasingly so, at first, and for some hours.
But, just as night was giving place to morning,
I became conscious of a sudden change.
I seem'd to be involved in deepest darkness.

A lurid light then, gradually rose
Upon the gloom ; which yet, did not dispel it,
But only serv'd to make it visible
In its profound intensity of horror.
"Where am I?" in alarm I cried aloud.
"In Hades," sadly utter'd some one near me,
"The spirit world—the prison of the lost ;
"And yonder comes its King!" With deepening fear
I look'd around—inquiring—"Where?" The word
Had scarcely pass'd my lips, when from the ground,
But a few paces off, in front of me
A murky vapour rose, and on and on
It went, ascending, and expanding, till
Into a figure it had shap'd itself
Of huge proportions, and such horrid aspect,
As first astonish'd me, and then, appall'd me:
For such it was in size and look, as one
Who once had seen, would dread again to see,
And would—aye! and as much as in him lay,
Avoid a repetition of the vision.
Erect and still it stood awhile, and bent
Scornful and wrathful glances on me. Then—
"Who, and what art thou, Dreadful Shade!" I ask'd
In a deep agony of fear and wonder.
"Knowest thou Eblis? Hast thou heard of Satan?"
The Form responded, in a voice that seem'd
To shake the solid ground beneath my feet.
"*He* stands before thee now. The Adversary
Alike of God and man, and—Mahmoud! thine.
Thou wouldst fain know the cause that brought thee hither,
And I am here to tell thee. 'Tis the same
That has brought thousands upon thousands more.
Unseemly longing, and unbridled lusting:
The wish to know, to have, to do, such things,
And more—the venturing upon such things
As were for man unmeet—to man forbidden.

How durst thou meddle with that phial—given
For other, and far higher uses, than
To gratify the tastes of one like thee ?
Behold the merited, and fitting issue !
Hither thou comest, as the consequence
Of thy ungovern'd curiosity.
How likest thou the place? the company?
With scornful laugh he asked me. "Wouldst thou learn
More of the secrets of my realm?" "Great King!"
I was about to cry—"forbear!" when lo!
The trumpet-call that wak'd your Majesty,
Awaken'd *me*—to deepest thankfulness
That this appalling dream was—but a dream!
And then, your summons brought me—by no means
Recover'd from my fright—into your presence.
Humbly I ask again your royal pardon
Of my offence—for which the punishment
I have receiv'd will prove, I trust, sufficient,
Without the added weight of your displeasure,
Which I confess myself to have deserved,
And—did it fall upon me, could not wonder,
Nor murmur at—severe though it might prove
In its inflictions—owning it as just.

OCYRUS.

Mahmoud! your narrative excites my wonder,
And moves my sympathy. I *can* forgive,
And *do* forgive you; seeing that your fault,
Although by no means to be justified,
Was one, that very few could have avoided,
(Taking the circumstances into view)
Were they subjected to a like temptation.
I pardon, while I cannot quite excuse you:
And—while you are assisting me to dress,
Will cap your tale, with one yet more astounding.
But first, let coffee be brought in: and see

That breakfast is prepar'd immediately ;
And to it, let the officers be summon'd,
Who came with me from battle yesternight.
Then, hasten hither—for I wish to rise.

MAHMOUD.

Your Majesty's commands shall be obey'd.
And, for the gracious words that you have spoken,
I offer you my best, my deepest thanks,
And my devoted, and most willing service.

OCYRUS.

More, I require not of you. Get you gone! [*He laughs.*
Henceforwards—Mahmoud the Inquisitive,
I think, must be your name and character,
Should any ask—What sort of man is he?

MAHMOUD.

Spare me, my lord! If curious yesternight,
I am not likely to be so again,
After the lesson that I have received ;
Too terrible, to be in haste forgotten.

[*A pause. In a few minutes, MAHMOUD returns.*

MAHMOUD.

My lord! The coffee.

[OCYRUS *drinks it, and hands the cup to MAHMOUD.*

OCYRUS.

Thank you. Now, I'll rise.

MAHMOUD.

I hope your Majesty has rested well.
Last night, I had my fears you would not do so.

OCYRUS.

Those fears were not unfounded. Certainly,
Judging from what you saw, you might well think so.
And, while I'm dressing, you shall have *two* stories,
Which in your memory will hold a place
Henceforth—with that you just now told to me.
My purpose was, at first, to give you *one*,
As supplementary to yours. Another
Has been by yours brought to my recollection,
Which, as well suited to the time, and offering
A moral, Mahmoud, that you'll profit by,
I deem it better I should *first* present.
Just hear it. It is call'd, "A Ballad, showing
How a young man would read unlawful books,
And how he suffer'd for so doing. Pithy,
And profitable." Such, its author^(a) styles it,
And such, no doubt you'll find it, Mahmoud! who
If you don't read unlawful books, seem giv'n
To taste unlawful physick. [*He laughs.*] Here's the story.

I.

Cornelius Agrippa went out one day,
His study he lock'd ere he went away,
And he gave the key of the door to his wife,
And charg'd her to keep it lock'd, on her life.

II.

"And if any one ask my study to see,
I charge you to trust them not with the key.
Whoever may beg, and intreat, and implore,
On your life—let nobody enter that door!"

III.

There liv'd a young man in the house, who in vain
Access to that study had sought to obtain:
And he—begg'd and pray'd the books to see,
Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

(a) Southey. See his works.

IV.

On the study-table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been reading that day.
The letters were written with blood therein,
And the leaves were made of dead men's skin.

V.

And these horrible leaves of magic between,
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen :
The likeness of things so dire to behold,
That what they were, is not fit to be told.

VI.

The young man, he began to read
He knew not what—but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the door,
Which, as he read, grew more and more.

VII.

And more and more the knocking grew;
The young man knew not what to do,
But, trembling with fear, he sat within,
Till—the door was broke, and—the devil came in!

VIII.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got,
Like iron heated nine times red-hot.
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone-blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

IX.

"What would'st thou with me?" the Wicked One cried,
But not a word the young man replied:
Every hair on his head was standing upright,
And his limbs, as if palsied, shook with fright.

X.

"What would'st thou with me?" cried the Author of ill,
But the wretched young man was silent still.
Not a word had his lips the power to say,
And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

XI.

"What would'st thou with me?" the third time he cries,
And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,
And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

XII.

His eyes red fire and fury dart,
As out he tore the young man's heart:
He grinn'd a horrid grin at his prey,
And in flame and thunder, vanish'd away.

MORAL.

Henceforth, let all young men take heed,
How in a conjuror's books they read.

OCYRUS.

Now, Mahmoud, what have you to say to *that*?

MAHMOUD.

That it conveys a lesson which, combin'd
With my own late experiences, I hope
That I shall ne'er forget. Most certainly
I shall beware, henceforwards, how I venture
With matters that do not belong to me,
To meddle, or have aught to do.

OCYRUS (*laughing*).

With physic
Especially—that has a tempting look!

MAHMOUD.

Your Majesty is pleased to be facetious
With your poor servant. I have quite deserv'd
That you should deal far worse with me, than thus
Enjoy a little mirth at my expense.
May I now ask to have the second story

Promis'd me by your Majesty—the more,
As I am led to look for a narration
Of a more wondrous character, than mine
Was by yourself just now declared to be.

OCYRUS.

Yes, Mahmoud! listen: I have that to tell,
Which you will hear with deep astonishment.

THE DREAM OF OCYRUS.

Wearied and sad, I sought repose, and soon
Had fall'n into a deep, delicious slumber;
For such, the visions made it, which then rose
On my enraptur'd gaze. Methought I sat
In the same room from which, a while before,
Zadora went, distress'd and agonis'd;
(The room in which you minister'd to me,
Ere for the night I laid me down to rest.)
When suddenly—for I had not observ'd
His entrance—saw not whence he came, nor how—
Lo! a majestic figure stood before me,
(He look'd an angel from the realms above)
Of aspect bright, and grandly beautiful;
And, smiling most benignly on me, said
"Ocyrus! I am come, to dissipate
Thy mournful thoughts, and cheer thy sorrowing heart.
Come with me—where, but sights and sounds of beauty
Shall rise before thine eyes, and charm thine ears,
And thou wilt wish, that thou could'st evermore
There, a spectator and a listener be."
He took me by the hand—and, lifting me
Above the earth, with speed like that of thought,
Yet with a motion imperceptible
To sense—had to a mountain's summit borne me:

Then—the grand prospect thence to be obtain'd
Bade me survey at leisure. “This is Eden,”
Was his response, when I desir'd to know
Where we were then located. “This is Eden,
As, fresh and fair from the Creator's hand,
In the beginning of the world it came.
And there—you see the river flowing through it,
And, at its exit from the garden, parted
Into four noble streams, as history tells:
Gihon, Euphrates, Pison, and Hiddekel.
And yonder walk the pair, for whom this scene
Of grandeur and of loveliness was form'd
As a fit habitation. Note them well!
You see not now, in those who walk the earth,
Such majesty and strength in man combin'd,
Such dignity and loveliness in woman,
Such purity and innocence, in both.
An enemy has marr'd the handiwork
Of Him, who made that pair, and for their dwelling
Planted the garden that you here behold.
He tempted them to disobey their Maker,
And so, despoil'd them of their purity,
Their immortality, their Paradise.
Look! yonder grows the fatal Tree of Knowledge,
Whose tasted fruit so ruinous became
To them, and all who from them have descended.
And by its side you see the Tree of Life;
To them, thenceforwards, a forbidden tree,
Lest, tasting of its fruit, they should become
Immortal—although fallen now, and sinful.
And that it might be made impossible
For this unseemly union to ensue—
An evil nature, and an endless life,
Their Maker drove them forth from Paradise,
And plac'd before its entrance, Cherubim,
(You see them yonder) and a flaming sword,

That turn'd (behold it, waving round and round)
Whichever way admission might be sought
Into the garden—never more to be
By man inhabited, or even enter'd."
"Pardon me," said I—interrupting him,
"For asking, who that enemy might be,
"Of whom you spake just now? that cruel tempter,
"Who wrought the fatal mischiefs you discourse of,
"And exil'd yonder happy pair from Eden?"
"Forbear to ask!" he answer'd, sweetly smiling:
"That is a secret, not for you to know,
"At least, not now. A time will come, when that
"And thousand things beside, will be reveal'd,
"Which for the present, must be hidden lore
"To minds, as yet, not fitted for such knowledge.
"We'll change the subject. Look upon the scene
"Spread out before you. Listen to the sounds
"Of melody, with which the air is vocal.
"See how in love and peace, the animals
"Dwell, and disport. Inhale the odours, breathing
"From groves of spice, and beds of fragrant flowers.
"Note the magnificence of those huge trees,
"The grandeur of those hills, the soften'd beauty
"Of yonder glades, and lawns, the angel-forms
"That traverse those fair walks—sent down from heaven
"On gracious errands, to that noble pair.
"Ocyrus! deem yourself a happy man,
"And a most favour'd one: for I have shown you
"A sight, to human vision never granted,
"Since from this garden they went forth, for whom
"It was prepar'd—such, as you now behold it.
"Now feast your eyes upon the spectacle:
"At leisure do so, as I just now bade you.
"Twas for this purpose that I brought you hither,
"And—lest the scene before you should o'erpower
"Your unaccustom'd senses—drink of this

“Refreshing and sustaining cordial: so
“You’ll bear, what else—to you, and such as you,
“Would prove an overcoming spectacle,
“Leaving no spirit in you.”

At his bidding

I drank quite up the draught that he had proffer’d;
A potion, as it seem’d, of wondrous virtue—
Clearing the vision, while it charm’d the taste,
And inward strength imparting, while around
It fill’d the air with a delightful odour.
I’ve often fed on dainties, but have never
Imbib’d a draught of such sustaining power,
And to the spirits so exhilarating,
While to the palate also so inviting.
At once my eyes took in the glorious prospect
Spread out before me—mountain, wood, and water,
Rock, valley, plain—the grand, the wild, the soft,
In rich admixture: while my ravish’d ears
Receiv’d the varied, yet harmonious music,
From birds innumerable sounded forth,
And sweetly blending with the utterances
Of animals, and of the insect tribes,
All happy—inasmuch as all were harmless,
For strife and discord there, were things unknown.
Still—amid all this scene of loveliness,
Nought so engag’d and interested me,
As did the lovelier pair for whom ’twas made.
Again and yet again I look’d on them,
With ever growing wonder, and delight.
Once—for an instant pausing in my gaze,
I turn’d to look on my illustrious guide.
’Twas but a momentary glance I gave:
He, mark’d it not—himself intently gazing
On the two forms which I had so admir’d,
But—with a look that strangely startled me:
A look—in which there seem’d to be express’d

Sorrow, and hate—rage, envy, jealousy,
All, in one terrible embodiment!
“My lord!” I cried—unable to suppress
The utterance of my astonishment—
“Your looks alarm me. What, in yonder pair,
“So beautiful, as both to me appear,
“Calls forth from you the glances I behold,
At once with wonder and affright?” The words
Had not escap’d my lips, ere he was chang’d
Into another being altogether!
His face, sublimely, sweetly beautiful,
Beaming with kindness, graciousness, and love,
The while his lips, in accents musical—
More so, than human speech e’er sounded forth,
Answer’d my question, and dispell’d my fears.
“Ocyrus! there are some, to whom that pair
Sustain relations, grievously offensive
To me—as *you* hereafter will discover,
And will a sharer be, in my resentments,
And executioner of my designs
Against them—hated, hateful, as they are!
My thoughts on these were resting, when you saw me
A moment since, look angry—discompos’d—
Exhibiting upon my countenance
The feelings, that were stirring in my bosom.
We’ll now, attention give to things more pleasant.
Hear you that strain? and see you whence it comes?
Just then, there rose up, borne upon the air,
Sounds, soft and sweet, from angel harps ascending,
And angel voices, in harmonious concert.
Celestial visitants to Eden’s bowers,
Till duty summon’d them to Heaven again,
Would often thus with song and music charm
The happy pair, to whom they had been sent.
Methought, as we sat listening to the strain,
That I saw something like a crystal drop,

Which for a moment glisten'd in the eye,
Then, fell upon the cheek of the bright being,
Who, with myself, drank in that heavenly music ;
(He, as with pleas'd, but still, accusom'd ear,
I—with the ravish'd sense of one, who never
Had heard such sounds before) but, if there were such,
It disappear'd as quickly as it came,
And, with calm dignity, and self-possession,
He still commun'd with me, As thus we sat
Now talking, and now, gazing on the prospect
That in such varied beauty rose before us,
The hours flew happily and swiftly by.
Long must have been the interval, absorb'd
By this delicious dream. For dream, alas !
It prov'd to be—all, scatter'd in a moment,
By the shrill bugle blast that waken'd me,
Just as it did *you*, Mahmoud, from some visions
Of a *contrasted* character. Ah! Mahmoud,
Don't look again upon that charm'd phial!
You see that it's contents, however suited
To *my* night's slumbers, don't agree with *yours*!
So—never meddle more with royal physic.
The secrets of a king are dangerous things
For those whom they do not concern, to seek
Acquaintance with! But you have had enough
Already, of that sort of counsel—so
I spare you, and— as I am dress'd—dismiss you
To other duty. Go and ascertain
If all my officers are in attendance.
Then—I will hence to breakfast. [*A short pause.*]

MAHMOUD (*on his return*).

All are here,
And breakfast waits but for your Majesty.
They tell me we have had a stormy night;

So stormy—that the oldest man among them
 Remembers not so fierce and wild a tempest.
 'Tis strange, that I slept through it, undisturb'd.
 Your Majesty seems to have done the same.
 I'm glad that was the case.

OCYRUS (*laughing*).

The physic, Mahmoud!

A sleeping potion of most wondrous power
 I found it, and have rested well. On you
 It acted in a somewhat different way,
 Giving sound sleep, and—rather awkward dreams!
 But—don't look sad, man! It is not my wish
 Again to raise a cloud upon your brow,
 By bringing up unpleasant memories.
 Lead on—I follow,—to the breakfast room.

[*To himself—as MAHMOUD goes on before him.*

And now! from visions, to realities;
 To council, and to action, as *He* bade me.
 Short rest, and preparation—then, away
 On such a campaign as the world ne'er saw,
 And ne'er, till time shall end, will see again.

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 FINIS.  
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NOTES

I.

THE INFIDEL KING.

I. "The name Antichrist has usually, and without hesitation, been ascribed to Popery; as has also that of the 'Man of Sin.' But . . . I cannot exclude from my mind the conviction . . . which the passages (2 Thess. ii., 1-4; Dan., vii., 24, 25; Dan. xi., 36;) have forced upon it, that they are to find their fulfilment in an individual Power, yet to arise; of pretensions far more impious and daring than any that the world has hitherto witnessed: that *he* 'will exalt himself above all that is called God:' that *he* 'will show himself as God:' and, in language already ascribed to him, will say in his heart, 'I will ascend into heaven. I will exalt my throne above the stars of God. I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation. . . . I will be like the Most High.' (Isaiah xiv., 13, 14.) And in this view of a *personal* Antichrist, I am happy to find myself supported by many of the ancient Fathers of the Church, as well as by many able writers upon prophecy, in succeeding ages." "Several of the fathers of the first ages," (Granville Penn observes,) "have declared very distinctly, their own expectations, and the expectations of the Apostolic age, concerning the *Final Power*, which they believed to be a *Personal Power*, possessed by *an Individual*, to whom they all agreed in assigning the appellation of Antichrist." Thus Jerome: "Antichrist . . . in the end of the world, will spring from a small nation. He will obtain the sovereignty by artifice and fraud. He will enter into the richest cities, and will perform what neither his father, nor his father's father ever performed. He will distribute large gifts to those whom he shall deceive. He will divide out the earth to his army; and those whom he could not subdue by force, he will gain by avarice . . . until *the time appointed* shall arrive. For the real victory shall be, in the coming of Christ. We are not to suppose, according to the imaginations of some, that he will be a devil, or a demon, but *an individual man*, whom Satan will inhabit bodily."

"It has" (says Calmet) "been supposed by some, that the Jews will declare for him, and acknowledge his dominion. He will win them by his delusions, his false miracles, and appearances of goodness, piety, and clemency."

So that this unhappy people will take him for their Messiah ; and will flatter themselves with the expectation of seeing the Kingdom of Israel restored by his means, to its former splendour." (See John v., 43.)

"But whilst a considerable body of Jewish people will be thus imposed upon by that 'deceivableness of unrighteousness,' which Antichrist will exhibit, many—and they not consisting exclusively of those who have been converted to the Christian faith—will be so far enlightened and strengthened, as to refuse him the worship he will insist upon. These, for a fixed and determined season—1260 days—will be subjected to a fierce and awful persecution." "They that understand among the people shall instruct many. Yet, they shall fall by the sword, and by flame, and by captivity, and by spoil, many days." . . . "Some of them of understanding shall fall ; to try them, and to purge, and to make them white, even to the time of the end : because it is yet for a time appointed."—Dan. xi., 32-35. Compare Rev. xiii., 7-15. "And it is highly probable, that . . . this great change in the Jewish people . . . which shall induce many of their number, who had before favoured the claims of Antichrist, or were inclined to do so . . . will be brought about by . . . the 'signs' which will be visible, and the 'gifts' which, in connection with them, will at this time be poured out. For, that fearful signs will be seen, and that supernatural gifts will be communicated, is most expressly declared : (Joel ii., 28-30 ; Luke xxi., 11-16, 25-28,) the effect of which will be, to animate them with a more than human courage, to resist the overwhelming attack which will be made upon them."—*Freeman, "Israel's return, or Palestine regained," pp., 237-252.*

2. The early Fathers of the Church held generally that there would be a *personal Antichrist*, to be developed shortly before the second coming of Christ, and to be destroyed in Judea.

Irenæus says—"When Antichrist, reigning three years and six months, shall have laid waste all things in this world, and have sat in the Temple at Jerusalem—then shall the Lord come from heaven, in the clouds, in the glory of His Father ; casting him, and those that obey him into the lake of fire ; but bringing with him to the just, the times of the kingdom . . . and restoring to Abraham the promise of the inheritance."—*Bickersteth's "Practical Guide to the Prophecies," pp., 145, 146.* He refers also to the testimonies of Justin Martyr and Tertullian.

II.

ANTICHRIST—THE INFIDEL KING—an Assyrian. (See Preface.)

1. "The predictions respecting the Assyrian in the Old Testament not having been fully realised in the Assyrians of old, have led many to think that there is a farther reference to the Antichrist of the Last Days in his history. (See Isaiah xiv., 25.) Vitringa has a lengthened discussion on this application of the Old Testament prophecies, in his commentary on this passage." See also Lowth, Bishop Lowth, Horsley, and Fry.—*Bickersteth, p. 148.*

2. "They shall smite the Judge of Israel, with a rod upon the cheek. (Compare John xviii., 22, *margin*. Luke xxii., 63, 64. Mark xiv., 65. Matt. xxvi., 67, 68.) Therefore will He give them up, until the time that she which travaileth hath brought forth. (Compare Rev. xii., 2-5.) Then, the remnant of His brethren shall return unto the children of Israel. . . . And they shall abide: for now shall He be great unto the ends of the earth And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting And He shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord, in the Majesty of the Name of the Lord his God And this *Man* shall be the peace, when *the Assyrian shall come into our land, and when he shall tread in our palaces*; then, shall we raise against him seven shepherds, and eight principal men. (Compare Rev. xv., 1, 6-8, xvi., 1. Rev. i., 4. Rev. viii., 2-6.) And they shall waste the land of Assyria," &c., &c. Micah v., 1-6, *et seq.*, to verse 15. I have transposed the predictions in these verses, to show the connection of the separated prophecies one with the other.

3. The prophecies in Isaiah xxx., 25-33, cannot have been fulfilled in the experiences of Sennacherib—especially those in the last three verses. "Through the voice of the Lord shall *the Assyrian* be beaten down, which smote with a rod. And in every place where the grounded staff shall pass, which the Lord shall lay upon him, it shall be with tabrets and harps; and in battles of shaking will he fight with it. For Tophet is ordained of old: yea, for the King it is prepared; he hath made it deep and large: the pile thereof is fire and much wood, the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."

But comparing Rev. xix., 5-6, 11-15, 19, 20, we note their exact fulfilment, in the destruction of Antichrist, and its accompaniments. He will be destroyed outside Jerusalem. And the valley of the son of Hinnom, outside Jerusalem, was called Tophet. Sennacherib's army was *not destroyed there*. See Isaiah xxxvii., 8, 9. Isaiah was sent to tell Hezekiah—"Thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria, he shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, *nor come before it with shields, nor cast a bank against it.*" It was probably in the neighbourhood of Libnah that the angel of the Lord smote the Assyrian host—or when the king of Assyria was on his march thence against Tirhakah, king of Ethiopia.

III.

OCYRUS.

Dr. Buchanan, in his "Researches in India," writes, respecting some Jews there with whom he had many interesting conferences—"Their hopes of rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem the third and last time under the auspices of the Messiah, or of a *second Cyrus, before his coming*, are always expressed with great confidence."—*Freeman*, "*Israel's Return*," p. 150.

I have assigned the name Ocyrus to the Infidel King, as being, in a Latinised form, that of the great Persian monarch of whom Isaiah prophesied. It is a curious coincidence with the Hebrew hopes referred to by Dr. B., that this name, in its Greek form, with the article prefixed, thus—ὁ κύριος—contains the foreshown number of the Apocalyptic Beast—666. *Vide—*

Greek Letters.

O . . . 70
K . . . 20
U . . . 400
R . . . 100
O . . . 70
S . . . 6

So also does the name
Messiah, with the He-
brew article prefixed.
"The Messiah," will
be one of the *assumed*
titles of the Infidel
King of the Last Days.
(Mark xiii., 21. Matt.
xxiv., 23-27.) I give
the computation . . .
thus—

666

Hebrew Letters.

He . . . 5 The
Mem. . . 40 M
He . . . 5 E
Sin . . . 300 S
Sin . . . 300 S
Yod . . . 10 I
Aleph . . . 1 A
He . . . 5 H

666

Of course, I do not pretend to prophecy that Ocyrus *will be* his name. I am merely assigning an *imagined* name to an *ideal* person.

IV.

PAGE 1.—"*All now is over : all lost now, save honour.*"

The reader will be reminded of the brief, but touching announcement, made, after the battle of Pavia, Feb. 24, 1525, by Francis I., in a letter which he sent to Paris—"Madam, we have *lost all, but our honour.*"

V.

PAGE 2.—"*Was just, and generous, and true, and kind,*" &c.

"Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee."—Ezekiel xxviii., 15. This is said to the Prince of Tyrus, in whom we seem to have a foreshowing of the Infidel King of the Last Days. It is thought by some commentators, that the Prophet's very remarkable language to this prince must have *some* application to the Antichrist of the Apocalypse. And all seem greatly mystified, when making *other* applications of it. I have no doubt of its *ultimate* application to him, whatever may have been the *original* import of the language.

VI.

PAGE 3.—"*Who, and what art thou, glorious stranger ?*"

"Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."—2 Cor. xi., 14.

VII.

PAGE 8.—"*In three days and a half, thou too, shalt rise,
A wonder to the world ; whose worship, then,
Shall to earth's utmost bounds, be thine.*"

1. "The seven heads . . . are seven kings. And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth; and *is of the seven, and goeth into perdition* . . . The beast that thou sawest *was, and is not: and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit, and go into perdition. And they that dwell on the earth shall wonder . . . when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is.*"—Rev. xvii., 9, 10, 11, 8.

2. "And I saw one of his heads, as it were, wounded to death. (Gr. *slain.*) And *his deadly wound was healed. And all the world wondered after the beast. And . . . they worshipped the beast.*"—Rev. xiii., 3, 4.

3. "And I beheld *another beast . . . And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth . . . to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed.*"—Rev. xiii., 11, 12.

VIII.

PAGE 10.—

"'Twas from the voices

That caution'd you against the act of worship."

This is to be regarded as *falsely* spoken. "When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar."—John viii., 44. Our Lord's testimony concerning Satan.

IX.

PAGE 12.—"*It shall be mine, to send a force to help you, Such warriors, as none can stand against.*"

1. "When the transgressors are come to the full, a king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences, shall stand up. And his power shall be mighty, *but not by his own power*: and he shall destroy wonderfully, and shall prosper, and practise," &c., &c. Daniel viii., 23, 24.

2. "The dragon gave him *his power, and his throne, (Gr.) and great authority.*"—Rev. xiii., 2.

3. "The fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron . . . As iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things . . . shall it break in pieces, and bruise . . . The kingdom shall be divided: but there shall be in it of the strength of the iron. And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, *they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men: but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay.*"—Daniel ii., 40, 41, 43.

X.

PAGE 20.—ARMILLUS.

"The name by which the Jews call Antichrist."—"Israel's Return," p. 241. I have assigned it to the False Prophet, his co-adjutor.

XI.

PAGE 21.— “*I will find you fitter clothing
Than that rough garment.*”

“It shall come to pass in that day, that the prophets shall be ashamed, every one of his vision, when he hath prophesied: neither shall they *wear a rough garment to deceive*. But he shall say, I am no prophet . . . And it shall come to pass, that when any shall yet prophesy, then his father and his mother that begat him shall say unto him, Thou shalt not live: for thou speakest lies in the name of the Lord: and his father and his mother that begat him shall thrust him through when he prophesieth. And I will cause the prophets and the unclean spirit to pass out of the land.”—Zechariah xiii., 4, 5, 3, 2.”

XII.

PAGE 29.—“*Refreshing innocence.*”

An expression for which I believe I am under obligation to Mr. Bouncer, in the Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green.

XIII.

PAGE 31.—“*I feel desire of woman going from me.*”

“Neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, *nor the desire of women*, nor regard any God: for he shall magnify himself above all.”—Daniel xi., 37.

XIV.

PAGE 272.—THE ANGELS’ HYMN.

(a) These verses are not mine. I copied them, in the year 1836 or 1837, from the “Patriot” newspaper. They were “written during a storm,” and suggested by the declaration in Psalm cxxvii., 2, “He giveth His beloved sleep.” They have been slightly altered to adapt them to my purpose.

XV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

It will have been observed that many of the scenes in the foregoing poem are laid in this city; which I regard as the “Great Babylon” of the Apocalypse—the destined seat of “The Beast,” the Antichrist of the Last Days. Constantinople is such a city as John saw destroyed—*maritime and oriental*. (Rev. xvii., 17-19.), Rome is neither. Constantinople is seated, moreover, in the region of which it was foreshown to Daniel that Antichrist would be (as “King of the North”) the king: (*the northern quarter of the kingdom of Alexander the Great*). Compare Daniel xi., 36, 37, 45, with 2. Thess. ii. 4, and Rev. xiii., 5, 8. When Alexander’s empire was divided after his death, among his generals, the *northern* portion, comprising Macedon

and *Thrace*, fell to Lysimachus. Byzantium, on whose site Constantinople now stands, was the capital of *Thrace*. If I am met by the objection, that the angel described "Great Babylon" to John as "that great city which *reigneth* over the kings of the earth" (speaking in the present tense), I answer that his reference was to *the city present in vision to the Apostle as reigning, and seen by him destroyed*. It was of *things future, as if they were present*, that the angel was holding discourse with John. Conversing about the city whose *destruction* John had been called to witness, what evidence is there that Rome was at all in the thoughts of either the Apostle or the angel?

Then, note the manner in which the angel, when discoursing with John, introduced his description of the "Great City:"—"And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains on which the woman sitteth." His language plainly supposed the position of these seven mountains to be, *at that time*, a thing by no means easy to ascertain. The mind that could make the discovery would be thereby proved to be "the mind which hath wisdom." And certainly, if *the seven hills on which Constantinople is seated* were those to which the angel's words were meant to apply, the mind which, *at that period*, could have foreshown that a city seated on those hills was the destined metropolis of the world, *would* have been "the mind which hath wisdom." Constantinople was then unborn, and remained so for more than two centuries after these words were spoken. The angel might, therefore, safely put forth his challenge to any human spirit to prove, by its discovery of "the seven mountains on which the woman sitteth," its title to the character of "the mind which hath wisdom," if the Constantinopolitan hills were those present to his thought.

But not so, if the seven hills on which Rome is seated were those of which he spake to John. Millions of minds could, in this case, have responded to his challenge. Indeed the first guess that every human creature who knew aught of Rome would have been prompted to make, and the only one that in those days men were likely to make, would have resolved the difficulty. And then where would have been "the mind that hath wisdom?"

The fact that "the wisdom of God in a *mystery*" (undiscovered, and by some supposed to be undiscoverable) has, in the visions of St. John, been hitherto presented to the church of God, must, in great part, be attributed to the *assumption*, that Rome is the "Great Babylon" of the Apocalypse. This assumption has been so common as to have become almost universal. And it is so popular as almost to be deemed unquestionable. Yet it *has proved fatal to every scheme of interpretation into which it has been admitted*, and must be subversive of every exposition in which it shall hereafter be allowed to have a place, for the simple but sufficient reason that it is an *unwarranted* assumption: one, which Holy Scripture does not support—one, with which the course of past events has not agreed, and cannot be made to agree. To *force* it to do so, the strangest liberties have been taken with the language of the Apocalypse; but in vain. *The Church of God remains unsatisfied*: and, till

looking elsewhere than to Rome for the "Great City" of John's vision, will continue to be so. *Rome cannot be the Babylon of the Apocalypse.* For we cannot make Rome a *maritime* city, nor an *island* city; nor can we place her in the region out of which inspired prophecy heralds that Antichrist shall rise—the northern quarter of the kingdom of Alexander the Great—nor show her to be a city whose location it was so difficult to discover, at the time when the angel spoke to John, that he who should then make the discovery should be the destined possessor of "the mind which hath wisdom." Constantinople has, however, *all* these scripturally delineated features of the destined metropolis of the Antichristian Empire; and it, besides, as strictly as Rome is a city seated on "seven mountains."

100 being the number of the Beast, whose seven heads represented seven mountains, as well as seven kings, it is a somewhat remarkable coincidence with this, that Babylon sat, in whose site Constantinople now stands, was founded see *Quæren's Letters*, vol. xxviii. p. 227, Ed. 1857, which number of years, when reduced to *prophetic* years, of 360 days each instead of 365, will increase in the number 100. So the Antichrist will live —

1. As the number of his *actual* name—"The Messiah" 100

2. As the birth-date of the seven-headed city, which the figure of the Beast indicated in the *Apocalypse* 100

XV.

Psalm 135.—*The Psalm*—concerning Cornelius Agrippa and the young man who would rent unclean robes —

This will be found among the smaller poems in Southey's *Works*.

XVI.

Psalm 135.—THE DREAM OF JOSEPH.

In the book of *Exodus*, chap. xxviii. 35, the king of Tyre is thus addressed:—"Thou shalt set up the sun, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. Thou shalt have in *Israel* the garden of *Eden*."

It is possible, that in the way I have supposed in this dream, the revelation may receive its accomplishment, namely, by Satan giving him a vision of *Eden*, and causing him to be a magnificence, transported there, just as he made our Lord to see "all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them, in a moment of time" (*Luke* vi. 18; *John* vi. 14). I have here supposed the judgment, in which the verses quoted above hint a part, to have an ultimate application to the Antichrist in the Last Days. See *Psalm* —

looking elsewhere than to Rome, for the "Great City" of John's visions, will continue to be so. *Rome cannot be the Babylon of the Apocalypse.* For we cannot make Rome a *maritime* city, nor an *oriental* city: nor can we place her in the region out of which inspired prophecy foretells that Antichrist shall rise—the northern quarter of the kingdom of Alexander the Great—nor show her to be a city whose location it was so difficult to discover, at the time when the angel spake to John, that he who should then make the discovery should be the declared possessor of "the mind which hath wisdom." Constantinople has, however, *all* these scripturally delineated features of the destined metropolis of the Antichristian Empire; and is, besides, as strictly as Rome is, a city seated on "seven mountains."

666 being the number of the Beast, whose seven heads represented seven *mountains*, as well as seven *kings*, it is a somewhat remarkable coincidence with this, that Byzantium, on whose site Constantinople now stands, was founded (see *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxviii., p. 356) B.C. 657, which number of years, when reduced to *prophetical* years, of 360 days each instead of 365, will increase to the number 666. So that Antichrist will have:—

1. As the number of his *assumed* name—"The Messiah" 666
2. As the birth-date of the seven hilled city, which the figure of the Beast indicated to the Apostle John..... 666

XVI.

PAGE 303.—*The Ballad*—concerning Cornelius Agrippa and the young man who would read unlawful books:—

This will be found among the smaller poems in Southey's Works.

XVII.

PAGE 305.—THE DREAM OF OCYRUS.

In the book of Ezekiel, chap. xxviii., 13, the king of Tyrus is thus addressed:—"Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. *Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God.*"

It is possible, that in the way I have supposed in this dream, this declaration may receive its accomplishment, namely, by Satan giving him a *vision* of Eden, and causing him to be, in imagination, transported there: just as he made our Lord to see "all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them *in a moment of time* (Luke iv., 5; Matt. iv., 8. I have already supposed the prophecy, of which the verses quoted above form a part, to have an ultimate application to the Antichrist of the Last Days. See Note v.

